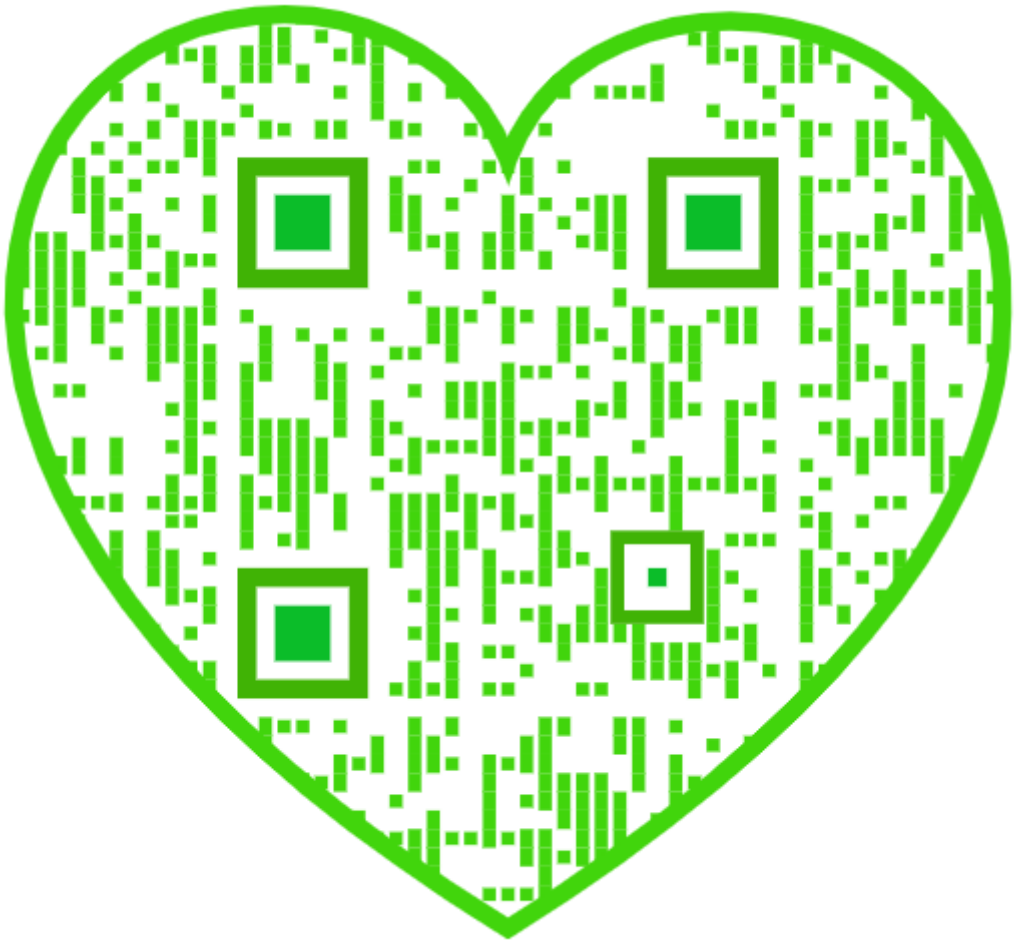


SHAKESPEARE,

Ob. an. 1616. Ætat. 53.

THE

MORALITY

OF

SHAKESPEARE's DRAMA

ILLUSTRATED.

By MRS. GRIFFITH.

Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit;
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.
HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXV.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Eſq.

THERE is no perſon whoſe patronage a Work of this kind may ſo properly claim, as Your's; Your private life having done ſo much honour to the moral part, and Your public one ſuch juſtice to the principal Characters, repreſented in our Author's writings.

Your action has been a better comment on his Text, than all his Editors have been able to ſupply. You mark his beauties; They but clear his blots. You impreſs us with the living ſpirit; They only preſent us the dead letter.

There is one ſtriking ſimilarity between Shakeſpeare and You, in a very uncommon particular: He is the only Dramatic Writer, who ever alike excelled

celled in Tragedy and Comedy; and we may without flattery venture to affim, That you are the only Performer who ever appeared with equal advantage, both in the Sock and Buſkin.

If I had an higher opinion of this Work than I have, I ſhould have ſtill but an higher inducement for addreſſing it to You. From this conſideration You are bound to receive it, *with all its imperfections on its head*, being offered as a tribute of that friendſhip and eſteem with which I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant,

November 1, 1774.

E. G.

PREFACE.

AMONG the many writers of our nation, who have by their talents contributed to entertain, inform, or improve our minds, no one has ſo happily or univerſally ſucceeded, as he whom we may juſtly ſtile our firſt, our greateſt Poet, Shakeſpeare. For more than a century and a half, this Author has been the delight of the Ingenious, the text of the Moraliſt, and the ſtudy of the Philoſopher. Even his cotemporary writers have ingenuouſly yielded their plaudit to his fame, as not preſuming it could leſſen theirs, ſet at ſo great a diſtance. Such ſuperior excellence could never be brought into a comparative light; and jealouſy is dumb, when competition muſt be vain. For him, then, they chearfully twined the laurel-wreath, and unrepining placed it on his brow; where it will ever bloom, while ſenſe, taſte, and natural feelings of the heart, ſhall remain amongſt the characteriſtics of this, or any other nation, that can be able to conſtrue his language. He is a Claſſic, and cotemporary with all ages.

True Nature's Drama repreſents all time;
Though old the laſt, the firſt retains its prime.

But amidſt all this burſt of applauſe, one ſingle diſcordant voice is faintly heard. Voltaire has ſtood forth his opponent. One might imagine ſuch a writer to have had taſte enough to reliſh his *poetical beauties*, at leaſt, tho' poſſibly ſome doubt might ariſe about his ſympathy with his *moral ones*. But he unfairly tries him by Pedant laws, which our Author either did not know, or regarded not. His compoſitions are a diſtinct ſpecies of the Drama; and not being an imitation of the Greek one, cannot be juſtly ſaid to have infringed its rules. Shakeſpeare is a *model*, not a *copy*; he looked into nature, not into books, both for men and works. 'Tis learned ignorance, therefore, to quote the antient exemplars againſt him. Is there no ſpring inſpired, but Aganippe's font? No raptured viſion, but on Parnaſſus' mount? The Grecian Bards themſelves had conceived a more liberal notion in this particular, who, by making *Phœbus* the God of Poetry, ſeem to have acknowledged inſpiration to be univerſal.

But as it may ſhew more impartiality upon this ſubject, to oppoſe one French authority to another, I ſhall here quote againſt M. Voltaire, the Abbé Le Blanc's opinion of our Author, in his *Letters on the Engliſh Nation*, written to his Friend. "He is, ſays he, of all Writers, antient or modern, the moſt original. "He is truly a great genius, and Nature has "endowed him with powers to ſhew it. His "imagination is rich and ſtrong; he paints "whatever he ſees, and embelliſhes whatever "he deſcribes. The Loves in the train of Venus are not repreſented with more grace, in

"the

"the Pictures of Albanus, than this Poet gives "to thoſe that attend on Cleopatra, in his de-"ſcription of the pomp with which that Queen "preſents herſelf to Mark Antony, on the "banks of the Cydnus.

"The reputation of this Author is ſo great, "that I ſhall not be ſurprized if you ſuſpect "me of exaggeration in this account of him. "Thoſe of our nation who have ever men-"tioned him, have been content to praiſe, *with-"out being capable of judging ſufficiently of his "merits.*"

To the further honour of our Author be it ſaid, that a Lady * of diſtinguiſhed merit has lately appeared a champion in his cauſe, againſt this *minor critic*, this *minute philoſopher*, this *fly upon a pillar of St. Paul's*. It was her example which has ſtirred up my emulation to this attempt; for I own that I am ambitious of the honour of appearing to think, at leaſt, though I deſpair of the ſucceſs of writing, like her.

Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of this Author, ſays, "Of all the Engliſh Poets, "Shakeſpeare muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt "and fulleſt ſubject for Criticiſm, and to afford "the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpi-"cuous, inſtances, both of beauties and blemiſhes, "of all ſorts." And again: "I cannot, how-"ever, but mention ſome of his principal and "characteriſtic excellencies; for which, not-"withſtanding his defects, he is juſtly and "deſervedly elevated above all other Dra-"matic Writers."

* Mrs. Montagu.

He might have added the following obſervation, from Longinus, to his remarks, who ſays, that "In reading Homer, Plato, or any "other of the great geniuſes of antiquity; "whenever we happen to meet with paſſages "which appear to be unintelligible or abſurd, "we ought fairly to conclude, that were they "alive to explain themſelves in thoſe places, "we ſhould to our confuſion be convinced, "that the ignorance or error lay in our own "conceptions alone." Horace, too, may be referred to upon this occaſion, who indulgently ſays, that *The blaze of fine writing gilds o'er its blots.* Such was the candor, ſuch the modeſty, and ſuch the deference, ſhewn by Antient Commentators to the works of literature or genius. The brightneſs of the ſun concealed its ſpots from them; but ſecond-hand critics, to ſpeak in the words of a modern Author, *peer through a ſmoked glaſs to obſerve them.*

The learned and ingenious Doctor Johnſon has given us a juſt and beautiful ſimile, on this ſubject: "The works of a correct and re"gular writer, ſays he, is a garden accurately "formed, and diligently planted; varied with "ſhades, and ſcented by flowers. The com"poſition of Shakeſpeare is a foreſt, in which "oaks extend their branches, and pines tower "in the air, interſperſed ſometimes with weeds "and brambles, and ſometimes affording ſhelter "to myrtles and roſes; filling the eye with "awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with "endleſs diverſity."

This laſt-mentioned Editor is the only one who has conſidered Shakeſpeare's writings in a moral

moral light; and therefore I confeſs myſelf of opinion that he has beſt underſtood them, by thus pointing to their higheſt merit, and nobleſt excellence. And from ſeveral paſſages in the Doctor's Preface, particularly where he ſays, that "From his writings, indeed, a ſyſtem of "*ſocial duties* may be ſelected; for he who "thinks reaſonably, muſt think *morally*;" as well as from frequent reflections of my own, reſpecting the œconomical conduct of life and manners, which have always ariſen in my mind on the peruſal of Shakeſpeare's works, I have ventured to aſſume the taſk of placing his Ethic merits in a more conſpicuous point of view, than they have ever hitherto been preſented in to the Public.

My difficulty will not be *what to find*, but *what to chuſe*, amidſt ſuch a profuſion of ſweets, and variety of colours; nay, ſometimes, how to ſeparate the moral from the matter, in this Author's writings; which are often ſo contexted, that, to continue Doctor Johnſon's allegory above quoted, they may be compared to an intermixture of the phyſic with the kitchen garden, where both food and medicine may be culled from the ſame ſpot.

Shakeſpeare is not only my Poet, but my Philoſopher alſo. His anatomy of the human heart is delineated from *nature*, not from *metaphyſics*; referring immediately to our intuitive ſenſe, and not wandering with the ſchoolmen, through the pathleſs wilds of theory. We not only *ſee*, but *feel* his diſſections juſt and ſcientific.—The late ingenious Lord Lyttelton, ſpeaking of Sakeſpeare, ſays, "No author had

"ever

" ever ſo copious, ſo bold, ſo creative, an ima-
" gination, with ſo perfect a knowledge of the
" paſſions, the humours, and ſentiments of man-
" kind. He painted all characters, from heroes
" and kings, down to inn-keepers and peaſants,
" with equal truth, and equal force. If human
" nature were quite deſtroyed, and no monu-
" ment left of it, except his Works, other
" Beings might learn what man was, from
" thoſe writings *." And Ben Johnſon had long before ſaid of him:

" Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
" And joyed to wear the dreſſings of his lines."

Shakeſpeare ſeems to poſſeſs that happy and peculiar kind of ſuperiority over all other Dramatic Authors, that the ancient poets and hiſtorians confeſſedly bear above the modern ones, with regard to the genuine characters, manners, and ſentiments, of the perſons exhibited in their reſpective writings. In the firſt, we ſee the *men of Nature*; in the latter, but *the children of the Schools*.

The world at preſent is held more in trammels, than it formerly was.—From our modes of education, policies, and breeding, our conduct and demeanor are become more ſophiſticate, our minds leſs candid, and our actions more diſguiſed. Our modern literary painters repreſent us ſuch as we appear; but the genuine unadulterate heart can be moved by no affection, allied by no ſympathy, with ſuch factitious perſonages, ſuch puppets of polity, ſuch automata of modern refinement. Hence, love, friendſhip, patriotiſm, are long ſince be-

* Dialogues of the Dead.

come

come the obſolete ſentiments of chivalry and romance. But in all the repreſentations of Shakeſpeare, we are ſenſible of a connection; his whole Dramatis Perſonæ ſeem to be *our acquaintance and countrymen*; while in moſt other exhibitions, they appear to be *ſtrangers and foreigners*. Doctor Johnſon, upon comparing the Tragedy of Cato with one of our Author's plays, ſays juſtly, that "Addiſon "ſpeaks the language of *Poets*, but Shake-"ſpeare that of *Men*."

Doctor Warburton ſays, "Of all the literary "exercitations of ſpeculative men, whether "deſigned for the uſe or entertainment of the "world, there are none of ſo much impor-"tance, or what are more of our immediate "concern, than thoſe which let us into a "knowledge of our nature. Others may exer-"ciſe the reaſon, or amuſe the imagination; "but theſe only can improve the heart, and "form the mind to wiſdom. Now, in this "ſcience our Shakeſpeare is confeſſed to oc-"cupy the foremoſt place; whether we con-"ſider the amazing ſagacity with which he "inveſtigates every hidden ſpring and wheel "of human action; or his happy manner of "communicating this knowledge, in the juſt "and lively paintings which he has given us "of all our paſſions, appetites, and purſuits. "Theſe afford a leſſon, which can never be "too often repeated, or too ſtrongly incul-"cated."

Shaftſbury, though ſevere, I think rather too much ſo, againſt Shakeſpeare's faults, allows, that "By the juſtneſs of his moral, the

"aptneſs

" aptneſs of his deſcriptions, and the plain " and natural turn of ſeveral of his characters, " he pleaſes his audience, and gains their ear, " *without a ſingle bribe from luxury or vice.*"

Our Author's poetical beauties have been already ſelected, though they needed it not, as they are undoubtedly ſo ſtriking as ſcarcely to require the being particularly pointed out to any Reader capable of conceiving or reliſhing them; but a ſingle line, ſometimes a word, in many inſtances throughout his Works, may convey a hint, or impreſs a ſentiment upon the heart, if properly marked, which might poſſibly be overlooked, while curioſity is attending to the fable, or the imagination tranſported with the ſplendor of diction, or ſublimity of images.

There is a Moral ſometimes couched in his Fable, which whenever I have been able to diſcover, I have pointed out to the Reader; and from thoſe pieces where this excellence is deficient in the Argument, as particularly in his Hiſtorical Plays, where poetical juſtice cannot always obtain, human life not being the whole of our exiſtence, I have given his moral and inſtruction in detail, by quoting the paſſages as they happen to lie detached, or referring to the ſcope and tenor of the dialogue.

In theſe remarks and obſervations I have not reſtricted myſelf to morals purely ethic, but have extended my obſervations and reflections to whatever has reference to the general œconomy of life and manners, reſpecting prudence, polity, decency, and decorum; or relative to the tender

tender affections and fond endearments of human nature; more eſpecially regarding thoſe moral duties which are the trueſt ſource of mortal bliſs—domeſtic ties, offices, and obligations.

This code of morality has an advantage over any other of the kind, on account of its not being conducted ſyſtematically. In all books that treat upon theſe ſubjects, the precepts are diſpoſed methodically, under ſeparate heads or chapters; as Ambition, Bravery, Conſtancy, Devotion, and ſo on to the end of the alphabet; which mode, though uſeful on account of references, or as a common-place book, cannot be near ſo entertaining, and conſequently ſo well able to anſwer the *utile dulci*, as a work of this ſort, where the documents riſe out of the action immediately before our eyes, and are conſtantly varying with the quick ſhifting of ſcenes, perſon, and ſubjects; where love ſometimes follows war, jealouſy ſucceeds friendſhip, parſimony liberality; and ſo proceeding throughout the intire *quicquid agunt homines* of human life.

E R R A T A.

Page 2, line laſt but 4, read, refe*r*able, and next line, ſtrike out *to the Reader*.
P. 95, l. 20, r. fire-new.
P. 99, l. laſt of the text, r. groſs.
P. 112, l. laſt but one, r. you'*re*.
P. 160, l. 11, of the ſpeech, firſt word, for *And*, r. *As*.
P. 214, l. 24, r. proffer.
P. 264, before Scene II. r. Act IV.
P. 352, l. laſt but 12, for the two laſt words, r. *an in—*,
P. 354, l. 28, after *ſiſters* put a period.
P. 382, l. laſt but one, after *ſuch*, add *a*, and laſt word, for *they*, r. *when*.
P. 440, l. 5, r. *ſ*it.
P. 458, l. laſt but 12, r. lachrym*oſe*.
P. 255, l. 18, r. bay*s*.

THE

TEMPEST.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

ALONZO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
PROSPERO, rightful Duke of Milan.
GONZALO, an honeſt old Courtier of Naples.
TRINCULO, a Jeſter.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
CALIBAN, a ſavage, and deformed Slave.

WOMEN.

MIRANDA, Daughter of Proſpero.

N. B. It is to be obſerved, that in this and all the other Dramatis Perſonæ, I inſert the names of thoſe only whom I have brought upon the Scene, in the courſe of theſe remarks, either as ſpeaking themſelves, or being ſpoken to by others.

THE MORALITY OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMA ILLUSTRATED.

The TEMPEST.

THIS Play, and the Midſummer Night's Dream, which in all the latter editions immediately follows it, are conſidered by Dr. Warburton, "as the nobleſt effort of that ſub-"lime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shake-"ſpeare, which ſoars above the bounds of Nature, "without forſaking Senſe; or, more properly, car-"ries Nature along with it, beyond her terreſtrial "limits."

He has, indeed, in both theſe exhibitions, created Beings out of all viſible exiſtence; or, as he has himſelf moſt beautifully expreſſed it,

"Given to airy Nothing
"A local habitation, and a name."

Yet by the powers of his genius has he contrived to make theſe chimeras of his brain think, act, and ſpeak, in a manner which appears ſo ſuited to the anomalous perſonages his magic has conjured up, that

we readily adopt them into the ſcale of Nature, from a preſumption, that were they really to exiſt, they would probably reſemble the characters which his wand has endowed them with.

Theſe two plays are generally ſuppoſed to have been the firſt and ſecond of his writing; though I believe there are no dates remaining, to confirm this opinion; which can therefore be founded only on the idea, that his youthful imagination muſt naturally be thought to have been more ſportive and exuberant, than his riper judgment might have permitted the indulgence of. And here, indeed,

> "She wantons, as in her prime,
> "And plays at will her virgin fancies:"

though, if I may be allowed the liberty of a criticiſm about this matter, I ſhould be rather inclined to ſuppoſe this Play to have been one of his latter performances, as all the *unities* are ſo ſtrictly preſerved in it.

But though both theſe pieces poſſeſs all the *leſſer merits* of poeſy, they are not ſo much ſuited to the purpoſe of my preſent undertaking, eſpecially the ſecond, as ſeveral others of the ſame author; for the moſt material events, in both, being principally conducted by *machinery*, or ſupernatural agency, produce rather aſtoniſhment than reflection: ſo that unleſs we adopt Dr. Johnſon's remark, in the firſt ſcene of the Tempeſt, "it may be obſerved of Gonzalo, that being the "only good man that appears with the King, he is "the only one who preſerves his chearfulneſs in the "wreck, or his hope on the iſland," there is not ſo much to be collected from them, as I could wiſh, to be placed to the ſcore of Morality. However, all that can be extracted from either, referrible to this head, ſhall be diligently pointed out to the reader. With this view I ſhall lay the Fable of this Play before my reader, for the ſake of the Moral, which may be ſo fairly deduced from it.

Proſpero,

Proſpero, a duke of Milan, having been expelled his dominion, by the uſurpation of his brother Anthonio, confederated with Alonzo, a king of Naples, is committed to the mercy of the winds and waves, in a rotten bark, accompanied only by his daughter, Miranda, a child of three years old; but has had the good fortune to eſcape, and be landed on an uninhabited iſland; where the firſt ſcene is laid, and the intire action continued, during the whole repreſentation.

About twelve years after this event, Anthonio, with Alonzo, Ferdinand his ſon, and other attendants, being on a voyage together, are driven out of their courſe, by a ſtorm, and wrecked upon this iſland, but eſcape alive on ſhore; where the Prince, meeting with Miranda, falls in love with her, and a reciprocal paſſion is conceived on her part, alſo.

Proſpero, having thus got his enemies within his power, on their repentance, generouſly forgives them their cruelty and injuſtice, recovers his dukedom again, and the marriage of the lovers confirms an alliance on both ſides.

From this ſhort ſtory I think the following *general Moral* will naturally reſult: That the ways, the juſtice, and the goodneſs of Providence, are ſo frequently manifeſted towards mankind, even in this life, that it ſhould ever encourage an honeſt and a guiltleſs mind to form hopes, in the moſt forlorn ſituations; and ought alſo to warn the wicked never to reſt aſſured in the falſe confidence of wealth or power, againſt the natural abhorrence of vice, both in God and man.

Many of the unforeſeen events of life, which appear to us but accident or contingency, may poſſibly be parts of the ſecret workings of Providence,

" All chance direction which we cannot ſee ;"

and have oftener been remarked rather as chaſtiſements of vice, than as reliefs from miſery. We are

ſenſible in our own nature, of a ſtronger impulſe to reſent the firſt, than even to commiſerate the latter. How much higher, then, muſt this ſentiment riſe, in the Author of that very nature! In wretchedneſs there is no contagion; 'tis but particular and temporary: the effects of vice are general and eternal.

Part of a ſpeech in this play may be better quoted here, than elſewhere, as it refers ſo immediately to this ſubject.

ARIEL, *ſpeaking to the Conſpirators.*

But remember,
For that's my buſineſs to you, that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero;
Expoſed unto the ſea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed,
The Powers, *delaying, not forgetting*, have
Incenſed the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace. Thee, of thy ſon, Alonzo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition, worſe than any death
Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this moſt deſolate iſle elſe falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but *heart's ſorrow,*
And a clear life enſuing *.

* * *

Let us now proceed to the particular maxims and ſentiments which occur from the ſeveral parts of the Dialogue.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Miranda, ſpeaking of the ſhipwreck, thus expreſſes her ſympathetic feelings for the wretched.

O! I have ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A brave veſſel,
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. O! *the cry did knock*
Againſt my very heart. Poor ſouls, they periſh'd!
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or ere
It ſhould the *good ſhip* ſo have ſwallowed, and
The freighted ſouls within her.

* Act III. Scene iv.

There

There is ſomething in the fond expreſſion of *good ſhip*, in the laſt line but one, which ſtrikes me with an idea of a peculiar tenderneſs in her compaſſion for the unhappy ſufferers.

* * *

Proſpero, confeſſing the mad folly of truſting his reins of adminiſtration into other hands, ſays,

The Government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my State grew ſtranger.

And again, ſpeaking of the ſame perſon,

Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To traſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or changed them,
Or elſe new formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all things in the ſtate
To what tune pleaſed his ear; *that now he was*
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſucked my verdure out on't.

In continuation,

And my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit:
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact; like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling oft,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; from ſubſtitution,
And executing the outward face of Royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing,
To have no ſcreen between the part he played,
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Abſolute Milan.

In this account of the Duke's weakneſs, with the natural conſequences attending it, the Poet has afforded a proper leſſon to princes, never to render themſelves cyphers in their government, by too dangerous a confidence in their favourites; but ever to conſider thoſe perſons, to whom they depute the ſeveral offices of State, as *miniſters*, in the *literal* ſenſe of the word, only, not in the *political* one.

When Proſpero deſcribes the hazards and difficulties of his forlorn voyage, Miranda tenderly exclaims,

Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

To which he, in a kind of extaſy of fondneſs, replies,

O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me. Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from Heaven,
(When I have decked the ſea with drops full ſalt;
Under my burden groaned;) which raiſed in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.

Here the Poet finely points to that virtue of true manhood, which ſerves to ſtrengthen our fortitude and double our activity, when objects, whom the ties of Nature, or the ſympathy of affections, have endeared to us, require our ſolace or aſſiſtance in diſtreſs or danger. While our cares center ſolely in ourſelves, we are but *one*; but become *two*, where the heart is ſhared.

* * *

Proſpero. Here in this iſland we arrived, and here
Have I, thy ſchoolmaſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Here the too general diſſipations of life are hinted at, and thoſe parents cenſured, who transfer the pious duty of their children's education to mercenary preceptors; except in the meaner articles of it, the arts, exerciſes, and ſciences. Too few attend to the higher and more intereſting charge, of forming the mind and directing the heart to their proper objects; and fewer ſtill, in deputing it to others, ſeem to regard the chief requiſites, of character, or capacity, in thoſe they intruſt with this office, looking upon competent ſcholarſhip to be alone ſufficient.

But a liberal education, as far as it extends in Colleges and Schools, does not always give a liberal mind;

mind; and as example is allowed to exceed precept, ſo do thoſe ſentiments and principles which we imbibe in youth from the living manners of our tutors,

" Grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen with our ſtrength."

Thoſe only are capable of ſinking into the heart, and imbuing the mind, while mere didactic maxims remain a load upon the memory alone. The firſt only *inſpire us how to act*, the latter but *inſtruct us how to ſpeak*.

* * *

Proſpero. And by my preſcience
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

This paſſage furniſhes a prudent and neceſſary reflection to the mind of the reader, that man's ſucceſs in life often depends upon ſome lucky and critical occaſion, which, ſuffered to ſlip by, may ne'er return again. Shakeſpeare expreſſes himſelf more fully on this ſubject, in another place *. Some other poet too preſents us with a poetical image to the ſame purpoſe, where he ſays that " opportunity is " *bald behind* †."

SCENE III.

Proſpero *to* Ariel.

Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Doctor Johnſon, in a note upon this paſſage, has given us the traditionary ſyſtem of the Hebrews relative to the Fallen Angels; which has afforded me a hint, that tempts me to conſider the tenor of this ſcene in a more intereſting light, by obſerving upon the impatience of Ariel, a condemned ſpirit, claiming, under his ſervitude, the *promiſed redemption*, before he had fulfilled the commands of his maſter. This alluſion, whether Shakeſpeare intended it or no, is ſo obvious, that there would not require the

* " There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c.
JUL. CÆS. Act iv. Scene 5.

† Poſt occaſio calva.

alteration of a ſyllable, to have it inſerted among the *Myſteries* *. Men would be Chriſtians upon their own terms, only, and are too apt to think that *faith and fear*, without *love or works*, are ſufficient for the purpoſe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Gonzalo, comforting and cheering up the ſpirits of his companions in the wreck, ſpeaks with a becoming reſignation and proper gratitude towards Providence:

> Beſeech you, Sir, be merry—you have cauſe,
> So have we all, of joy! for our eſcape
> Is much beyond our loſs: our hint of woe
> Is common; every day ſome ſailor's wife,
> The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
> Have juſt our theme of woe: But for the miracle,
> I mean our preſervation, few in millions
> Can ſpeak like us: *Then wiſely, good Sir, weigh*
> *Our ſorrow with our comfort.*
>
> * * *

An uncouth or ſevere manner of giving reproof, or offering advice, is very juſtly, and with equal good ſenſe and tenderneſs, reflected upon by Gonzalo, in the following paſſage:

> My lord Sebaſtian,
> The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
> And time to ſpeak it in. You rub the ſore,
> When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

SCENE II.

Trinculo moſt humourouſly ridicules the paſſion of the Engliſh for ſtrange ſights, in the following reflection, on ſeeing Caliban lying aſleep on the ground, whom he takes for a dead ſea-monſter, juſt caſt aſhore by the working of the waves.

"Were I in England, now, as once I was, and had but this fiſh "painted, not a holy-day fool there but would give a piece of "ſilver. There would this monſter *make a man*; any ſtrange beaſt "there *makes a man*. When they will not give a doit to relieve a "lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian."

* Antient Dramatic exhibitions, ſo called; uſually performed by the prieſts in the 13th and 14th centuries, upon public theatres, in which the ſeveral diſpenſations of the Goſpel were profanely repreſented.

Not,

Not, however, that this foible can fairly be induced againſt us, as a national reflection, by any means; for it is not peculiar to this, or any other particular people, but will be found to be the common diſpoſition and idle curioſity of mankind, in general. There is another piece of ſarcaſm, alſo, thrown out, in the ſame ſpeech, as unjuſt as the former: *When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar.* No nation on the globe is more diſtinguiſhed for charity, humanity, and benevolence, than the Engliſh are, at preſent. And this muſt have been always their characteriſtic; for manners may refine, but cannot create, virtues. Poliſhing may give taſte, but feelings come from nature.

* * *

After Trinculo has recovered from his fright, and finds Caliban to be but an harmleſs ſavage, ſo very ſimple as to believe Stephano to be the Man in the Moon; he ſays,

"By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter—*I afraid of* "*him?* a very ſhallow monſter. The man i'th' Moon? a moſt poor "credulous monſter."

'Tis to be obſerved, here, that he was not charged with having been afraid, nor did any one know of it, but himſelf; and it was this very conſciouſneſs that forced ſuch a bravado from him. This is Doctor Warburton's remark. 'Tis a juſt one, and may be rendered general, by obſerving, that, upon all occaſions, too prompt a defence of ourſelves, is a ſort of ſelf-accuſation.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ferdinand's firſt ſpeech, here, prettily expreſſes that kind of chearfulneſs with which a perſon undertakes labour, or executes the meaneſt or moſt irkſome offices, for their *ſecond-ſelf*, for thoſe they love.

There be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off; ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters

Point

Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labour pleaſure.—My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executer. I forget—
But thoſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

The above ſpeech has ſomething of the ſame turn and ſpirit in it, with that of Proſpero, in the ſecond Scene of the Firſt Act, already obſerved upon.

SCENE IV.

The horrors and upbraidings of a wounded conſcience, are finely painted in the latter part of this ſcene:

Alonzo. O! it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought *the billows ſpoke*, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, *pronounced*
The name of Proſper. It did baſs my treſpaſs.
Gonzalo. All three of them are deſperate; *their great guilt,*
Like poiſon given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A chaſte conduct between betrothed lovers, is ſtrongly urged, and ſanctified, by ſevere maledictions, and very natural predictions, in the following paſſages:

Proſpero, *giving his daughter to* Ferdinand.
Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition,
Worthily purchaſed, take my daughter. But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſtered,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you—

Ferdinand's reply.
As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,

With

With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, and ſtrongeſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think that Phœbus' ſteeds are foundered,
Or night kept chained below—

A little after, old Proſpero, being better acquainted with the fallibilities of human nature than the young lovers were, repeats the ſame caution to Ferdinand, again:

Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i' th' blood; be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good night, your vow!

To which Ferdinand anſwers, as before,

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

SCENE IV.

There is a beautiful, but humiliating reflection on the inconſiderableneſs of life and grandeur, made by Proſpero, in this ſcene, which is worthy of being added to the *golden verſes of Pythagoras*, and ought to be placed in gilt characters, as an inſcription, on all the palaces, monuments, or triumphal arches of the earth.

Our revels now are ended—Theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into *thin air* *;
And like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And, like this unſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack † behind! *We are ſuch ſtuff*
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The feelings and ſentiments of humanity, with the nobleneſs of remiſſion upon repentance, are here finely and moſt affectingly touched.

* Æther.

† *Rack*, the moſt rarified part of a cloud, detached from it, and floating in an higher region.

Ariel

Ariel *to* Proſpero..

The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimfull of ſorrow and diſmay; but chiefly,
Him that you termed the good old lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Proſpero. Doſt thou think ſo, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, ſir, were I human.

Proſpero. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, *and ſhall not myſelf,*
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

This laſt paſſage cloſes the moral ſcene of the piece moſt beautifully; in riſing, by degrees, to the ſummit of all Ethic and Chriſtian virtue, humanity and forgiveneſs. I ſhall, therefore, alſo conclude my remarks upon this performance, with an alluſion to a paſſage in Horace, where he draws a contraſt between Mævius and Homer, which is perfectly applicable to our author, when compared with almoſt any other Dramatic writer who has ever attempted the marvellous:

"One with a flaſh begins, and ends in ſmoke;
"The other out of ſmoke brings glorious light,
"And without raiſing expectation high,
"Surprizes us with dazzling miracles."

Roſcommon's Tranſlation of the Art of Poetry.

A

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, Maſter of the Sports to Theſeus.
OBERON, King of the Fairies.
PUCK, a Fairy.

W O M E N.

HIPPOLITA, Princeſs of the Amazons, betrothed to Theſeus.
HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyſander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

A

Midſummer Night's Dream.

I Shall not trouble my readers with the Fable of this piece, as I can ſee no general moral that can be deduced from the Argument; nor, as I hinted before *, is there much ſentiment to be collected even from the Dialogue. But whatever harveſt can be gleaned from this unfruitful field, I ſhall endeavour to pick up, as becomes a faithful ſteward of the farm.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Theſeus *to* Hermia.

To you your father ſhould be as a God,
One that compoſed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it.

In this ſpeech, the pious notion of the Antients, with regard to this relation, while genuine Nature was their ſole Preceptor, is fully expreſſed. Here the duty of children to their parents, is indeed carried to the height; and yet, methinks, not at all too far. They are the objects of our earlieſt affections, of our firſt deference, of our primary obligations. Even ſuperſtition, in this caſe, as far at leaſt as implicit obedience extends, exceeds not true devotion.

The Decalogue was originally written on two tables; five in each. The firſt refers ſolely to Religion; the ſecond, to Morality, only. To honour our parents, therefore, as falling within the former line of obligations, is, by this diſtinction, made one

* Preface to the Tempeſt, paragraph 4th.

of

of our *pious* duties; as through them we honour the Creator, who ordained this relation between us. This precept, then, ſhould ſeem to have a double tie upon us, as partaking both of *piety* and *morals*; and therefore, however the latter bond may chance to be cancelled, the firſt ought never to be diſpenſed with.

In fine, there is ſomething ſo fond and endearing in the idea and exerciſe of a child's obedience and deference towards a parent, that how rotten muſt the root be, or how blighted the branches, if ſuch a tree ſhould fail of producing its natural fruit!

Thus far, by way of general reflection, only; for I muſt, notwithſtanding, admit, that the particular inſtance of the daughter's compliance, exacted by the father, in this piece, of reſigning an huſband of her own choice, *upon equal terms*, and accepting another, choſen arbitrarily for her, *by caprice merely*, was too ſevere a trial of obedience. Egeus here, like Abraham, would ſacrifice his child at the altar, not only without the command of God, but contrary to his expreſs purpoſe, proclaimed aloud by the voice of Nature, and further confirmed from the deductions of virtuous affection, free will, and rational election.

When I ſaid that the duty of a child was *natural*, I did not mean to inveſt the parent with an authority which *was not ſo*; and I cannot blame Hermia, therefore, upon the ſevere laws of Athens being declared to her, for the chaſte and ſpirited reſolution ſhe frames to herſelf on that occaſion.

> So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
> Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
> Unto his lordſhip; *to whoſe unwiſhed yoke*
> *My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.*

SCENE II.

Lyſander, the ſuitor elect of Hermia, here makes an obſervation upon the ſtate of love, which is too often verified in life: That a ſympathy of affections, with

with other fitneſs of circumſtances, are ſeldom found to meet together, ſo as to compleat an happy union.

Lyſander. Ah me! *for aught that ever I could read,*
Could ever hear, by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
But either it was different in blood—
Or elſe miſgrafted in reſpect of years—
Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends—
Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, Death, or Sickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a ſpleen * unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion!

SCENE III.

In this ſcene we are charmed with that mildneſs, modeſty, and generous eulogium, with which the fond and unhappy Helena accoſts a rival beauty, and woo'd by the man ſhe loves.

Hermia. God ſpeed, fair Helena! whither away?

Helena. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay;
Demetrius loves you, fair—O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars †, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching—Oh! were favour ſo!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice; my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being 'bated,
The reſt I'd give to be to you tranſlated—
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

* *Spleen*, for a ſudden or haſty fit.
† The *polar ſtar*, by which mariners are guided in their courſe.

Hermia had uſed no arts, no coquetry, to allure her lover from her; for, as ſhe expreſſes it, juſt after, in the ſame dialogue,

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

She had, indeed, happened to have done her an *injury*, but *no wrong*; and therefore the forſaken maid ſhews her juſtice in plaining her own ill fortune, only, without expreſſing the leaſt manner of reſentment againſt her unoffending rival.

Hermia, in the ſame ſcene, alludes to the magic power of love, which concenters all our ideas in one, making us prefer a cottage to a palace, and a deſert to a grove, according to the ſituation or circumſtances of the object of our affections. After having declared the purpoſe of flying her country with her lover, ſhe adds,

Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,
Seemed Athens like a Paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven into hell?

And Helena, afterwards, carries on the ſame idea, in the following lines:

Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte,
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguiled.

Theſeus too, in a paſſage of his ſpeech, in the firſt Scene of the Fifth Act of this Play, accords with the above ſentiment:

While the lover all as frantic
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

And Shakeſpeare has hinted a moral, on this latter ſubject, with regard to irregular or ill-placed affection, as Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved, "by "as fine a metamorphoſis as any in Ovid," in the laſt line of the following ſpeech, in the ſecond Scene of

of Act the Second; the whole of which I ſhall tranſcribe here, in order to ſhew how juſtly and poetically he has pointed to the different effects of paſſion upon buſy and contemplative minds, as well as on idle and diſſipated ones.

Oberon *to* Puck.

That very time I ſaw, but thou could'ſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the Weſt *,
And looſed his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts.
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quenched in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with Love's wound,
And maidens call it *Love in idleneſs.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The deceptions of an enthuſiaſtic or over-heated fancy, with the vain terrors of a dejected mind, are well deſcribed in part of the following ſpeech; in which our author claſſes *the lunatic*, *the lover*, *and the poet*, together; and might have taken in the *fanatic* too, along with them, under the deſcription of thoſe, who, as he ſays, in the firſt part of the ſame ſpeech,

Have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.

Theſeus. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppoſed a bear!

* * *

Among the *brief of ſports*, as it is called, to be exhibited before Theſeus, on his wedding-day, this is the title of one:

* This is meant as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

"The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
Of Learning, late *deceaſed in beggary*.

Mr. Warton imagines this paſſage to have alluded to a poem of Spenſer's, ſtiled *The Tears of the Muſes, on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning*, in his time. Though this was not properly a complaint of that age, only; it has been ſo much the grievance of all times, that it has, long ſince, obtained into a proverb, *As poor as a poet.*

The caſe of ſuch *unfortunate* perſons,

" Of thoſe whom Phœbus, in his ire,
" Hath *blaſted* with poetic fire *,

is certainly very hard. Perſons who apply their minds to letters, muſt unavoidably neglect their temporal concerns; and thoſe who employ their time in the reformation or entertainment of the world, ſhould be ſupported by it—Not by merely accidental and precarious emoluments, but upon ſome more permanent foundation; like the Clergy, who have had a proviſion made for them, for the ſame reaſon as above; and the name of *Clerk*, tho' now appropriated to the latter, was formerly the common appellation of both. The honour of ſuch an eſtabliſhment would be conſiderable to a State, and the expence but ſmall—*for the numbers are but few.*

* * *

Theſeus expreſſes a juſt ſentiment in a prince, when Philoſtrate, the Maſter of his Revels, objects to his being preſent at a play, which the affections of the loweſt rank of the Athenian citizens had framed for the celebration of his nuptials.

Philoſtrate. No, my noble Lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing; nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretched, and conned with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

* Swift.

Theſeus. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.

Hippolita alſo makes the ſame objection, but from a motive of humanity, only.

I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharged,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

Theſeus. Why, gentle ſweet, *you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.*

Hippolita. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

Theſeus. *The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.*
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes not in might, but merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiſed accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, Sweet,
Out of their ſilence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied ſimplicity,
In leaſt ſpeaks moſt, to my capacity.

* * *

I muſt here conclude my obſervations on this Play, with the above beautiful paſſage, as there does not appear to me to be any thing elſe, in the remainder of it, worthy to ſupply a reflection relative to the purpoſed ſcope or deſign of this Work.

POSTSCRIPT.

This Play is perfectly pictureſque, and reſembles ſome rich landſcape, where palaces and cottages, huntſmen and huſbandmen, princes and peaſants, appear in the ſame ſcene together.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

DUKE of MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
PROTHEUS, }
ANTHONIO, Father to Protheus.
PANTHION, Servant to Anthonio.

W O M E N.

SILVIA, the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.
JULIA, a Lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.

THE

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

THE Fable of this Play has no more moral in it, than the former, nor does it make us much amends, either by the number, or variety of its documents. I would, therefore, have paſſed it by, as ſome of the editors have done, on the ſuppoſition of its not being one of Shakeſpeare's; but that I thought any thing which had ever been imputed to that author, had a right to claim a place in this Work; unleſs the rejection of it were eſtabliſhed upon better grounds, than the diverſity of opinions about its authenticity, among the Commentators.

And, indeed, were I to offer any doubt upon this point, myſelf, it ſhould not be ſo much from the objections adduced by the editors, as on account of the unnatural inconſiſtency of character, in the perſon of Protheus; who, in the firſt Act, and during above half the ſecond, appears to ſtand in the moſt amiable and virtuous lights, both of morals and manhood, as a fond lover, and a faithful friend; and yet ſuddenly belies his fair ſeemings, by an infidelity toward the firſt object, and a treachery with regard to the ſecond. 'Tis true, indeed, that in the latter end he expreſſes a ſort of contrition for his crimes; but yet this ſtill ſeems to remain equivocal; as it does not appear to have ariſen from any remorſe of conſcience, or abhorrence of his baſeneſs, but rather from a diſappointment in his purſuit, and an open detection of his villainy.

There are but few inſtances of this kind, that I remember to have met with, throughout the drama of Shakeſpeare; for however he may ſport, as he often does, with the three *unities* of Ariſtotle, *time*, *place*,

place, and *action*, he ſeldom ſins againſt a fourth, which I am ſurpriſed the Critics have not added, as being worth them all—namely, that of *character*; the tenor of which is generally preſerved, from firſt to laſt, in all his works. This conſiſtency is required in the epic, and why not inſiſted on in the dramatic poem, I cannot conceive.

I am venturing, I own, beyond my purpoſe; but I am tempted here, upon mentioning his breach of the unities, to obſerve, that the Commentators do our author great injuſtice, to examine him by the cold rules of artful conſtruction. Shakeſpeare's writings reſemble the antient muſic, which conſiſted in *melody* alone, without regard to *harmony*, which is a ſcience of much later invention; and it has been remarked, that the original airs of every country, which charm a natural ear moſt, have been thoſe that give offence to *modern compoſers*, by an utter neglect of the *counter-point*. The compoſitions of our Bard have the ſame beauty, with the ſame defect. He ought, therefore, never to be conſidered but under the deſcription which Milton has given of him;

"Our ſweeteſt Shakeſpeare, Fancy's child,
"Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

Would they reſtrain him within the precincts of art, the height, the depth of whoſe imagination and creative genius found even the extent of Nature too ſtreightly bounded for it to move in?

"Exhauſted worlds, and then imagined new."

Like an eaſtern monarch, his word was law, his will and pleaſure edicts and decrees. But there are certain *mechaniſts* in criticiſm, who have no other way of judging, but by applying the *rule* and *compaſs*; like antient gardeners, who trimmed their foreſt-trees into cones and cylinders, and reduced winding brooks to ſquare canals. A man muſt be *born* a critic, as well as a poet; but, at this rate, he may be *bred* both.

But to return from this digreſſion to the ſubject which lies more properly before us, at preſent.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

The great neceſſity and benefit of Travel are properly recommended, and marked by apt phraſe, in the firſt ſpeech here; which opening, with the addition of a few other paſſages, ſeems to promiſe more than, I am ſorry to ſay, the reſt of the piece is reſponſible for. And it is this circumſtance which has induced the critics to ſuſpect this Play not to have been originally one of Shakeſpeare's, but only reviſed and enriched with fragments, by him; as it may be deemed to be not *a jewel*, but only *a lump of paſte*, ſet round *with ſparks*.

Valentine. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever *homely wits*—
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would intreat thy company
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living *dully ſluggardized*, at home)
Wear out thy youth in *ſhapeleſs idleneſs* *.

The tenderneſs and ſolicitudes of friendſhip are well and fondly expreſſed in the reply:

Protheus. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu;—
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel—
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

If ever danger do environ thee—This line ſtrikes me with a peculiar beauty. Protheus deſires to be conſidered as a ſharer in his friend's weal or woe, during abſence; the firſt he mentions without any reſerve,

Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap—

But when he comes to ſpeak of the latter, he appears to catch himſelf up, as if alarmed even at the idea of his danger, and ſeems to have begun his prayers for him, already.

* Forming neither manners, nor character.

But

But not to quit the firſt ſubject hinted above, only to re-aſſume it again, I ſhall introduce a ſpeech from the fourth Scene following, though ſomewhat out of its place, here; where Panthion, ſpeaking to the father of Protheus, tells him the opinion of another perſon about him and his ſon.

Panthion. He wondered that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his life at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out;
Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some to diſcover iſlands far away:
Some to the ſtudious Univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid that Protheus, your ſon, was meet;
And did requeſt me to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Anthonio. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſidered well his loſs of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world,
Experience is by induſtry achieved,
And perfected by the *ſwift** courſe of time.

But to return to the firſt Scene, again. In this and many of the ſubſequent ones, the ſeveral parts of which ſhall be quoted as they follow in order, to prevent the interruption of the ſubject, our Author has truly deſcribed the nature, the effects, the anxieties, the weakneſſes, the extravagancies, and the miſeries, of the paſſion of love, moſt philoſophically, poetically, and experimentally.

Valentine, perſuading Protheus to quit his miſtreſs, and accompany him on his travels, ſays:

To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights—
If haply won, perhaps an hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

* Would not *ſlow* be a fitter word, in this place?

Love

Love is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Protheus. Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells, ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Valentine. And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blows;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly, blaſting in the bud;
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Protheus, *alone.*

He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphoſed me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought,
Make wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

Valentine, after his falling in love, to Protheus:

I have done penance for contemning love;
Thoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſhed me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs—
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chaced ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's ſorrow.
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſs
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth.
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love. . . . . .
Call her divine. [Scene vii.

Julia *and* Lucetta.

A true devoted Pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, who hath love's wings to fly. . . . .
Oh, knoweſt thou not his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Lucetta.

Lucetta. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Julia. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns—
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knoweſt, being ſtopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſic with the enamelled ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage—
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport to the wide ocean. [Scene ii.

There are two other paſſages in this Play, which I have not included among the above number of quotations; becauſe, though they relate to the ſame ſubject, yet not falling within the deſcription of the paſſion, but the artful or ſiniſter conduct of it, only, I have reſerved to a place by themſelves.

The firſt is, where Valentine replies to the Duke, who aſks his advice how to gain a coy miſtreſs.

Win her with *gifts*, if ſhe reſpect not *words*;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
[Act iii. Scene ii.

The ſecond is in the fifth Scene following the above, where the moſt effectual, but baſeſt method for curing a woman's love, that can be deviſed, is there pointed out:

Duke *to* Protheus.

What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Protheus. The beſt way is to ſlander Valentine
With falſehood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think that it is ſpoke in hate.
Protheus. True, *if his enemy deliver it.*
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken,
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

In the firſt ſpeech here, Valentine makes a reflection, which cannot be too often marked to us, upon the powerful effect of uſe or habit over the mind of

of man. Second nature is more than a match even for the firſt. In this philoſophy lie the manifeſt and manifold advantages of a good education, which alone forms the different manners allotted to the ſexes, rendering men brave, and preſerving women chaſte. Exchange but the point of honour between them, and you fill the world with amazons and daſtards.

How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.

In the ſame Scene he expreſſes himſelf moſt affectingly, upon diſcovering the faithleſsneſs of his friend, and diſplays a noble and a generous nature, in his ready forgiveneſs, on the other's as prompt penitence.

Thou treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguiled my hopes; *nought but mine eye*
Could have perſuaded me.—Now, I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive—thou would'ſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the boſom? *Protheus,*
I'm ſorry I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger, for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt.

Protheus. My ſhame and guilt confound me—
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Valentine. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

SCENE V. and laſt.

The Duke. Now, *by the honour of my anceſtry,*
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an Empreſs' love.

Know

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrivalled merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haſt deſerved her.

In this paſſage Valentine is juſtly commended for his proper and becoming manhood, in vindicating the right both of his love and honour, at the hazard of his, comparatively, meaner life. He has, therefore, a right to the appellation and character here given of him, in the following line:

Thou art *a gentleman*, and *well derived.*

But what ſtrikes me more particularly in this ſpeech, is the gallant Duke's aſſeveration, in that truly noble expreſſion,

Now, *by the honour of my anceſtry.*

It was this generous ſpirited idea that continued down the race of heroes, among us, *while they did exiſt*; and were the profeſſion of heraldry never to be conſidered in any other light, than as a record of men's worth, *not titles*, it would then become both a political and a liberal ſcience. Honours, as Selden ſays, ſhould be *native* only, and not *dative* derived from *Merits*, not from *Gifts*.

MEASURE

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

DUKE of Vienna.
ANGELO, Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord joined with him.
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.
LUCIO, his Friend.

W O M E N.

ISABELLA, Siſter to Claudio.
JULIET, with child by Claudio.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

I CANNOT ſee what moral can be extracted from the fable of this Piece; but as the author of it ſeems to have thought otherwiſe, I ſhall preſent the reader with his idea on this ſubject, in his own words; where the Duke paſſes ſentence on Angelo, his deputy, for his double villainy:

Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *meaſure ſtill for meaſure.*
[Act v. Scene vii.

But as there is not matter enough here, for further expatiating upon, I ſhall proceed to collect together the diſperſed maxims, ſentiments or morals, which may be gathered from the field at large; and which I ſhall arrange under their ſeveral heads, without regard to the order of the drama; as this method may beſt ſerve to give them an *united force*, and enable them to act more ſtrongly on the minds of my readers.

ACT I. SCENE II.

That our talents, our faculties, or powers, are not our own, properly; but that we are to conſider ourſelves as endowed with ſuch advantages, by Providence, for the more enlarged benefit of mankind, is finely ſet forth in the following ſpeech:

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy *life* *,
That to the obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold. *Thyſelf, and thy belongings*
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues; them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike,

* Doctor Johnſon reads *look*; and, I think, rightly.

As if we had them not *. *Spirits are not finely touched,*
But to fine iſſues; nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and uſe.

The dangers to be apprehended to ſociety, from thoſe who affect too much popularity, are very juſtly remarked upon. in the ſame Scene; which judgment may be fully ſupported by innumerable inſtances of Demagogues to be met with in hiſtory, both ancient and modern.

Duke. I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes;
Tho' it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it.

SCENE VI.

That a ſpirit of liberty, where the reins of government are ſuffered to relax, is too apt to exceed into a licentiouſneſs which counteracts its own ends, is well noted here.

Lucio, *on ſeeing his friend carrying to priſon.*

Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this reſtraint?
Claudio. *From too much liberty*, my Lucio, liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink we die.

Again, in the next Scene:

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws;
The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds;
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their childrens ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mocked, than feared; ſo our decrees,

* Paulùm ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus. Flor.

Dead

Dead to inſliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

And juſt after, condemning his own neglect, in ſuffering the people to take ſuch ſcope, he carries his cenſure againſt himſelf ſo far, as even to ſay that he had encouraged them to do ſo:

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment.

The ſame reflection is carried on, in the fifth Scene of the Second Act; where ſome one ſays,

Lord Angelo is ſevere.

To which Eſcalus, his colleague in adminiſtration, replies,

It is but needful;
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe.

But to recur back again to the firſt Act, which I quitted in purſuit of the above argument ſtarted there; in the ſixth Scene, where Claudio deſires his friend to employ his ſiſter to ſolicit his pardon, he very judiciouſly urges that peculiar kind of perſuaſiveneſs, which naturally dwells in youth and innocence:

Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in That; for in her youth
There is a *prone** and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men!

And again, in the laſt Scene of this firſt Act, Lucio ſays to Iſabella,

Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

* Doctor Johnſon reads *power*, or *prompt*, either of which epithets would certainly render this paſſage more intelligible. I prefer the latter expreſſion.

In the ſame Scene the nature and danger of irreſolution is well deſcribed.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The political arguments for juſtice, with the humane motives for mercy, are finely contraſted here, between the two Deputies of the State:

Angelo. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom makes it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Eſcalus. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall and bruiſe to death. . . . . .
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not, ſometime in your life,
Erred in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Eſcalus. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall;
Some run thro' brakes of ice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

SCENE VII.

We find the ſame ſubjects continued here, with additional ſpirit and beauty.

Iſabella *to* Angelo.

I have a brother is condemned to die—
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Angelo. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemned, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults whoſe fine ſtands in the record,
And let go by the actor.

Iſabella. O juſt, but ſevere law! Muſt he needs die?

Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſabella. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Angelo. I will not do it.

Iſabella. But can you, if you would?

Angelo. Look, what I *will not* *, that I cannot do.

Iſabella. But might you do it, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touched with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Angelo. He's ſentenced; 'tis too late.

Iſabella. Too late? Why, no; I that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he like you would not have been ſo ſtern.

Angelo. Pray you, be gone.

Iſabella. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Iſabel; ſhould it then be thus?
No—I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſabella. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that *were* †, were forfeit, once;

* *Ought not*, I ſhould think to be a more proper expreſſion, here.

† Doctor Warburton has changed *were*, to *are*, becauſe, he ſays, the expreſſion, the text, is *falſe divinity*. I tremble at venturing to differ from ſo learned a dge in matters of theology; but are we not taught that the *redemption* had re-

And he that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Angelo. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him. He dies to-morrow.

Iſabella. To-morrow! Oh, that's ſudden! Spare him, ſpare him;
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Angelo. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept—
Thoſe many had not dared to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwered for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſſneſs new conceived,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But ere they live, to end.

Iſabella. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

Angelo. *I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;*
For then I pity thoſe I do not know;
Which a diſmiſſed offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act an other. Be ſatisfied;
Your brother dies—to-morrow.

Iſabella. Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant. . . . . .
Could great men thunder,
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer
Would uſe his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder—Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Splitteſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle—O, but man, proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſured,

leaſed the *forfeit*? We were then brought within the pale, at leaſt, of ſalvation, which the orthodoxy ſays we were not before; and a ſecond *forfeit*, I ſhould therefore ſuppoſe to be the conſequence of our own tranſgreſſion, not that of our firſt parents.

His

His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal. . . . . .
We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf;
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them;
But in the leſs, foul profanation. . . . . .
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Angelo. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſabella. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' th' top. Go to your boſom;
Knock there, and aſk your heart what it doth know,
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as his is,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue,
Againſt my brother's life.

Angelo. (*Aſide.*) She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe breeds with it (*To* Iſabel.) Fare you well.

Iſabella. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Angelo. I will bethink me—Come again, to-morrow.

Iſabella. Hark, how I'll bribe you—good my lord, turn back—

Angelo. How? Bribe me!

Iſabella. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.
Not with fond ſhekels of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones whoſe rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe; prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids whoſe minds are delicate
To nothing temporal.

I have tranſcribed, perhaps, more of this dialogue, than may be thought ſtrictly relative to the arguments of it; but I found it impoſſible to break off before, and I believe the reader would be ſorry to have had me interrupt it ſooner.

SCENE VIII.

The powerful attractions of virtue and modeſty, are finely ſhewn, in Angelo's conflict and reflections, here. Iſabella, having in the laſt Scene, received ſome hope of pardon for her brother, takes leave of the Depury, with this expreſſion:

Save your honour!

Angelo *ſolus.*

From thee, even from thy virtue—

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe—nor doth ſhe tempt—but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live—
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook? moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue. Ne'er could the Strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous Maid
Subdues me quite. Ever 'till this very now,
When men were fond, I ſmiled, and wondered how.

SCENE IX.

The Duke here, under the character of a friar, in confeſſing Juliet, gives an admirable leſſon on the nature of *contrition*, diſtinguiſhing it very properly from *attrition* merely; and, at the ſame time, expreſſes a juſt but ſevere ſentence againſt a woman's failure in the point of chaſtity; their education, their manners, and the moral conſequences of their frailty, throwing ſo many more bars in their way, than the modes of the world have oppoſed to the other ſex.

Duke *to* Juliet.

Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wronged you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

Duke.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. *Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.*

Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter—But repent you not,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always towards ourſelves, not heaven;
Shewing, we'd not ſeek Heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil.

Duke. *There reſt.*

SCENE X.

The frailty of human nature is well deſcribed in the wanderings of the mind in prayer, and the ſtruggle between virtue and paſſion, in the firſt ſpeech here; which concludes with obſerving, how apt the pageantry or falſe ſeemings of power are to impoſe on the world, even *the great vulgar*, as well as the *ſmall.*

Angelo *ſolus.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Iſabel. Heaven's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception. The ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art but blood.
Let's write *good angel* on the Devil's horn;
'Tis yet * the Devil's creſt.

SCENE XI.

There is a proper ſentiment of Chriſtian humility, expreſſed by Iſabella, in this place:

Let me be ignorant; and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

* Doctor Johnſon's reading, inſtead of *'tis not.*

And

And juſt after, there is a virtuous argument finely ſupported by her, againſt the inſidious pleadings of the Deputy; who, after refuſing her a pardon for her brother, thus proceeds:

Angelo. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the *loſs* † of queſtion) that you, his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſired of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſabella. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf—
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Angelo. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſabella. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a brother died for once,
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Angelo. Were not you, then, as cruel as the ſentence,
That you have ſlandered ſo?

Iſabella. Ignominy in ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke, remaining ſtill under the diſguiſe of a friar, comes to the priſon to prepare Claudio for death; upon which ſubject he makes a number of moral and philoſophic reflections; but theſe laſt moſtly of the Stoic kind, by obſerving on the precarioufneſs and inſignificancy of human life; the whole of which I ſhall give here at full length.

Duke *to* Claudio.

Be abſolute for death; or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life;

† Doctor Johnſon more ſuppoſely reads *toſs*, for *cauſe*, of the queſtion.

If

If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt toward him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou beareſt,
Are nurſed by baſeneſs; thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, That thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange *effects* *,
After the moon. If thou'rt rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend haſt thou none;
For thy own bowels which do call thee Sire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy *blaſted* † youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt nor heat, affection, limb, or beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life,
Lye hid more than a thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

And in the next ſcene, Iſabella, after hinting to her brother at certain baſe conditions, on which his ſentence might be remitted, endeavours to ſtrengthen his reſolution to prefer death before diſhonour, by ſomewhat of the ſame manner of reaſoning, as above; but more concluſive and conciſe:

Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feveriſh life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dareſt thou die?

* Dr. Johnſon reads *affects*, and with good reaſon.
† The Doctor alſo reads *blaſted*, inſtead of *blaſted*.

The

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

To this ſuſpicion of his weakneſs he replies, with the ſpirit becoming a man of honour and virtue:

Claudio. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you, I can a reſolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.

But after having paid this compliment to heroiſm, Human Nature comes in for its ſhare, in turn; and he then pleads for life, even on the moſt abject terms:

Claudio. Oh, Iſabel!
Iſabella. What ſays my brother?
Claudio. Death's a fearful thing.
Iſabella. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claudio. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the *delinquent* * ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſoned in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and impriſonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a paradiſe,
To what we fear of death.

What an ignoble ſentiment is here expreſſed, in the four laſt lines of this ſpeech! and yet the great Mæcenas had the ſame, and declared it very nearly in the ſame words! What a diſgrace to letters! But hiſtory deſcribes him to have been a perſon of foppiſh and effeminate manners; and 'tis but rarely that the outward character belies the inward one.

* Inſtead of *delighted*. Johnſon.

Iſabella's

Iſabella's indignation againſt her brother on this occaſion, though it has no relation to the ſubjects we are upon, yet as it may have an effect in raiſing the ſame reſentment againſt vice and meanneſs, in the minds of my readers, I think it worthy to be inſerted here:

Iſabella. Oh, you beaſt!
Oh, faithleſs coward! Oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven grant my mother played my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſued from his blood—Take my defiance—
Die, periſh! might my only bending down,
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed. . . . . .
Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'Twere beſt that thou dieſt quickly.

SCENE VI.

In the laſt ſpeech of this ſcene, our Author gives us a ſhocking, but too juſt deſcription of Slander:

Duke. No might nor greatneſs, in Mortality,
Can cenſure 'ſcape—back-wounding Calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſlandering tongue?

ACT IV. SCENE III.

In the laſt paſſage of this Scene, the Duke repeats the ſame reflection, in ſtill ſtronger terms:

O place and greatneſs! Millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſt
Upon thy doings—thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Such has been the complaint of all ages, even when the ſcandal was merely *oral*; but how much more intolerable has the offence become, of late years, when obloquy is not only privately ſpoken, but publicly printed, and openly circulated throughout theſe kingdoms? The *Freedom* of the Preſs ſhould be ever held

held ſacred among us. 'Tis our *Palladium*. But ſurely, to reſtrain its *Licentiouſneſs*, can no more hurt the *Liberty* of it, than the chaſtiſement of felony can be ſaid to injure the liberty of the ſubject.

SCENE X.

When Iſabella, upon a ſuppoſition of her brother's death, curſes Angelo for his perfidy, the Duke reproves her in the following words:

> This nor hurts him, nor profits you, a jot;
> Forbear it, therefore; *give your cauſe to Heaven.*

* * *

Shakeſpeare ſeems to have wound up the ſeveral morals of his characters and dialogue, in this place, with an excellent Chriſtian document, againſt the rage of malediction, and the paſſion of revenge; for we find little more in the remainder of it, ſufficiently worthy of continuing any further remarks on the Piece.

POSTSCRIPT.

In Number 491 of the SPECTATOR, there is a parallel ſtory with this of Angelo related, though not in every circumſtance the ſame, of Rhynſault, Governor of Zealand, under Charles the Bald, Duke of Burgundy; which may amuſe the reader to recur to, after reading this Play.

THE

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Morochius, a Mooriſh Prince.
Prince of Arragon.
Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his Friend.
Salanio, Solarino, Gratiano, } Friends to Anthonio and Baſſanio.
Lorenzo, in love with Jeſſica.
Shylock, a Jew.
Launcelot, Servant to the Jew.

W O M E N.

Portia, an Heireſs.
Nerissa, her Maid.
Jessica, the Jew's Daughter.

THE

MERCHANT of VENICE.

I Shall take no further notice of the want of a moral fable, in the reſt of theſe Plays; but ſhall proceed to obſerve upon the characters and dialogue, without interruption, for the future.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The forebodings or preſentiments of evil, natural to the human mind, are ſtrongly pointed at here. It were in vain to attempt the inveſtigation of this matter from philoſophy, any more than that of prophetic dreams; ſo that all we have to do, is ſimply to acquieſce in the fact itſelf, which repeated experience has ſufficiently vouched in too many remarkable inſtances, to be imputed to common caſualty.

Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anthonio. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.———

Upon which his two friends attempt to account for this impreſſion on his mind, in a very natural manner—as, "Where a man's treaſure is, there will "his heart be alſo."

Salanio. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There where your *Argoſies* with portly ſail,
Like Signiors and rich Burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solarino. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill

Plucking the graſs *, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Salanio. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docked in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing bechanced would make me ſad?
But tell not me—I know Anthonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

But when he denies that any reflection upon the ſtate of his fortune, or that even the paſſion of love, has wrought this grave effect upon his ſpirits, they then remain quite at a loſs to account farther for it, referring it merely to the peculiarity of his character, or particular complexion of mind; which is deſcribed and contraſted with one of an oppoſite caſt, with admirable humour:

Salarino. Not in love, neither! Then let's ſay, you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you're merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed ſtrange fellows, in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth, in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Gratiano then coming in, and taking notice of the ſerioufneſs of Anthonio's aſpect, alike imputes it to the ſame cauſe his other friends had done:

* To throw up into the air.

You

You look not well, Signior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world;
They loſe it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly changed.

To which he replies:

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A ſtage where every man muſt play his part;
And mine a ſad one.

Upon this, Gratiano enters into the ſame humorous deſcription of the different characters of men, as Solarino had done.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pool,
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, "I am Sir Oracle,
"And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Anthonio, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which hearing them would call their *brothers fools* *.
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.

Another very common character in life is alſo deſcribed in the ſame ſcene; though I think not fairly applicable to the perſon who was capable of making the ſpeech above cited:

Baſſanio. "Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more "than any man in all Venice. His reaſons are as two grains of "wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you may ſeek all day ere you "find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the "ſearch."

* Alluding to the Scripture text, *He that calleth his brother a fool*, &c.

In the following paſſage of the ſame Scene, there is a warmth of affection and generous friendſhip, fondly and beautifully expreſſed.

Baſſanio *and* Anthonio.

Baſſanio. To you, Anthonio,
I owe the moſt in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anthonio. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſured,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means
Lye all unlocked to your occaſions. . . . .
You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it—Therefore, ſpeak. . . . .
Thou know'ſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I money, nor commodity,
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*.
Go preſently inquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake.

Again, in the third Scene of Act the Third, the ſame noble ſpirit is carried on.

Portia *and* Baſſanio.

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Baſſanio. The deareſt friend to me; the kindeſt man;
The beſt conditioned—an unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The antient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Baſſanio. For me, three thouſand ducats.

Portia. What! no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;

Double

Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair thro' my Baſſanio's fault.

And from the Fifth Scene of the ſame Act, another paſſage may be quoted, which breathes the ſame ſtrain.

Portia *and* Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. Madam, altho' I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly,
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew on whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband;
I know, you would be prouder of this work,
Than cuſtomary bounty could inforce you.

Portia. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There needs muſt be a like proportion
Of lineaments of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think that this Anthonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty!
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it.

There is a becoming reſerve and modeſty in this laſt ſentence, which gives an additional beauty to the character of Portia. But I muſt now return again to the Firſt Act, that I may recover the order of the reflections which are made in this Piece.

SCENE II.

Here the golden mean is well recommended, by ſhewing the exceſs on either ſide, to be equally bad:

Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Portia. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is weary of this great world.

Neriſſa. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore, it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the *mean*; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer."

From thence Portia takes occaſion to hint at the inefficacy of good counſel towards governing or reſtraining our paſſions:

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Neriſſa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs, the youth, to ſkip o'er the maſhes of good counſel, the cripple.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The next paſſage that occurs, is a reflection on the caſualties of fortune, which no merit, no induſtry, no prudence can controul.

Morochius *to* Portia.

Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields from Sultan Solyman,
I would outſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart moſt daring to the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas * play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand——
So is Alcides beaten by his page.
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

* Page to Hercules.

SCENE

SCENE II.

In this Scene, the ſoliloquy of Launcelot is a ſtrong picture of the mind of man, whenever it debates within itſelf upon the right or wrong of a queſtion, in which it is any way intereſted; for in ſuch caſes, our paſſions, even without our connivance, are apt to plead their own cauſe; and we but ſophiſticate, while we think we reaſon. In all doubtful matters, where the arguments ſeem to be equally ſuſpended, 'tis prudent ever to ſuſpect that ſide of the balance to be the lighteſt, which we find our affections the moſt inclined to.

Launcelot. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew, my maſter. The fiend is at my elbow, and tempts me; ſaying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away. My conſcience ſays, no; take heed, honeſt Launcelot, take heed, honeſt Gobbo; or, as aforeſaid, honeſt Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; ſcorn running with the heels. Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; away! ſays the fiend; for the heavens, rouſe up a brave mind, ſays the fiend; and run. Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me, my honeſt friend, Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon, or rather, an honeſt woman's ſon (for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack; ſomething grow to; he had a kind of taſte)—Well, my conſcience ſays, budge not; budge, ſays the fiend; budge not, ſays my conſcience. Conſcience, ſays I, you counſel ill; fiend, ſays I, you counſel ill. To be ruled by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew, my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend; who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil *incarnal*; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run; fiend, my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

SCENE IX.

The deſcription here given of the parting of two friends, would make a beautiful and affecting ſubject for the pencil:

Salanio. And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face he put his hand behind him,
And, with affection wond'rous ſenſible,
He wrung Baſſanio's hand; and ſo they parted.

SCENE X.

The falſe or miſtaken ſupputations of happineſs, which men are too often apt to frame to themſelves, are well remarked upon, in this place:

Prince *of* Arragon, *on viewing the Caſkets, with their mottos.*

Fortune, now,
To my heart's hope! Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath *.
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? Ha, let me ſee—
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire—That may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that chuſe by ſhew;
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior; but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitude.

And immediately after, in the ſame ſpeech, he makes a juſt and noble reflection, diſtinguiſhing merit from dignities; or titles *to*, from titles *of*, honour.

Well then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe,
Tell me, once more, what title thou doſt bear—
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
And well ſaid too; for who ſhall go about
To cozen Fortune and be honourable,
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity—
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! that clear honour
Were purchaſed by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be *pickt* †
From the true ſeed of honour? How much honour
Gleaned ‡ from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new *vanned* ‖.

* Leaden caſket.

† *Pickt*, inſtead of *gleaned*. ‡ *Gleaned*, inſtead of *pickt*. Johnſon.

‖ *Vanned*, or *winnowed*, inſtead of *varniſhed*. Warburton.

Theſe three alterations certainly preſerve the purity of the metaphor from the manifeſt corruption of the text.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The great principle of univerſal charity, which ſoars above the partial reſpects of nations or of ſects, is ſtrongly, though indirectly, inculcated, in the Jew's ſpeech, here; which, according to this very principle, ſhould be received without prejudice, though proceeding from the mouth of an Alien, and an Infidel.

Shylock, ſpeaking of Anthonio,

" He hath diſgraced me, and hindered me of half a million,
" laughed at my loſſes, mocked at my gains, ſcorned my nation,
" thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies;
" and what's his reaſon? *I am a Jew.* Hath not a Jew eyes?
" Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections,
" paſſions? Fed with the ſame food, hurt by the ſame weapons,
" ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed
" and cooled by the ſame ſummer and winter, as a Chriſtian is?
" If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not
" laugh? If you poiſon us, do we not die?"

As the remainder of the ſpeech exceeds the moderation of Chriſtian ethics, I think proper to ſtop the Jew's mouth, here.

The ſame perſon ſays ſomething again to the like purport, in the firſt Scene of Act the Fourth, that ought to awaken our minds to proper ſentiments of humanity, upon this ſubject.

Shylock. You have among you many *a purchaſed ſlave*;
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſoned with ſuch viands—You will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours.

Monteſquieu, in his *Spirit of Laws*, ſpeaking with a juſt contempt and humorous ſeverity againſt all the arguments brought in defence of this cruelty, ſays,

ſays, that the ſtrongeſt reaſon which can be given for the practice of uſing Negroes like beaſts of burden, is, *their having black ſkins, and flat noſes.*

In the ſecond Scene of the Third Act, the difficulty of determining the true rate of perſons or things, is largely commented upon; and as opinion is too often more under the dominion of fancy than of reaſon, perhaps the ſtanzas which precede the reflections, may ſerve as a proper prelude to the ſpeech. The reader, at leaſt, I dare ſay, will be pleaſed at finding them inſerted here.

A Song while Baſſanio *debates with himſelf, on his choice of the caſkets.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
In the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

REPLY.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell—

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, bell.

After which Baſſanio ſpeaks:

So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves *;
The world is ſtill deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſoned with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhew of evil? In religion,
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text;
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward part.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins

* As the beginning of this ſpeech is abrupt, we are to ſuppoſe the former part of the argument to have paſſed ſilently in his mind, before he ſpeaks aloud. This is Doctor Johnſon's remark.

The

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearched, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted—Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſed by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that weer moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſpy ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian *dowdy* *; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on,
To entrap the wiſeſt. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Twixt man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threateneſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy *plainneſs* † moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuſe I—Joy be the conſequence!

Portia's rapture, on finding her favourite lover has choſen right, is warmly and finely expreſſed, in the next ſpeech; in which the danger of an exceſs of joy is alſo pointed out:

How all the other paſſions fleet to air—
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embraced deſpair,
And ſhuddering fear, and green-eyed jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy extaſy;
In meaſure *rein* ‡ thy joy, ſcant this exceſs;
I feel too much thy bleſſing; make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit.

In the fifth Scene following, there is a ridiculous, but whimſical, deſcription of a vain boaſting young man; many of which ſort are to be met with in life; in courts, in camps, in coffee-houſes:

Portia *and* Neriſſa, *going into boy's cloaths.*

Portia. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparelled like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

* *Dowdy*—The word in the text is *beauty*, but reformed by Sir Thomas Hanmer.
† Inſtead of *paleneſs*. Johnſon.
‡ *Rein*, inſtead of *rein*. Ditto.

And

And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and *ſpeak of frays,*
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died.
Then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not killed them.
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve-month—I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

The character of Mercy is here moſt beautifully deſcribed. This paſſage can never be too often read. There is no danger of its growing *feared and tedious* *, as Angelo ſays of the laws of juſtice.

Portia, *pleading for* Anthonio.

The quality of Mercy is not ſtrained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain of heaven
Upon the place beneath: It is twice bleſſed;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

There is alſo a paſſage in the ſame Scene, where the Pro and Con for partial juſtice is rightly ar-

* Meaſure for Meaſure. Act II. Scene X.

gued

gued on both ſides; but terminates, as I fear it ſhould do, for the ſafety of a State, in ſtoical ſtrictneſs.

Baſſanio *to* **Portia,** *in the character of a Judge.*

And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice,
Should alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for *a precedent,*
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the State—It cannot be.

We have alſo, here, ſome philoſophic reflections on the advantages of dying before we are encumbered with age and poverty, with a manly ſpirit of acquieſcence in the unavoidable ills of life, joined to the affecting tenderneſs and generous regards of friendſhip.

Anthonio, when the Jew has obtained ſentence againſt him:

I am armed, and well prepared—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare ye well!
Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off—
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end;
Say how I loved you; ſpeak me fair, in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly *with all my heart.*

'Tis a pity this fine ſpeech ſhould be diſgraced by the quibble in the laſt expreſſion.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The enchanting powers and effects of muſic are here moſt poetically ſet forth. There can never be ſaid too much on this charming theme. Men's minds may be ſometimes too ſtern or obſtinate to yield to argument, but in melody there is *a ſort of ſentiment*, that ſinks into the heart, and by awaking the ſofter paſſions of the ſoul, often perſuades, where reaſon elſe would fail.

Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

A Sound of Muſic.

Jeſſica. I'm never merry, when I hear ſweet muſic.

Lorenzo. The reaſon is, your ſpirits grow attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the mad condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turned to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since none ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature —
The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not moved with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus—
Let no ſuch man be truſted. *

There is alſo a beautiful alluſion made to the light of a candle, in this place, which, with the moral deduced from it, is, I think, worthy to be noted here.

Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Portia. How far that little candle throws its beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

So ſays the Scripture, "Let your light ſo ſhine." And in the continuation of the ſame dialogue, the effects of time, circumſtance, compariſon, and occaſion, are beautifully and juſtly pointed out:

* *Hic niger eſt; hunc tu, Romane, Caveto.* Hor.

Neriſſa.

Neriſſa. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs.
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick, hark!
Neriſſa. It is your muſic, Madam, of the houſe.
Portia. Nothing is good, I ſee, without *reſpect** —
Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Neriſſa. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, Madam.
Portia. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren:
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſoned are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection?

* * *

The next quotation, and the laſt I ſhall tranſcribe from this Play, is in the ſame Scene; where Portia accoſts her huſband's friend, Anthonio, on his firſt viſit to her, after the cataſtrophe of the piece has been wound up:

Sir, you are welcome to our houſe—
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.

In this ſpeech ſhe very juſtly expreſſes the true ſentiment of affection, which renders profeſſions needleſs, where intentions are ſincere.

* That is, reference to time, place, or other circumſtance.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

A DUKE, exiled from his dominions.

AMIENS, JAQUES, A LORD, } attending upon the Duke in his baniſhment.

OLIVER, eldeſt Son to Sir Rowland de Boys.

ORLANDO, his brother.

ADAM, an old Steward of Sir Rowland de Boys.

TOUCHSTONE, an Attendant on Celia and Roſalind.

CORIN, an old Shepherd.

SYLVIUS, a young one.

W O M E N.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the Duke.

CELIA, Daughter to Frederick, his Brother, the Uſurper.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THIS Play begins with a reflection on the *firſt*, and I may add the *principal*, concern in life, the education of children. Men are often more ſedulous in training the brutes of their kennels, their mews and their ſtables, than they ſeem to be about the heirs of their blood, their fortunes, or their honours. In ſad truth may it be ſaid, that we ſeldom meet with a jockey, an huntſman, or a ſportſman, who is half ſo *well-bred* as his horſes, his hawks, or his hounds.

Orlando, ſpeaking of the unkindneſs of his elder brother and guardian, ſays,

For my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home; or, to ſpeak more properly, *ſties* me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the *ſtalling of an ox?* His horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage; and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which the animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this Nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the Something that Nature gave me his countenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines* my gentility with my education.

SCENE III.

The laſt ſpeech, here, though it preſents us with no moral, I cannot paſs by without remarking, that it ſeems to be a perfect deſcription of our author's own character.

Oliver, ſpeaking of Orlando, his younger brother, ſays,

Yet he's gentle; never ſchooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; and of all ſorts enchantingly beloved—

* *Mines*, for *undermines*.

SCENE IV.

There are ſome paſſages very tender, generous, and affecting, in the firſt part of the dialogue between Roſalind and Celia, who had been bred up from their infancy in friendſhip together; the firſt, daughter to the exiled Duke; and the other, child to his brother, the Uſurper.

Celia. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſalind. Dear Celia, I ſhew more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Celia. Herein I ſee thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the Duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; and ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly tempered, as mine is to thee.

Roſalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, and rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know, my father hath no child but me, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection—By mine honour, I will—And when I break that oath, let me turn monſter—Therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

The ſame fondneſs between them is repeated in the tenth Scene of the ſame Act, upon Roſalind's being commanded to quit the dominions of the Uſurper.

Celia. O my poor Roſalind, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine—
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Roſalind. I have more cauſe.

Celia. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Prithee, be chearful knoweſt thou not, the Duke
Has baniſhed me, his daughter?

Roſalind. That he hath not.

Celia. No? Hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one—
Shall we be ſundered? Shall we part, ſweet girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir—
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly;

Whither

Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

* * *

As there are many vices in morals that are injurious to ſociety, and which the laws have not ſtigmatized, or poſſibly cannot ſufficiently provide againſt, the reprehenſions of Satire, under proper reſtrictions, may perhaps be deemed a neceſſary ſupplement to legiſlation. The moſt worthleſs perſon would chuſe to ſin in ſecret, as not being able to endure the being rendered an object of public deteſtation or ridicule; the fear of being *pointed* at has often laid a reſtraint on vice; in which ſenſe *the finger* may be ſaid to be ſtronger than *the arm*. Othello pathetically deſcribes ſuch a ſituation:

" But, alas! to make me
" A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn
" *To point his ſlow unmoving finger at.*"

The paſſage which gave riſe to theſe reflections, is in this fourth Scene, where Celia interrupts Touchſtone, in his abuſe of an abſent perſon:

Enough! Speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation, one of theſe days.

Touchſtone. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly

Celia. By my troth, thou ſayeſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenced *, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great ſhow.

* * *

SCENE VIII.

There is a very proper hint given here to women, not to deviate from the preſcribed rules and decorums of their ſex. Whenever they venture to ſtep

* Alluding to the *jeſters*, that were formerly entertained by kings, and were the only courtiers that were ſuffered to ſpeak their minds. *This office has been long aboliſhed.*

the leaſt out of *their walk*, in life, they are too generally apt to *wander aſtray*.

Roſalind. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee, in holiday foolery; *if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.*

SCENE X.

Roſalind, ſpeaking of diſguiſing herſelf in man's apparel, gives a good deſcription of a ſwaggering bully:

Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, (and in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
I'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do out-face it with their ſemblances †.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The firſt ſpeech in this Scene is rich in reflection upon the new-moulding faculty of uſe or habit, the preference of a *ſincere* country life to a *falſe* city one, the advantages of adverſity, and the benefits of retired contemplation.

The Duke, Amiens, *and other Lords, in the foreſt of* Arden.

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not *old cuſtom* made this life more ſweet,
Than that of painted pomp ‡? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no flattery; theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,

† See Portia's ſpeech in the fifth Scene, Third Act, of the Merchant of Venice, in this Work, for a parallel paſſage of female ſportive humour.

‡ See firſt obſervation on Scene IV, Act V. of The Two Gentlemen of Verona, on the power of Uſe or Habit.

Which

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head *:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your Grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

In the continuation of the ſame dialogue, ſome humane ſentiments are thrown out on the ſubject of hunting, with an affecting deſcription given of a wounded deer; and alſo ſome moral alluſions from human life to the different circumſtances and ſituations of the poor victim, which muſt equally engage the thought and feeling of the reader.

Duke. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

Firſt Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques † grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you no more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſhed you ‡.
To day my Lord of Amiens and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtered ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Courſed one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe—And thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears—

Duke. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

* This was an ancient notion.

† A character diſtinguiſhed for humanity, contemplation, and contempt of the world, and conſequently, for *ſingularity*.

‡ That is, *you uſurp as much.*

Firſt

First Lord. O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream—
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou makeſt a teſtament,
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends—
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him—Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, ye fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and, what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſigned and native dwelling place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Second Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting,
Upon the ſobbing Deer—

Duke. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter,

Whoever could read the above deſcription, and *eat veniſon*, on the ſame day, muſt have a better ſtomach, or a ſtouter heart, than they would do well to boaſt of—Such *melancholy*, ſuch *ſullen fits*, as theſe of Jaques, have ſomething more charming in them, than all

"The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears."

SCENE III.

The dangers of pre-eminence and virtue in a wicked and envious world, are finely noted here.

Adam meeting Orlando, after he had conquered the Uſurper's champion:

What! my young maſter? Oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter! Oh, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

And

And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The boney prizer* of the humorous † Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men,
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; *your virtues, gentle maſter,*
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it.

* * *

When Adam counſels him to fly from the perſecution of his cruel brother, his anſwer expreſſes a noble and virtuous acquieſcence in any ſtate of miſery or danger, rather than ſubmit to ſupport himſelf by baſe or diſhoneſt means:

Orlando. What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I cannot do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted ‡ blood, and bloody brother.

There is a charming glow of affection, gratitude, and ſpirit, in the reply made by Adam; with a pleaſing deſcription of the virtue and ſobriety of the antient Peaſantry of England; and the difference of manners and morals between thoſe times and the more modern ones, is well remarked upon.

Adam. But do not ſo—I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſaved under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown—
Take that, and *He that doth the ravens feed,*
Yea, providentially caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,
All this I give you, *let me be your ſervant*—
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

* *Wreſtler.* † For *humorſome.* ‡ For *eſtranged.*

Nor

Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly *. Let me go with you;
I'll do the buſineſs of a younger man,
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do cloak their ſervice up,
Even with the having. It is not ſo with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry—
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low Content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty—
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortune ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

SCENE IV.

The nature and follies of love are here extremely well deſcribed, between the ſeveral ſpeakers.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knoweſt how I do love her!

Corin. I partly gueſs; for I have loved, ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſighed upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As, ſure, I think, did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Corin. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily.
If thou remembereſt not the ſlighteſt folly

* Cicero ſays, *A well-ſpent youth forebodes an healthy age.*

That

That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou haſt not loved—
Or if thou haſt not ſate, as I do now,
Wearing the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe;
Thou haſt not loved——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me;
Thou haſt not loved——
O Phebe! Phebe! Phebe! [*Exit.*]

Roſalind. Alas, poor ſhepherd! Searching of thy wound, I have, by hard adventure, found my own.

Touchſtone. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to Jane Smile; and I remember the kiſſing of her *batlet* *, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two peas, and giving her them again, ſaid, with weeping tears, Wear theſe for my ſake. We that are true lovers run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love *mortal* † in folly.

There is a very pretty poem on the ſame ſubject, and which ſeems to have taken its hint from this paſſage in Shakeſpeare, though the inſtances are different and more in number, written by Miſs *Aikin*, among a collection of her's lately publiſhed, which I would inſert here, but that I ſuppoſe every reader of taſte muſt be in poſſeſſion of a work which ſo well deſerves a place in the moſt ſelect libraries; as doing equal honour to literature, and her ſex. (*See page 66, of her Poems.*)

SCENE V.

The common or modern modes of civility are well enough ridiculed, here; which, however, does not by any means reprove the fond expreſſions of affection, or the warm returns of gratitude.

Jaques. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks for it.

* Or *Beetle*, a ſort of mallet, which waſh-women beat the dirt out of coarſe linens with, in a pond or ſtream.

† *Mortal*, for *abounding*. Johnſon.

In

In the ſame place, the melancholy Jaques, as he is characterized, though he be of a gloomy and unſociable complexion himſelf, deſcribes a character in one word, that, in my opinion, is ſtill more unqualified for the converſe of the world than his own.

When he is told that the Duke has been all the day to look for him, he replies,

And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too *diſputable* * for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them ‡.

SCENE VI.

There is ſomething extremely pathetic and affecting in this ſhort ſcene between Orlando and Adam, on their pilgrimage.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewell, kind maſter!

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; chear thyſelf a little. If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will be either food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake, be *comfortable* †; hold death a-while at the arm's end. I will be here with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid—thou lookeſt cheerly; and I'll be with you quickly. Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhall not die for the lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam.

SCENE VII.

Trite obſervations and common-place morals are well expoſed here:

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And railed on lady Fortune in good terms—

* For *diſputatious.*

‡ That is, *I enjoy my own reflections, but force not my thoughts or opinions upon others.*

† For *comforted.*

In

In good ſet terms—and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I. No, Sir, quoth he;
Call me not fool, 'till Heaven hath ſent me fortune—
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock*;
Thus we may ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine,
And, after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.

Duke. What fool is this?

Jaques. A worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it—And in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket,
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places crammed
With obſervations, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

In the ſame ſcene there is a good defence made for general ſatire.

Jaques, being accuſed of ſlander, ſays,

Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay the city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; how then? what then? let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wronged; for, *if it do him right,*
Then he hath wronged himſelf; if he be free,
Why then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.

See the laſt remark on Scene IV. Act I. of this Play.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The following paſſage requires no comment to point out its beauties, or to mark its impreſſion.

Orlando, travelling through the foreſt, with his poor old friend, leaves him, for a while, to go in queſt of food, as ſhewn before, in the laſt Scene but one; and coming where the Duke and his train are at dinner, draws his ſword, to force ſome of the viands from them. The former Scene, already quoted, prepares us finely for Orlando's violence here, which muſt otherwiſe have created diſguſt, and ſeem to have been inconſiſtent with his expreſſion, in the third Scene above, where he ſays to Adam,

" What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
" *Or with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce*
" *A thieviſh living on the common road?*"

Upon this challenge, the Duke ſays,

What would'ſt thou have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orlando. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orlando. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke. True is it, that we have ſeen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And ſate at good mens feaſts, *and wiped our eyes*
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engendered;
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,

And

And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtered.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limped in pure love; *'till he be firſt ſufficed,*
Oppreſſed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waſte, till your return.

Orlando. I thank ye; and be bleſſed for your comfort. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

On Orlando's going out, the Duke ſays,

Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants, than the ſcene
Wherein we play.

Upon which alluſion, Jaques gives a fine picturesque and dramatic deſcription of life and character, in the following ſpeech:

All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their *exits* and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His Acts being ſeven ages *. At firſt, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then, a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard;
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws, and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlippered Pantaloon †,

* The old plays were divided into ſeven Acts. *Warburton.*
† Alluding to that general character in the Italian Comedy.

With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſaved, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE X.

Some melancholy reflections on the baſe vice and moſt heinous ſin of ingratitude, are ſweetly comprized in the following Air:

Blow, blow, the winter wind,
That art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly;
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly*.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot;
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! &c.

ACT III. SCENE III.

No ſituation of life is ſatisfactory to us; there is ſomething we like, in all, but none that we would chuſe to take up with *for better for worſe.* This impatience, this diſſatisfaction, in the mind of man, proclaims aloud that this world was never deſigned as our place of reſt; and to refer us for it *to the grave*, is but infidel mockery, ſurely.

* This line is left without a comment, in all the editions; nor am I able to ſupply one upon it. Such a life as is here deſcribed, appears rather to be a *ſad*, than a *jolly* one. I am as much at a loſs, alſo, to gueſs why the *holly* is particularly invoked here.

I am

I am well aware, that after ſo ſerious a reflection, the following paſſage may be deemed too ſlight an illuſtration of the remark; but as it gave riſe to it, I think in juſtice that I ought to quote it here; for even a ſtraw is an argument of Providence, to the contemplative mind.

Corin *and* Touchſtone.

Corin. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. Touchſtone?

Touchſtone. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life Now, in reſpect that it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach.

SCENE IV.

The common ſing ſong of poetry is well obſerved upon, here; ſuch verſes, as Horace ſays, a perſon may compoſe two hundred of, *ſtanding on one leg* *, "without one thought to interrupt the ſong."

Roſalind, reading a paper written in her praiſe:

From the Eaſt to Weſtern Inde,
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Thro' all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, fairеſt limned,
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Upon which Touchſtone ſays,

I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours, excepted. It is the right butter-woman's rate to market. This is the very falſe gallop of verſes: Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

SCENE VIII.

The different computations of time which are made by perſons variouſly intereſted in its progreſ-

* *Stans pede in uno.*

ſion, are well and humorouſly deſcribed in this place.

Roſalind *and* Orlando.

Roſalind. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orlando. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day—there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſalind. Then there's no true lover in the foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect *the lazy foot of time*, as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not *the ſwift foot of time?* Had not that been as proper?

Roſalind. By no means, Sir. Time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons.—I'll tell you whom time trots withal, whom time ambles withal, whom time gallops withal, and whom he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orlando. I prithee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſalind. Marry, he trots hard * with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemnized. If the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard, that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orlando. Whom ambles time withal?

Roſalind. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; and the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orlando. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orlando. Who ſtays it withal?

Roſalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term; and then they perceive not how time moves.

SCENE X.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſalind. Never talk to me—I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to conſider that tears do not become a man †.

Roſalind. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Celia. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore, weep.

* By *hard* is meant *high*, which is the moſt fatiguing rate to a traveller.
† She was then dreſſed in a male habit.

Roſalind.

Roſalind. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's—Marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Roſalind. No, faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour. Your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſalind. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of Diana; a Nun of Winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

The abrupt commencement of this dialogue leads us to ſuppoſe, that it is but the continuation of one they had engaged in before their appearance in this ſcene, in which Celia had been endeavouring to quiet Roſalind's fears, upon her lover's having broke his promiſe of meeting her; and whether from being tired with her obſtinacy, or reſolving to try her ſincerity, ſhe here ſeems to join in her reſentment, by agreeing with her in every thing; which has an effect very natural in all ſuch caſes, that the plaintiff immediately becomes defendant, whenever the perſon beloved happens to be cenſured by any one elſe but themſelves.

Hermione ſays,

My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice,
And all my anger but exceſs of love *.

And the danger of interfering between man and wife, I ſhould hope ariſes from this principle. Reſentments may interrupt affection; but they muſt riſe to ſomething more, to cancel one that ever has been thoroughly conceived.

SCENE XI.

Roſalind. Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.

This is a juſt thought; and it would be well if it were more attended to. No perſons have a right to cenſure others, who are not free from blame themſelves. This maxim, if extended to the ſtrictneſs of it, would ſilence all ſcandal, detraction, and re-

* Diſtreſt Mother.

proach; and indeed it has been often obſerved, that the moſt faultleſs perſons are generally the leaſt ſevere. Heaven has more mercy, than man.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

As I have already given the reader ſome extracts of the character and ſentiments of the *melancholy* Jaques, in this Play, which muſt give a favourable impreſſion of him; I think he will be well pleaſed to ſee him introduced once more, particularly in a part where he gives a deſcription of himſelf, as he does in this ſcene, and where the lively Roſalind alſo equally and juſtly condemns the extremes, both of a merry and a grave complexion of mind and manners.

Roſalind *and* Jaques.

Roſalind. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am ſo—I do love it better than laughing.

Roſalind. Thoſe who are in the extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſalind. Why, then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaques. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtic; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the ladies, which is nice; nor the lover's, *which is all theſe*; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt *humorous* * ſadneſs.

Roſalind. And your experience makes you ſad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad—and to travel for it too!

Roſalind then, taking advantage of the word *travel*, gives a deſcription of the *alamode pilgrims* of Shakeſpeare's times, which may anſwer full as well for the faſhionable *emigrants* of our own days.

Farewel, monſieur traveller; look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with

* *Humorous* for *humourſome.*

your

your nativity, and almoſt chide God, for making you that countenance you are; or I ſhall ſcarce think you have ſwam in a *Gondola* ‖.

There is ſomething, upon the whole of this ſombre character of Jaques, that is intereſting, and makes me recollect a French line of ſome *uncommon*, becauſe *ingenious and indulgent*, Critic, who ſays,

Un eſprit né chagrin, plait par ſon chagrin même.

SCENE V.

There is no paſſion which Shakeſpeare more frequently, or ſo poetically deſcribes, as that of love; and as it is the one which, by its deſpotiſm in our youthful years, often forms the deſtiny of our future life, and holds ſo immediate a relation to morals, we ſhould ſuffer no occaſion to paſs unnoticed, however humorouſly or ludicrouſly expreſſed, which either defines its nature, or remarks upon its effects.

Roſalind. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was *begot of thought, conceived of ſplem, and born of madneſs*, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando—I'll go find a ſhadow *, and ſigh till he come.

ACT V. SCENE V.

The uncertainty of opinion in things where the mind is anxious, is hinted at here:

The Duke *and* Orlando.

Duke. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orlando. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear, they hope, and now they fear †.

‖ Venice was then the polite *goal*, as Paris is now: ſo that *to ſwim in a Gondola*, is as if we ſhould ſay, *vide* in-a-vis-à-vis, at preſent.

* *Shadows*, for *ſhade*.

† This line is thus amended by Dr. Johnſon.

SCENE VI.

Touchſtone *to the* Duke.

Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl in your foul oyſter.

Men who pretend to know the world, are apt to join in the above ſatire upon mankind, by ſaying, what I am ſorry to repeat, that if we were to ſeek for honeſty, we muſt look for it, as the Clown hints, among the middle ranks of life.

The punctilios of honour, with regard to the falſe bravery, or Gothic chivalry of duelling, is admirably jeſted on in the ſame ſcene.

Jaques *and* Touchſtone.

Jaques. But for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Touchſtone. Upon a lye ſeven times removed; as thus, Sir—I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is called the *retort courteous.* If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is called the *quip modeſt.* If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This is called the *reply churliſh.* If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is called the *reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lye. This is called the *countercheck quarrelſome.* And ſo, the *lye circumſtantial,* and the *lye direct.*

Jaques. And how oft did you ſay that his beard was not well cut?

Touchſtone. I durſt go no further than the *lye circumſtantial*; nor durſt he give me the *lye direct*; and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted *.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lye?

Touchſtone. O, Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the *retort courteous*; the ſecond, the *quip modeſt*; the third, the *reply churliſh*; the fourth, the *reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *countercheck quarrelſome*; the ſixth, the *lye with circumſtance*; and the ſeventh, the *lye direct.* All theſe you may avoid, but the *lye direct*; and you may avoid that too, with an *If.* I knew when ſeven

* I ſuppoſe this muſt have been an antient uſage, to ſee whether the combatants had entered the liſts upon equal terms of chivalry.

juſtices

juſtices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as, *If* you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is your only peace-maker—Much virtue in an *If*.

Doctor Warburton, in a note on this paſſage, has quoted a ſimilar one from Fletcher, in his Queen of Corinth:

" Has he familiarly
" Diſliked your yellow ſtarch, or ſaid your doublet
" Was not exactly frenchified? or drawn your ſword,
" Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the lye,
" In *circle*, or *oblique*, or *ſemi-circle*,
" Or *direct parallel*? you muſt challenge him."

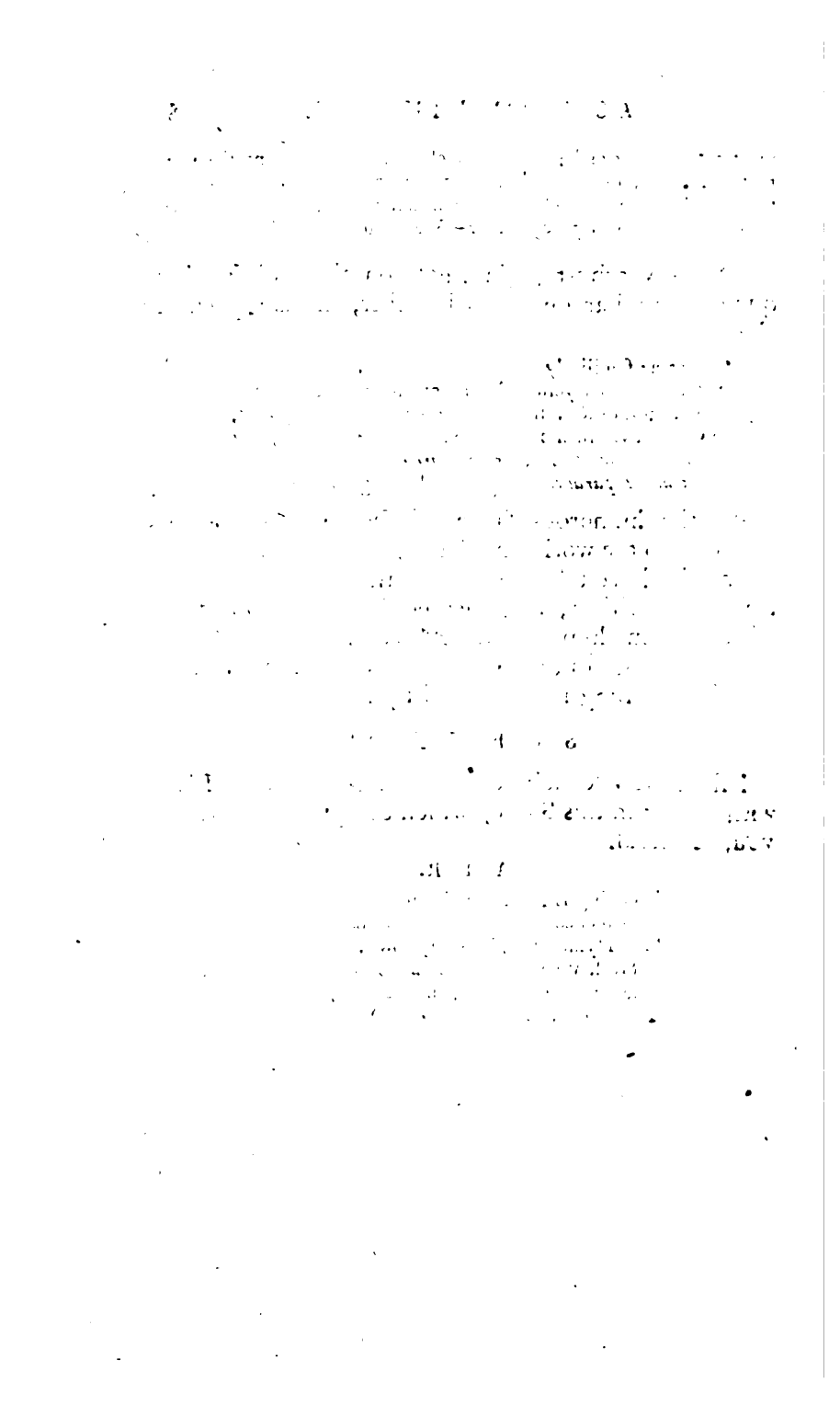
As the humorous ſatire of Don Quixote came abroad into the world in Shakeſpeare's time, perhaps he might have taken a hint for this piece of ridicule from that writing; and Fletcher may have copied his raillery from him again. *Malta* is the only place now where the old Gothic chivalry is ſtill preſerved, and that duelling is eſtabliſhed by law.

SCENE VII.

I ſhall now conclude my remarks on this Play, with a ſong in this Scene, which comprehends my favourite moral.

AIR.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High Wedlock then be honoured.
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, God of every town!



LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

THE KING of Navarre.
BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, } three Lords attending upon the King in his retirement.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a vain bombaſtical Spaniard.
MOTH, his Page,
NATHANAEL, a Curate.
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaſter.

W O M E N.

PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, } Ladies attending on the Princeſs.

LOVE's LABOUR LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Laudable ambition for fame, which inſpires every perſon whoſe character is above contempt, is beautifully deſcribed and diſtinguiſhed from falſe heroiſm, in this place. To conquer ourſelves is greater than to vanquiſh others.

The king of Navarre, and three of his principal courtiers, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, had determined upon a courſe of retirement and ſtudy, for three years, in order to fit themſelves the better for their ſeveral departments in the ſtate.

King. Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtered upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, *brave conquerors!* for ſo you are
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts,

Longaville. I am reſolved; 'tis but a three years faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, tho' the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but banker out the wits.

Dumain. My loving Lord, Dumain is *mortified* *:
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves—
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
And theſe are living in philoſophy.

Biron, ſpeaking on this latter ſubject, and juſtly condemning all ſtudy which is not made re-

* *Reſigned to abſtinence.*

ferable

ferable to the real uſes or moral purpoſes of life, ſays,

Study is like the Heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearched with ſaucy looks;
What have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from other's books?
Theſe earthly godfathers of Heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

And again:

So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.

Seneca ſeems to be of the ſame opinion with our author, where he ſays, that "to deſire more know-"ledge than is ſufficient for us here, is intemper-"ance."

Upon reviſing the articles of their mutual agreement, they find that one of them muſt unavoidably be diſpenſed with, on account of a particular reaſon of ſtate, that had not occurred to them in the drawing them up; upon which the folly and danger of making vows, is very juſtly deſcanted on. "They "are made," ſays Doctor Johnſon, on this paſſage, "without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, "and are, therefore, broken by ſome unforeſeen ne-"ceſſity. They proceed, commonly, from a pre-"ſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of hu-"man power."

Biron. *Neceſſity* will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years ſpace;
For every man with his *affects** is born,
Not by might maſtered, but by ſpecial grace—
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me;
I am forſworn on mere *neceſſity*.

* Paſſions, &c.

In

In the ſame ſcene, our author expoſes an extraordinary, and yet no uncommon character in life.

The King *and his Courtiers.*

King. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One whom the muſic of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom *right and wrong*
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of Fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lye;
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.
Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fine new words, *Faſhion's own knight.*

The making *right and wrong* equally to chuſe him for their arbitrator, is an admirable trait of an obſequious diſpoſition. And ſince we are upon this ſubject here, I think it will be better to groupe the reſt of the characters in this Play together in this place, though they refer to different ſcenes in it.

In the Third Scene of this Act, there is a deſcription, which proves that one of the characteriſtics of the preſent age is not quite *ſo modern*, as one might otherwiſe be apt to imagine.

Moth. You are *a gentleman, and a gameſter* [*].

Armado. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a *compleat man.*

In another place, Act II. Scene I. in a dialogue between the princeſs Maria, Catharine, and Roſaline, ſpeaking of the courtiers, Maria ſays,

In Normandy ſaw I this *Longaville*;
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteemed;

[*] Abbe Le Blanc, ſpeaking of the Engliſh paſſion for *Gaming*, ſays, "they "have a way of getting rich with little pains, or beggaring themſelves with little "pleaſure."

Well

Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,
Is a sharp wit, matched with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should spare none that come within his power.

Princess. *Some merry-mocking lord, belike—Is't so?*

Maria. *They say so most, that most his humours know.*

Princess. *Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.*

The latter part of the character of Longaville, above described, is an unhappy quality frequently to the persons themselves, who happen to be infected with it. It often makes enemies, but never once a friend. Even those who are the most maliciously pleased with it against others, still fear it against themselves. Sterne's comparison of the *jester and jestee*, to the *mortgager and mortgagee* † is an excellent and just allusion. The one may forget the debt, but the other will not only remember, but exact the penalty, when *pay-day* comes.

A *personal satirist* may be likened to a *hatchet-man*, sitting on the arm of a tree, with his face turned to the trunk, and cutting away before him; who, when he has dismembered the branch, falls to the ground himself along with it.

Princess. Who are the rest?

Catharine. The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth;
Of all that virtue love, for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alenson's once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosaline. Another of these students, at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard, o'truth;
Biron they called him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

† In his *Tristram Shandy*.

His

His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Laſtly, In the firſt Scene of Act IV. there are two characters, which appear the better for being placed in contraſt with each other.

Nathanael and Holofernes.

Nathanael. I praiſe God for you, Sir; your *reaſons* * at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, *audacious* † without impudency, learned without *opinion* ‡, and *ſtrange* || without hereſy. I did converſe this quondam-day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano d'Armado.

Holofernes. His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too piqued, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch fanatical phantaſms, ſuch unſociable and *point-deviſe* companions; ſuch rackers of Orthography, as to ſpeak *dout* fine, when he ſhould ſay *doubt*; *det*, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t, not d, e, t. He clepeth a *calf*, *cauf*; *half*, *hauf*; *neighbour* vocatur *nebour*; *neigh* abbreviated *ne*—This is *abominable*, which he would pronounce *abhominable*—It inſinuates me of infanity; to be mad, frantic.

* * *

But to return. The pedantry of ſcholaſtic definitions, and the verboſe ſtile of law writings, are properly ridiculed, in the ſecond Scene of the Firſt Act, in part of Armado's letter to the king, giving an information of an offence committed againſt one of his ſtatutes.

So it is—Beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſic of

* *Diſcourſe, or converſation.* † Animated. ‡ Opinionativeneſs. || New.

thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk: The time, when? About the ſixth hour, when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper—So much for the time when:—Now for the ground which—Which, I mean, I walked upon—It is ycleped thy park—Then for the place where—Where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt—But to the place where. It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minion of thy mirth, that unlettered ſmall-knowing ſoul, that ſhallow vaſſal, which, as I remember, hight *Coſtard*, ſorted, and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict, and continent canon, with a child of our grand-mother *Eve*, a female; or, for thy more underſtanding, a woman—Him have I ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, &c.

In the laſt Scene of this Firſt Act, there is a quaint deſcription given of Love; but as it is ſpoken in the perſon of Armado, whoſe affected character has been already expoſed, I ſhall inſert it here.

Love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love—Yet was Sampſon ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit—Cupid's But-ſhaft is too hard for Hercules's club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier—The paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not—His diſgrace is to be called boy; but **his glory is to ſubdue men.**

ACTS II. and III.

What is worth noting in the Second Act, has already been included in our excurſion from the Firſt, and the Third affords us no matter for obſervation.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The falſe glory of antient heroiſm is juſtly cenſured in the latter part of the following ſpeech.

The Princeſs, taking the bow to go a ſtag-ſhooting, thus argues with herſelf, on a ſuppoſition either of her hitting or miſſing the quarry:

Thus will I ſave my credit, on the ſhoot—
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If

If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That, more for praiſe than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor Deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

SCENE IV.

Part of a ſpeech here, is very worthy of a quotation; firſt, as it is one of the many fond deſcriptions of love given us by our Author; and next, as it ſhews the effects of this paſſion, in higher inſtances than any of his former ones, by urging its advantages to the minds and manners, as well as its operations upon the affections, of men; and in this light, it may be conſidered as a good comment on the fable of Cymon and Iphigenia.

Biron, ſpeaking to the King, Dumain, and Longaville, after they had all fallen in love, againſt the phlegmatic and fruitleſs ſtudy of monaſtic life, in a ſeclusion from all female converſe, ſays,

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In *leaden* contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enriched you with?
Other ſlow arts intirely keep the brain;
And, therefore, finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil—
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious *head* of theft is ſtopt *.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus roſs in taſte;

* The fears of a thief are naturally alarmed upon the ſlighteſt noiſe. I have ventured to alter *head* to *hand*, in the above line.

For *flavour* *, is not love an Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when love speaks, the voice of all the Gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony!
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's *tears* †;
O then his lines would ravish savage *breasts*,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity ‡.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

ACT V. SCENE III.

That persons of the best understandings are generally remarked to be the greatest fools in love, the superiority of their talents adding strength to their passion, is well noted in the following observations; which, as Doctor Johnson says upon this passage, "are worthy of a man who has surveyed "human nature with the closest attention."

The Princess, Rosaline, *and* Maria.

Princess. None are so surely caught, when they are catched,
As wit turned fool; folly, in wisdom hatched,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wits' own grace to grace a learned fool.

Rosaline. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Maria. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove by wit, worth in simplicity.

These ladies seem to speak very philosophically upon this subject; but might yet have improved

* The word, in the text, is *valour*, but Theobald changes it to *favour*, in order to compleat the enumeration of the senses; and I prefer the word *flavour*, as this refers more to fruits, as the other to viands.

† I prefer *tears* to *sighs*, which is the text word; as water is a fitter element than wind to temper ink with—The last word of the next line I have also changed from *ears* to *breasts*, in order to elude the rhime.

‡ The text word is *humility*—I have ventured to change it to one that is more fitly opposed to *tyranny*.

their

their lecture, by obſerving on as certain a fact, ſtill more extraordinary; which is, that to render a man of ſenſe the compleateſt ſlave in love, he muſt be captivated *by a fool*; provided ſhe has, what is generally met with in perſons of that character, a proper proportion of art or cunning.

Senſe is always a match for ſenſe, and can be overreached by folly only; as here no danger is apprehended to put a man on his guard, the fair one's wiles ſeeming to be all nature, *naïveté*, and charming ſimplicity; and 'tis natural to humour thoſe fondlings, whom 'tis thought vain to reaſon with.

SCENE X.

I ſhall finiſh my remarks on this Play, with a paſſage in this Scene, which continues the ſubject above laſt mentioned, and is a further deſcription of the nature and effects of that paſſion:

Biron, to the ladies.

For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Played foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeemed ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping in vain,
Formed by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every fancied object in his glance;
With party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have miſ-becomed our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heav'nly eyes that look into thoſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them.

THE

WINTER's TALE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
CAMILLO, } Sicilian Lords.
CLEOMINES, }
Another Sicilian Lord.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
A GENTLEMAN.
AUTOLICUS, a Sharper.
CLOWN.

WOMEN.

HERMIONE, Queen of Sicilia.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, a Lady of the Sicilian Court.

THE

WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE rational, ſociable, and friendly manner in which crowned heads uſed formerly to live pleaſantly with one another, is deſcribed here—Why is it no longer ſo? Does modern polity oppoſe itſelf to humanity? Kings may have miſtreſſes, indeed; but friend or favourite they muſt have none. What amends can the whole *regalia* of their ſolitary pomp afford them, for being denied one of the ſweeteſt, the deareſt, and the moſt virtuous enjoyments of life; a manly ſympathy of affections, and a chaſte intercourſe of ſouls! Modern kings may ſay, as Richard the Third did, *I am myſelf alone*; *Inceda ſolus*; but not in the happy ſenſe that Horace meant it—the *quacunque libido eſt* is wanting.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to Bohemia; they were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeemed to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Archidamus. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it.

* * *

The paſſion in mankind for life, and the pretences they make to themſelves for ſtill wiſhing to defer their departure from time to time, is well enough pointed out in the following paſſage:

Camillo,

Camillo, ſpeaking of the young Prince of Sicilia, ſays,

He makes old hearts freſh; they that went on crutches, ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Archidamus. Would they elſe be content to die?

Camillo. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Archidamus. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II.

The happy ſtate of youth, and conſequently of innocence, is here well deſcribed:

Polixenes. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i' th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dreamed
That any did—Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher reared
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwered heaven
Boldly, *not guilty*; *the impoſition cleared* *,
Hereditary ours.

SCENE III.

When Leontes, having conceived a jealouſy of Polixenes, commands Camillo, whom he had appointed cup-bearer to his gueſt, to poiſon him; this good man makes an admirable reflection on diſloyalty and rebellion, in the following ſoliloquy:

Camillo. If I could find example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſhed after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear it.

ACT II. SCENE III.

The dumb rhetoric of innocence is finely noted here. When Paulina, the Queen's friend, purpoſes

* Setting aſide *the Fall of Man.*

to present the new-born child of Leontes before him, in hopes of abating his resentment against its mother, she says,

We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

ACT III. SCENE II.

The unhappy Queen of Sicilia, when she is called upon her public trial for a supposed adultery, speaks with a noble spirit of parental sentiment on the occasion.

Hermione. Behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which *owe* *
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare.—*For honour,*
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for.

The beautiful sentiment expressed in the last lines, which must draw tears of pity from virtuous mothers, and should those of another kind from vicious ones, puts me in mind of a parallel passage in Scripture—"A mother in dishonour is a reproach to her "children †".

SCENES III. and IV.

The sudden ebbs of warm and violent tempers, with the *revealing* nature of a guilty conscience; which is apt to confess its crime even before 'tis charged with it, as Leontes does here, with regard to the intended murder of Polixenes, which remained yet a secret in his own breast; are strongly depicted in this Scene.

Leontes, on hearing that his son had died of grief, and seeing his wife fall into a swoon on that

* Own.

† Ecclesiasticus, Chapter iii. verse 11.

event,

event, is ſuddenly ſtruck with compaſſion and remorſe.

Leontes. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice—How now, there?
[Hermione *faints.*

Paulina. This news is mortal to the queen—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leontes. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charged; ſhe will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.
I have too much believed my own ſuſpicion—
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon
My great prophaneneſs 'gainſt thy oracle *!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For being tranſported by my jealouſies,
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he, moſt humane,
And filled with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſped my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour—Now he gliſters
Through my dark ruſt! and now his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V.

Paulina too, being likewiſe a perſon of ſtrong paſſions and an ungovernable temper, ſhews as quick a revulſion in the midſt of her rage againſt Leontes, upon finding him repentant, though ſhe had even told him, the moment before, that neither penance nor penitence itſelf could aught avail him.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your ſpeech †.

* Which had vouched the innocence of Hermione.

† This fault is reprehended before, by Gonzales, in the Tempeſt, Act I. Scene I. See the ſecond ſpeech there, in this Work.

Paulina. Lady, fy for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent—Alas, I've ſhewed too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touched
To the noblest heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſhed, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!
I'll ſpeak of her no more—nor of your children—
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too—Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Though I cannot help obſerving here, that her vindictive ſpirit appears plainly not to have yet ſubſided, but only taken a different courſe, by the latter part of her ſpeech; for ſhe continues ſtill to accumulate her charges againſt him, as if only by way of enumerating the articles of her forgiveneſs.

* * * *

Our Author, who almoſt every where manifeſts a perfect knowledge in the anatomy of the human mind, proves his ſcience more particularly in a paſſage of this Scene, by ſhewing a property in our natures which might have eſcaped any common diſſecter of morals; and this is, our ſuffering, upon true penitence and contrition, not only all reproach thrown out againſt us with meekneſs and ſubmiſſion, but even encouraging and augmenting the abuſe, by joining in our own condemnation. This may poſſibly ariſe from a ſtrong wiſh, or ſanguine hope, that ſuch a voluntary penance may in part be accepted, both by heaven and the world, as ſome ſort of atonement for our crimes.

Leontes, while Paulina is arraigning him with the utmoſt virulence and ſeverity, inſtead of having her caſt out from his preſence, cries,

Go on, go on—
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerved
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

Again,

Again, when ſhe ſeems to relent of her ſeverity towards him,

Thou did'ſt ſay but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their deaths appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie, and tears ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe,
So long I daily vow to uſe it. Come,
And lead me to theſe ſorrows.

* * *

In the Firſt Scene of the Fifth Act, the ſame ſubject is renewed, where Leontes manifeſts the ſame humiliation and contrition for his crime, that he did before: but as an interval of ſixteen years, ſpent in ſorrow and repentance, had paſſed between theſe two æras, he, as would be natural then, ſhews an uneaſineſs at the reproach, and intreats to be relieved from it for the future; but this in a manner ſo gentle and ſubmiſſive, as none but Shakeſpeare himſelf could have conceived. The whole paſſage is worthy of being quoted.

Leontes, Cleomines, *and* Paulina.

Cleomines. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault you could make,
Which you have not redeemed indeed; paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the Heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leontes. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroyed the ſweet'ſt companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paulina. True, too true, my lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took ſomething good,

To

To make a perfect woman; *she, you killed,*
Would be unparalleled.

Leontes. I think so. Killed?
Killed? She I killed? I did so—But thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did—It is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. *Now, good now,*
Say so but seldom.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

There is a poetical history of love given here, which closes with a beautiful description of a chaste and pure passion in a lover.

Florizel. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; *since my desires*
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

SCENE V.

Here is a passage that I am particularly fond of, because it vindicates the rights of Nature, even over those arts which seem to vie and co-operate with her; for her *general laws* can never be controlled but by *bye ones* of her own making.

Perdita *and* Polixenes.

Perdita. The fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streaked gilly-flowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Polixenes. And wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Perdita. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature *.

* I have been told that different coloured silk threads, inserted in the roots, would have this effect.

Polixenes.

Polixenes. Say there be,
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; ſo over that art
Which, you ſay, adds to Nature, *is an art*,
That Nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock,
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend Nature—*change it*, rather—but
The art itſelf is nature.

Perdita. So it is.

Polixenes. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them baſtards.

Perdita. I'll not put
The dibble † in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them;
No more than were I painted, I would wiſh
This ‡ youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only, therefore,
Deſire to breed by me.

I have continued the above dialogue beyond the philoſophy of its ſubject, in order to treat my reader with one of the moſt refined ſentiments of a chaſte and delicate mind, that can poſſibly be conceived. Perdita ſhews a charming genuineneſs of nature in her latter ſpeech; for though ſhe confeſſes the truth of Polixenes' poſition, yet is ſhe ſo jealous of the honour of our great parent, that even the appearance of a violation againſt her rights offends her. And the parallel ſhe makes upon the occaſion, is beautiful. Readers ſee not half the *greatneſs* of Shakeſpeare, who overlook his *minutiæ*.

In the ſame ſcene, the praiſe that Florizel beſtows on Perdita is equally fond and beautiful.

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o' th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what your doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

† *A ſetting ſtick.* ‡ Florizel ſtanding by.

To which she replies, with very good sense and prudence,

O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

In answer to this, he says,

I think you have
As little skill to fear *, as I have purpose
To put you to't.

This is the true character of youth in the different sexes: Sincerity on one side, and confidence on the other. Deceit and diffidence are the fruits of *riper*, or more *rotten*, years.

SCENE IX.

There is a reflection made here, which, if true, would be one of the heaviest articles of affliction.

Camillo *and* Perdita.

Camillo. Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

But I shall rather hope and believe, with the charming Perdita, in the faith and fidelity she expresses in her reply:

One of these is true:
I think affliction *may subdue the cheek,*
But not take in the mind.

SCENE XI.

There is a good ridicule, here, on the affectations of persons of rank, in the description of the manners by which the vulgar often distinguish their *betters*—perhaps their *superiors* only.

The old shepherd and his son, upon seeing Autolicus, the sharper, dressed up in a suit of the prince's cloaths, debate thus about him:

Son. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shepherd. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

* *As little skill to fear—As little suspicion in your nature.*

Son. He ſeems to be the more noble, *in being fantaſtical.* A great man, I'll warrant: *I know by the picking of his teeth.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

There is a good remark made here, on the wrong timing of reproof, in the ſpeech of Cleomines to Paulina, upon her rough treatment of Leontes, on the ſubject of his misfortunes, when ſhe is diſſuading him from marrying.

You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindneſs better.

SCENE V.

This Comedy is full of well-deſcribed character, and beautiful deſcription; but theſe not happening to fall within the ſcope I had preſcribed to myſelf in this work, I have reluctantly paſſed them by, without noting. However, there is one paſſage among them, which luckily affords me a proper ſubject of remark, in the account given of Leontes and Camillo, on their being certified of the preſervation of Perdita.

Autolicus *and a* Gentleman.

Autolicus. Beſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

Gentleman. I was by at the opening of the fardel, and heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber. Only this, methought I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Autolicus. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

Gentleman. I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was a ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; *they looked, as they had heard of a world ranſomed, or one deſtroyed*; a notable paſſion of wonder appeared in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if the importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

This deſcription not only contains the beautiful and the ſublime, but riſes to a ſtill higher ſublimity, or, to ſpeak in the ſtile of the Pſalmiſt, to the *moſt highest*,

higheſt, in the alluſion to ſacred writ, relating to the two principal articles in the Old and New Teſtament, the fall of man, and his redemption. Shakeſpeare makes frequent references to the ſacred text, and writes often, not only as a moraliſt, but as a divine.

* * *

Autolicus having by accident had ſome hand in bringing about the diſcovery of Perdita, which was a circumſtance that might have been ſufficient to make another man's fortune, makes only this ſad ſoliloquy upon the occaſion:

Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, ſo he then took her to be, who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. *But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſhed, among my other diſcredits.*

That *honeſty is the beſt policy*, is a homely proverb; but this only the more vouches the truth of it, by its having ſtood the teſt of all experience. Character is the *immediate jewel of the ſoul*, not only in its own worth, but even in the temporal advantages which frequently accrue from it. Loſt health may be repaired, loſt fortune be regained, even loſt ſenſes may be recovered; but a forfeited character is rarely ever to be retrieved.

This is a theme which cannot be too largely or too frequently expatiated upon; which I hope will ſerve as my apology for having taken the hint from ſo mean and trifling an inſtance as the foregoing.

SCENE VI.

The old ſhepherd and his ſon having by the medium of the princeſs Perdita obtained into favour at Court, Autolicus aſks forgiveneſs of the Clown for the tricks he had played him.

I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

This requeſt is ſeconded by the old man, in words which deſcribe the proper character of that rank of life to which he had been juſt elevated:

Shepherd. Prithee, ſon, do; *for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.*

But 'tis pity that the conduct and behaviour of too many, in ſo reſpectable a claſs, ſhould afford cauſe for the ſevere ſarcaſm couched in the following words of the ſon.

Clown. Give me thy hand [*to Autolicus*]—I will *ſwear* to the prince thou art as honeſt a true fellow, as any is in Bohemia.

Shepherd. You may *ſay* it, but not *ſwear* it.

Clown. *Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman?* Let boors and franklins * *ſay* it, I'll *ſwear* it.

Shepherd. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clown. *If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, on the behalf of his friend.*

SCENE VII.

Paulina ſays to Leontes, on perceiving him to be ſtrongly affected on ſeeing Hermione repreſented ſo much to the life, as a ſuppoſed ſtatue:

I'th ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirred you; but I could
Afflict you further.

To which he replies:

Do, Paulina.
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.

This is ſpoken with a true ſenſe of a propitiatory and a contrite grief. A ſincere repentance is, indeed, an healing balm to the wounded conſcience; a *cordial comfort* to the ſoul.

* *Yeomen.*

TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, brother to Viola.
Antonio, friend to Sebaſtian.
Valentine, an attendant on the Duke.
Clown, ſervant to Olivia.

W O M E N.

Olivia, beloved by the Duke.
Viola, in love with the Duke.

Twelfth Night: or, What You Will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THIS Play opens with a ſweet paſſage, in which the charms of muſic, and the nature of love, are beautifully deſcribed.

Duke. If muſic be the food of love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again—It had a dying fall—
O! it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough! no more—
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is *high* * fantaſtical.

As I have hitherto obſerved upon Shakeſpeare's critical knowledge in human nature, I hope it will not appear invidious now, if I ſhould here remark upon his deficiency in a paſſage above—lines ſecond and third. The duke is there made to wiſh his paſſion were extinct; which, I believe, the moſt unhappy lover never yet did. We wiſh to remove every uneaſy ſenſation it afflicts us with, by any means whatever; ſometimes even by death itſelf; but never by the extinction of the affection.

This is not peculiar to love alone; 'tis the ſame in all the tender feelings. We wiſh the object of our grief brought back again to life, but deſire not to forget our ſorrow. We wiſh to relieve the ſubjects of our pity, but would not be deprived of our com-

* *Highe*, ycleped, or called, inſtead of *high*. *Warburton.*

paſſion. Heaven hath ſo framed us, and Heaven be praiſed for having endowed and adorned us with ſuch *ſweet compunctious viſitings of nature!* 'tis in theſe features only that we can reſemble our Maker. In the more heroic qualities of bravery and fortitude, can be traced no likeneſs of the Deity, becauſe ſuperfluous in a perfect ſtate. The ſubject of love is touched upon again, twice, in the ſame Scene:

Duke. O, when my eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought ſhe purged the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turned into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me *.

And when Valentine acquaints the Duke with Olivia's vow of ſequeſtering herſelf from the world, for ſeven years, to mourn the death of her brother, he cries out, in an extaſy,

O, ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections elſe,
That live in her? When liver, brain, and heart,
Three ſovereign thrones, are all ſupplied and filled
(O ſweet perfection!) with one ſelf-ſame king!

I am happy that this latter paſſage happens to occur ſo immediately after my remark above, as it affords me an opportunity of doing juſtice to Shakeſpeare, by obſerving that his inference, from Olivia's grief, to the nature of her heart in love, ſhews a perfect knowledge in this ſpecies of philoſophy. The paſſions are divided into but two claſſes, the tender and the violent; and any one of either affords an earneſt of all others of the ſame kind.

His diſtinction, too, of the *three thrones*, the *liver*, *brain*, and *heart*, is admirable. Theſe are truly the ſeats of the three chief affections of love; the heart for paſſion, the mind for eſteem, and the liver for jealouſy; if Horace's anatomy is to be credited ‡.

* A fine alluſion to the ſtory of Acteon, and a beautiful expoſition of the fable.
‡ *Difficili bile tumet jecur.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

In the laſt ſpeech of this Act, Olivia ſpeaks in the uſual manner of all infatuated perſons, who are apt to make the Fates anſwerable for thoſe follies or vices which they have not ſenſe or virtue enough to extricate themſelves from, by their own exertions. For, upon a conſciouſneſs of having too weakly betrayed her paſſion for Viola, appearing under the character of a cavalier, ſhe acquieſces in her indiſcretion, by ſaying,

I do I know not what—and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind *.
Fate, ſhew thy force, ourſelves we do not owe ‖;
What is decreed muſt be—and this be ſo!

She repeats the ſame idle apology for herſelf, again, in the ſecond Scene of the next Act:

For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be,
Alas! our frailty is the cauſe, not we.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

There are ſome good rules and reflections here, upon that principal and intereſting event of life, our marriage, which are well worth attending to; as the natural conſequences of an improper aſſortment, in that ſtate, have been too ſtrongly marked by the general experience of the world.

Duke, *and* Viola *as a Man.*

Duke. Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him,
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, *however we do prize ourſelves,*
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and won,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

* That my eye has revealed a ſecret, which my mind ſhould have concealed. *Johnſon.*

‖ For *own*, or are *maſters* of.

Duke

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And ſo they are—Alas, that they are ſo—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

ACT III. SCENE I.

There is a ſlight ſtroke thrown out here, againſt an affected refinement on common ſpeech; which however I ſhall lay hold of, as one ſhould animadvert upon every ſpecies of pedantry, which is an incumbrance to literature, and caſts a damp upon all free and liberal converſation.

Clown. My lady is within, Sir; I will *conſtrue* to her whence you came; who you are, and what you would, is out of my *welkin*. I might ſay *element*, but the word is *overworn*.

SCENE XIV.

There is a moſt delicate ſenſibility expreſſed by a perſon here, in his reproach to one whom, by a ſimilarity of appearances, he had miſtaken for a friend on whom he had formerly conferred obligations, which he ſeemed then to have forgotten.

Antonio *and* Viola..

Will you deny me, now?
Is't poſſible that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? *Do not tempt my miſery,*
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

To which the innocent and miſtaken Viola replies, with a becoming ſpirit of conſcious virtue,

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling, drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

There is an antient adage, which ſays, that *the ſin of ingratitude includes every vice* *. It renders us un-

* *Ingratum ſi dixeris, omnia dixeris.*

worthy

worthy of all the goods and enjoyments of life, even of our very exiſtence; for we owe them all to favour and benevolence. Religion and virtue are, therefore, but barely the acknowledging a debt, which muſt ever remain undiſcharged.

All the moral I have been able to extract from this Piece, concludes in this Scene, with a poſition which *it were devoutly to be wiſhed* had as much truth in phyſics, as it has in philoſophy: That the outward form is but the viſible ſign of the internal mind.

Antonio. Thou haſt, Sebaſtian, done good feature ſhame—
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be called deformed, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſhed by the Devil.

I ſhall here give a quotation from a modern dramatic poem of diſtinguiſhed merit, as the paſſage relates ſo immediately to the ſubject above laſt mentioned.

"Beauty and virtue are the ſame;
"They differ only in the name.
"What to the ſoul is pure and bright,
"Is beauty in a moral light;
"And what to ſenſe does charms convey,
"Is beauty in the natural way.
"Each from one ſource its eſſence draws,
"And both conform to Nature's laws."

SOCRATES.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ,

MEN.

Sir John Falstaff.
Mr. Ford.
Fenton, in love with Anne Page.

WOMEN.

Anne Page, in love with Fenton.

The Merry Wives of Windſor.

THIS is one of the beſt acting Comedies of Shakeſpeare, and is replete with character, humour, and incident; but ſupplies very little toward the purpoſe of this Work. However, whatever there is, has a right to claſs with the reſt; ſo I ſhall proceed to take it in its courſe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Upon Mrs. Page's reading Falſtaff's Love-letter to her, ſhe makes the following reflection:

What unweighed behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt, i' th' Devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner eſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company—What ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth."

And in the next Scene, on communicating this adventure to Mrs. Ford, ſhe recurs to the ſame thought again,

Nay, I know not—It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

This is a very natural ſentiment for a delicate mind to conceive, upon meeting with an affront of this ſort; and 'tis extremely proper, upon all ſuch occaſions, to enter into ſuch a ſelf-examination, by way of inquiring what part of our own conduct, or *unweighed behaviour*, as ſhe expreſſes it, might have encouraged the offence; and upon an impartial ſcrutiny we ſhall generally find, that 'tis more our indiſcretion than our charms which prompts the attack.

SCENE IX.

To preſerve a charity in cenſure, from a conſciouſneſs of our own frailties, is very properly recommended

commended here, though ſpoken in a feigned character.

Ford *to* Falſtaff.

I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, *turn another into the regiſter of your own*, that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier; ſith you yourſelf know how eaſy it is to be an offender.

* * *

The vice and folly of unlawful love are well expoſed by an excellent alluſion, in the ſame Scene:

Falſtaff. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe *built upon another man's ground*; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I have erected it.

A C T III. S C E N E XII.

Where Fenton tells Anne Page her father's objections to him for his ſon-in-law, he gives a juſt deſcription and character of thoſe ſpendthrift men of quality, who go into the City to look for wives to repair their broken fortunes.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my ſtate being galled with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me;
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property—

SCENE XIII.

Anne Page lamenting her father's tyranny, in condemning her to marry a man ſhe deteſted on account of his fortune, ſays,

O what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Look handſome in *a thouſand** pounds a year!

A C T V. S C E N E IV.

There was ſomething very pleaſing and advantageous to morals in the antient ſuperſtition which

* I have made this alteration, to correſpond with the different rates of the times.

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed the actions of men to have been under the immediate cognizance of certain ſuperior Beings, who uſed to diſtribute rewards and puniſhments on the inſtant.

Evans, perſonating the King of the Fairies:

Cricket, to Windſor's chimneys ſhalt thou leap;
Where fires thou find'ſt unraked, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery. . . . . .
Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere ſhe ſleep hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;
But thoſe that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

The metaphorical expoſition of this fable, is, I believe, and kindly hope too, moſt fully experienced by the difference of ſlumbers between an approving and an upbraiding mind. An evil conſcience is a *ſhrew*, and gives moſt ſhocking *curtain lectures*.

SCENE V.

There is a very good reflection made here, upon the nature of fear or guilt being apt to confound our reaſon and ſenſes, ſo as to lead us to miſtake appearances for realities.

Falſtaff, upon the mockery of the Fairies being diſcovered to him, ſays,

And theſe are not Fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies; and yet *the guiltineſs of my mind, with the ſudden ſurpriſe of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a received belief, in deſpite of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

VINCENTIO, Father of Lucentio.
LUCENTIO, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a ſuitor to Catharine.
HORTENSIO, } Rivals, in love with Bianca.
GREMIO, }
TRANIO, ſervant to Lucentio.

WOMEN.

CATHARINE, a ſhrew.
BIANCA, her ſiſter.
Milliner.
Mantua-maker.

The Taming of the Shrew.

AS the buſineſs of this Play, declared by the title of it, is, I fear, a work rather of *diſcipline* than of *precept*, we are to expect but few helps from it toward the enrichment of this collection. There are as many receipts for effecting this purpoſe, as there are preſcriptions for a tooth-ach; and for the ſame reaſon, becauſe none of them anſwer the end, but the getting rid of it; for the old proverb ſtill ſtands bluff againſt all ſuch documents, that *Every man can cure a ſcold, but he who has her.*

THE INTRODUCTION.

SCENE III.

Among the preparations which are making, in order to deceive the drunken Tinker into the notion of his having been a mad Lord juſt recovering his ſenſes, ſome Strollers are introduced to perform a Play for his entertainment; and the Actors meaning to exhibit one of the old religious Farces, ſtiled the *Myſteries*, upon enumerating the *properties* neceſſary toward the repreſentation, aſk for "a little *vinegar* "to make their Devil roar." Upon which paſſage Dr. Warburton gives the following note:

"When the acting the *Myſteries* of the Old and "New Teſtament was in vogue, at the repreſentation "of the *Myſtery* of the *Paſſion*, Judas and the Devil "made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, "was always to ſuffer ſome diſgrace, to make the "people laugh; as here the buffoonery was to apply "the *gall and vinegar*, to make him roar. And the "*Paſſion* being that, of all the *Myſteries*, which was "moſt frequently repreſented, *vinegar* became at "length the ſtanding implement to torment the

" Devil, and uſed for this purpoſe even after the " *Myſteries* ceaſed, and the *Moralities* * came in vogue; " where the Devil ſtill continued to bear a conſider- " able part. The mention of it here, was deſigned " to ridicule ſo abſurd a circumſtance in theſe old " Farces."

The giving ſuch theatrical repreſentations of Sacred Writ, was rather ſomething more than barely *abſurd*; it was extremely profane: but the device of tormenting the Devil with *gall and vinegar*, had a myſtic conceit in it; being certainly intended by the authors of theſe exhibitions, as an alluſion to a circumſtance in the *Paſſion*, mentioned by St. Matthew, where he ſays, *they gave him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall.* Chap. xxvii. ver. 34. And as the ſufferings on the *Croſs* were undergone for our *redemption from ſin*, the prieſts, who were the contrivers of this ſtrange and improper ſpecies of drama, might have intended this particular to ſhew the diſtreſs of the Devil upon that occaſion.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The proper uſe and choice of travel and ſtudy, of ſuch ſort of travel and ſtudy as rendered ſo many men eminent among the Antients, are well treated of here.

Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Lucentio. Tranio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, *nurſery of arts*,
I am arrived in fruitful Lombardy,
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave, am armed
With his good will, and thy good company:
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and *ihgenuous* † ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,

* Certain allegorical pieces, where the Virtues and Vices were perſonified, which ſucceeded to the ſtage, upon the prohibition of the former.

† Inſtead of *ingenious*. Doctor Johnſon. The context of the ſpeech vouches the propriety of the alteration.

Gave

Gave me my being; and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world—
Vincentio's come of the Bentivoli,
Lucentio his ſon, brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds—
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue ſpecially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind, for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

The following reply adds a more liberal ſcope to the uſes of ſtudy and travel:

Tranio. *Me pardonato,* gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no *Stoics,* nor no *ſtocks,* I pray,
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjured—
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetoric in your common talk;
Muſic and poetry uſe to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphyſics,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomach ſerves;
No profit grows where is no pleaſure ta'en—
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

SCENE III.

A truth is here ſpoken, which is too frequently evinced by the general practice of the ſelf-intereſted, or, more properly ſpeaking, *avaricious* world; where Gremio and Hortenſio are conferring together about providing a huſband for Catharine, as the younger ſiſter is not to be married till the elder is diſpoſed of.

Gremio. Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hortenſio. Tuſh, Gremio; though it paſs your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows

in the world, an a man could light on them, *would take her with all her faults, and money enough.*

SCENE IV.

Love conceived at firſt ſight, is the ſubject of moſt Romances; and the philoſophy of theſe Northern climes looks for it only there; but if we conſult the volume of Nature more at large, we ſhall find that ſuch extempore paſſions are not infrequent in the more Southern regions of the world: and the clear and warm air of Italy communicates a briſker motion to the heart and ſpirits, than our natural phlegm can poſſibly be ſenſible of.

Tranio, upon perceiving the emotion of Lucentio, on his firſt view of Bianca, ſays to him,

I pray you, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?
Lucentio. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of *love in idleneſs*;
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the queen of *Carthage* was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I achieve not this young modeſt girl.
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tranio replies, very judiciouſly,

Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not *rated* * from the heart;
If love hath *toiled* † you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum, quàm queas minimò ‡.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Mildneſs oppoſed to violence, with regard to their different effects upon the paſſions and affections of the mind, is juſtly illuſtrated here, by the following ſimile:

Petruchio. Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all.

* *Rated*, to be chid or counſelled away.
† *Toiled*, *enſnared*, inſtead of *touched*. Warburton.
‡ Get out of the *net* as well as you can. *Terence.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Among the various methods that Petruchio makes uſe of, after his marriage with Catharine, to tame her ſpirit, the following paſſage preſents us with one, which the ſatiriſts of our ſex will be apt to ſay was a ſevere teſt of female temper.

Catharine, Petruchio, Milliner, *and* Mantua-maker.

Milliner. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy—
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Catharine. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time *;
And *gentlewomen* wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Petruchio. When you are *gentle*, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

Catharine. Why, Sir, I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me ſay my mind;
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears—
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the utmoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Petruchio. Why, thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Catharine. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Petruchio. The gown—why, ay—Come, taylor, let us ſee't—
O mercy, Heaven, what maſking ſtuff is here?
What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon—
What ups and downs, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and ſnip, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop—
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Mantua-maker. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Catharine. I never ſaw a better faſhioned gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable—
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

* *Is faſhionable.*

Upon

Upon this paſſage, Doctor Warburton has paſſed the following ſtricture:

" Shakeſpeare has here copied Nature with great " ſkill. Petruchio, by frightening, ſtarving, and " over-watching his wife, had tamed her into gen- " tleneſs and ſubmiſſion; and the audience expects " to hear no more of the ſhrew; when, on her being " croſſed in the article of faſhion and finery, the " moſt inveterate folly of the ſex, ſhe flies out " again, though for the laſt time, into all the intem- " perate rage of her character."

This is being ſevere on our ſex at a very cheap rate, indeed; foibles, paſſions, and inconſiderable attachments, are equally common to all mankind, without diſtinction of gender; and the difference of objects gives no ſort of advantage to men, over us; as all eager purſuits, except thoſe of virtue, are alike ridiculous and unimportant, in the candid and impartial eſtimation of reaſon and philoſophy:

" Another Florio doating on a flower." YOUNG.

Petruchio having gained a conqueſt in this material point, proceeds to dreſs her and himſelf in poor attire, and propoſes that they ſhould go pay a viſit to her family in ſuch mean garments; upon which occaſion he expreſſes a ſentiment ſo juſt in itſelf, that it betrays a ſad corruption in the morals of mankind, that experience cannot ſupport it.

Petruchio. Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And, as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE V.

After Catharine has been thoroughly reclaimed, ſhe takes an occaſion, from a circumſtance in the Play, of reproving another married woman, in an admirable ſpeech; wherein the deſcription of a wayward wife, with the duty and ſubmiſſion which ought to be ſhewn to a huſband, are finely ſet forth.

Fy! fy! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds,
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou lyeſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband;
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor, to her loving lord?
I am aſhamed that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer war, where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind has been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I ſee our lances are but ſtraws,

Our

Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare;
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.

I have ſtopped ſhort here, as thinking that the following lines might have marred the whole beauty of the ſpeech; the doctrine of *paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance* in the ſtate of marriage, being there carried, perhaps, rather a little too far. But I ſhall quote them here, as they afford me an opportunity of remarking on the nature of too prompt reformees, who are apt to run into the very contrary extreme, at once; betraying more of the *time-ſerver*, than the *convert*.

But, in general, indeed, it has been obſerved, that the moſt haughty tyrants become, on a reverſe of fortune, the moſt abject ſlaves; and this from a like principle, in both caſes; that they are apt to impute the ſame ſpirit of deſpotiſm to the conqueror, they were before impreſt with themſelves; and conſequently, are brought to tremble at the apprehenſion of their own vice.

The lines I allude to, are theſe:

Then vail your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands beneath your huſband's foot;
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

* *To vail* is to ſubmit, to be awed by authority.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

ANTIPHOLIS.
BALTHAZAR.

WOMEN.

An Abbeſs.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholis.
LUCIANA, her Siſter.

THE COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE firſt paſſage that I find worthy of being noted, in this Play, happens to be a repetition of the ſame moral which concluded my remarks on the laſt piece; but as this hint cannot be too often repeated, I ſhall ſupply the quotation, though it may be needleſs to make any further obſervations upon the ſubject.

Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adriana. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave returned,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luciana. Perhaps ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine; and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty—
Time is their maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come. If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adriana. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luciana. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out a-door.

Adriana. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luciana. O know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adriana. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.

Luciana. Why, *head-ſtrong liberty is laſhed with woe*,
There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, on earth, in ſea, or ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's ſubjects, and at their controuls;
Man, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watery ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh or fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adriana.

Adriana. This ſervitude makes you to keep un-wed.
Luciana. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adriana. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway?
Luciana. *Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.*

In the continuation of the ſame dialogue, where Luciana preaches patience to her ſiſter, Adriana points out to her, very naturally, the great difference between giving and taking of advice.

Adriana. Patience unmoved!—No marvel tho' ſhe pauſe *;
They can be meek, who have no other cauſe.
A wretched ſoul, bruiſed with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain.
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience wouldſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This *fool-begged* † patience in thee will be left.

ACT III. SCENE I.

In a paſſage here, there is a ſentiment of great propriety and delicacy argued upon; in the diſſuading a perſon from the commiſſion of an unſeemly action, even though the thing itſelf might be ſufficiently juſtified in one's own breaſt. A reſpect to decency, and the opinion of the world, is an excellent bulwark to our virtues.

When Antipholis, upon being denied admittance into his houſe from a miſtake in his wife and domeſtics, is in reſentment preparing to force open the door, his friend intreats his forbearance in the following words:

Balthazar. Be ruled by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger ‡ all to dinner;
And about evening come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,

* *Pauſe*—acquieſces, or ſubmits. Johnſon.
† Alluding to the Law term, *of begging the guardianſhip* of an Idiot—*Ditto.*
‡ A Tavern, ſo called from the ſign.

A vulgar

A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout *,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion,
For ever houſed where once it gets poſſeſſion.

Prior ſpeaks very refinedly on the ſame nice ſubject:

" Beyond the fixed and ſettled rules
" Of vice and virtue, in the ſchools;
" Above the letter of the law,
" Which holds our men and maids in awe;
" The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em
" A grace, a manner, a decorum;
" Something that gives their acts a light,
" Makes them not only juſt, but bright;
" And ſets them in that open fame,
" Which witty malice cannot blame."

ACT V. SCENE II.

There are ſome excellent documents for wives, laid down in this place, upon the following occaſion:

Antipholis, in this *Comedy of Errors*, being ſuppoſed to be out of his ſenſes, takes ſanctuary in a Priory to ſcreen himſelf from Adriana and her friends, who attempt to ſeize him; and the Abbeſs, coming forth to forbid their entrance, firſt artfully draws a confeſſion from Adriana of her manners and conduct toward her huſband, upon her having conceived ſome jealouſy of him; and then proceeds to infer the cauſe of his diſtraction from her behaviour.

Abbeſs. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Buried ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?

Adriana. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely ſome love, that drew him oft from home.

* That is, the world will be apt to frame ſuppoſitions, &c.

Abbeſs. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.

Adriana. Why, ſo I did.

Abbeſs. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adriana. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.

Abbeſs. Haply, in private.

Adriana. And in aſſemblies too.

Abbeſs. Ay, but not enough.

Adriana. It was the copy of our conference;
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abbeſs. *And therefore came it, that the man was mad—*
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hindered by thy railing;
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hindered by thy brawls—
Sweet recreation barred, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at its heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,
To be diſturbed, would mad or man or beaſt.
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of 's wits.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

LEONATO, Governor of Meſſina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
CLAUDIO, his friend.
DON JOHN, baſtard brother to Don Pedro.
CONRADE, his friend.
BENEDICK, a young lord, a marriage-hater.
A FRIAR.
A MESSENGER.

W O M E N.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

Much Ado About Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Leonato *and* Meſſenger.

A Meſſenger from the camp telling Leonato of his having given an account of the gallant behaviour of Claudio to his uncle, ſays,

I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him—even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew itſelf *modeſt* enough, without a badge of *bitterneſs*.

Upon this paſſage Doctor Warburton has given a note ſo full and ingenious, that it would be preſumption in me to offer my comment on it, in any other ſenſe or words than his own.

" This is judiciouſly expreſſed.—Of all the tranſ-
" ports of joy, that which is attended with tears, is
" the leaſt offenſive; becauſe, carrying with it this
" mark of pain, it allays the envy that uſually at-
" tends another's happineſs. This he finely calls a
" *modeſt* joy; ſuch a one as did not inſult the ob-
" ſerver, by an indication of happineſs unmixed with
" pain."

ACT II. SCENE I.

Phyſiognomiſts ſay, that the features of the mind uſually mark their impreſſions on the countenance. A mirthful or melancholy aſpect, a wanton or malicious one; in fine, every characteriſtic trait of viſage throughout, denote their correſpondent paſſions or affections in the ſoul. Socrates acknowledged the certainty of this ſcience, by confeſſing a deſcription of himſelf to be true, as to his nature, though falſe, regarding his character.

According to this piece of philoſophy, a perſon of a ſevere and ſaturnine complexion is humorouſly deſcribed in this place,

Beatrice. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

From hence this lively girl proceeds to draw a contraſt between him and another perſon, of a contrary diſpoſition, very juſtly cenſuring both of the extremes:

He were an excellent man that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other, too much like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

SCENE III.

The abſolute dominion which love is found to uſurp, not only over our paſſions, but our very principles, is too juſtly deſcribed in a paſſage here; which may lead one to pronounce, that neither man or woman can truly boaſt a friend, whom they have not had an occaſion of firſt trying as a rival.

Claudio. Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues *,
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent. Beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood—
This is an accident † of hourly proof.

SCENE V.

The effect of ſtrong paſſion in the prevention of utterance, is well expreſſed here:

Claudio. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy—*I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.*

SCENE VIII.

The total metamorphoſis of character, manners, and diſpoſition, wrought in us by love, is well deſcribed in a ſpeech in this Scene:

Benedick. I do much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will, after he hath laughed at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling himſelf in love! And ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no muſic with him, but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor

* *Uſe their own tongues*, for *let uſe.*
† *Accident*, for *article.*

and

and the pipe. I have known when he would have walked ten miles a-foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes.

From theſe reflections, Benedick goes on holding a debate with himſelf upon this ſubject; and, like moſt people, before their hearts have become a party in the matter, draws a vain portrait of the peerleſs paragon who only can be capable of triumphing over his affections; leaving nothing, in the choice of his miſtreſs, to Heaven itſelf, except *the colour of her hair*.

May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be ſworn but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath, that till he have made one of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wiſe, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But till all graces meet in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician; *and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God.*

SCENE IX.

Modeſty is as ſure an attendant on Merit, as its companion, as Envy is, as *its ſhade* *,

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on its own perfection.

In the ſame Scene, Don Pedro, ſpeaking of Benedick, ſays,

The man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make.

This is too common a character in life; of perſons who ſcoff at religion with as much *fear and trembling*, as would be ſufficient to *work out their ſalvation*. The whole of infidelity is owing to a fool-hardy diſ-

* "Envy does merit as its *ſhade* purſue,
"And like its *ſhadow* proves the *ſubſtance* too." POPE.

poſition of this ſort. The ſtrongeſt Deiſts are but Sceptics; and the Atheiſt, no more than a Deiſt in reality; nay often, as Pope humorouſly expreſſes it on another occaſion,

"May be *a ſad good Chriſtian* in his heart."

SCENE X.

The ſcheme for inducing Benedick and Beatrice to fall in love with each other, which is commenced with him in the preceding Scene, and concluded with her in the firſt one of the Third Act, is moſt admirably laid. The ſureſt method that artifice can contrive to inſpire a paſſion in any one, is by giving them a notion of the other party's predilection for them; for, as Hero ſays to Urſula, in the plot on Beatrice,

Let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice. *Of ſuch matter*
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That often wounds by hearſay. [Act III. Scene I.

And again,

If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupids kill with arrows, ſome with traps. [*Ditto.*

When every other circumſtance of years, of rank, and fortune happens to be on a par, ſuch arts may, perhaps, be allowed to paſs under the title of *pious frauds*, at leaſt; for gratitude is a good cement of affections, as it ſerves to confirm paſſion by principle.

* * *

The readineſs with which we are apt to run into the ſnare ourſelves, with the kind of logic we uſe in order to make a *ſudden reſolve* appear a *deliberate purpoſe*, may be ſeen diſplayed in the ſoliloquy of Benedick, juſt after Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato, had played off their part againſt him, as ſuppoſing him not to be within hearing.

Benedick

Benedick, advancing from the arbour,

This can be no trick, the conference was *ſadly** borne. They have the truth of this, from Hero; they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems her affections have the full bent. Love me! Why, it muſt be requited—I hear how I am cenſured; they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love to come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.——I did never think to marry—I muſt not ſeem proud—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs—And virtuous—'Tis ſo, I cannot reprove it—And wiſe—but for loving me—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit—nor no great argument of her folly, neither; for I will be horribly in love with her—I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have railed ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No—the world muſt be peopled—When I ſaid I would die a bachelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were married. Here comes Beatrice! By this day, ſhe's a fair lady—I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

The ſpeech of Beatrice, alſo, in the firſt Scene of the Third Act, has a right to take place here, though ſomewhat before its time, as *a companion* to the preceding.

Beatrice, advancing, after Hero and Urſula had quitted the Scene:

What fire is in my ears! Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, thy fondneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A moſt unamiable character of pride and ſelf-conceit is given in this place, which falls very pro-

* *Sadly*, for *gravely*, or *ſeriouſly*.

perly

perly within the moral tendency of theſe notes to expoſe to view; though it is only ſpoken in conſequence of the plot againſt Beatrice.

Hero. But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff, than that of Beatrice.
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.

The ſame character is continued in the ſame Scene, with the addition of a ſatirical vein, which is extremely well and humorouſly deſcribed:

Hero. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward—If fair-faced,
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why Nature drawing of an *antick* *,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an *aglet* † very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, then a block moved by none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Hero, in the ſame Scene, pretending to lay a ſcheme with Urſula, for curing Benedick of his ſuppoſed paſſion for Beatrice, while ſhe is liſtening, ſays,

No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with — *One doth not know*
How ſuch an ill word may impoiſon liking.

The ſucceſs of ſuch a wicked device I have already remarked on, in a paſſage of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act Third, and Scene Fifth.

"The beſt way is to ſlander Valentine, &c."

* A Harlequin.

† *Aglets* were little Images made uſe of as tags to be ſuſpended at the points of the old faſhioned laced cravats; ſomewhat like thoſe the Roman Catholics hang at the bottom of their *roſaries*.

and

and I ſhall, therefore, make no further note on the ſubject here.

I have not been ſo much an œconomiſt, in other places, where the recurring of ſimilar topics afforded me opportunities of ſaving myſelf trouble, by references; but this one is ſo very irkſome a theme, that it diſguſts me to dwell upon it for a moment; for which reaſon, ſhould I happen to meet with it again, in the courſe of this Work, I ſhall paſs it by unnoticed for the future.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Hero, being falſely accuſed of an act of diſhonour, is examined before her father, her lover, and a Friar, with other friends, who had all met together in a convent to attend her nuptials; and the bitterneſs of a parent's anguiſh and reſentment on ſo trying an occaſion, is moſt feelingly expreſſed in the following ſpeech:

Leonato, *to his daughter on her fainting.*

Do not live, Hero, do not ope thy eyes;
For did I think thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rereward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Ta'en up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeared thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have ſaid, No part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins.
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praiſed,
And mine that I was proud of, mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why ſhe——O ſhe is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Upon

Upon this occaſion, the good Friar, with that charity and humanity which ſo well become the ſacred office of Prieſthood, and from that obſervation which his long experience in the buſineſs of *auricular confeſſion* had enabled him to form, ſtands forth an advocate for Hero's innocence, in the following poetical and philoſophical oration;

Hear me, a little;
For I have only ſilent been ſo long,
And given way into this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have marked
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes † hold
Againſt her maiden truth—Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenor of my *book* ‡; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here,
Under ſome biting error.

But, a little after, this good caſuiſt aſks her ſuddenly this trying queſtion:

Lady, what man is he you are accuſed of?

Upon which paſſage Doctor Warburton makes the following judicious remark:

"The Friar had juſt before boaſted his great "ſkill in ſifting out the truth; and indeed, he ap- "pears, in this inſtance, to have been no fool. He "was by, all the while at the accuſation, and heard "no names mentioned. Why, then, ſhould he aſk "her what man ſhe was accuſed of? But in this "lay the ſubtilty of his examination. For, had "Hero been guilty, it was very probable that, in "the hurry and confuſion of ſpirits into which the "terrible inſult of her lover had thrown her, ſhe

† Who were her accuſers.

‡ I do not comprehend the meaning of this expreſſion, unleſs it be allowed to be figurative of his art, ſcience, or knowledge in phyſiognomy.

"would

" would never have obſerved that the man's name " was not mentioned; and ſo, on this queſtion, " might have betrayed herſelf, by naming the per- " ſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The " Friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that, were " ſhe guilty, ſhe would probably have fallen into " the trap he had laid for her. I only take notice " of this, to ſhew how admirably well Shakeſpeare " knew how to ſuſtain his characters."

But this noble defence for the unhappy Hero, not being ſufficient to obviate the ſtrong impreſſions of her guilt, which the father had conceived againſt her, the honeſt Prieſt then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme of conduct to him, which might peradventure bring about ſome criſis or event, that would clear her innocence; at leaſt ſilence the infamy, and remove her from being any longer an object of obloquy. In this propoſal there is ſhewn a juſt knowledge of the world, and an intimate acquaintance with the ſecret movements of the human heart.

Friar. Pauſe, a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead*;
Let her a time be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it that ſhe is ſo, indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leonato. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carried, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that I dream on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintained,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accuſed,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excuſed,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,

* On her fainting.

Whiles

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and loſt,
Why then we reck the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us,
Whilſt it was ours; ſo ſhall it fare with Claudio:
When he ſhall hear ſhe died upon his words,
The idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe lived indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levelled falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

To this innocent deception the father at length conſents, expreſſing himſelf, at the ſame time, in a manner that every perſon's experience, who has ever had the misfortune to have been in ſuch ſituations, muſt have felt the juſtneſs of.

Leonato. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Doctor Johnſon's note upon this paſſage, is worthy of being quoted here:

"This is one of our Author's obſervations upon "life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly "liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every "ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has "no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to "repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake "to guide him."

SCENE

SCENE III.

Beatrice, in ſpiriting up Benedick to avenge her couſin Hero's quarrel, thus expreſſes her reſentment againſt the offender:

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman! O, that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place. O that I were a man for his ſake! or, that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too—He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and ſwears to it—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

There is a generous warmth of indignation in this ſpeech, which muſt certainly impreſs a female reader with the ſame ſentiments upon ſuch an occaſion. I am not ſo diſingenuous to take advantage of this paſſage as an hiſtorical fact, but am willing to reſt it upon the ſole authority of the Poet's aſſumption, as this will ſufficiently anſwer the deſign of my introducing it; which is, to vindicate my ſex from the general, but unjuſt charge of being prone to ſlander; for were this the caſe, were not the reſentment of Beatrice, in this inſtance, natural, how could it move our ſympathy? which it actually does here, even though we acknowledge the circumſtance to have been merely imaginary.

I believe, that there is nothing which a woman of virtue feels herſelf more offended at, than defamation or ſcandal; firſt againſt her own character, and proportionably when others are made the victims. There are women, indeed, who may be fond of ſlander, as having an intereſt in depreciating an idea of chaſtity; but this is owing to their frailty, not their ſex—Vice is neither maſculine, nor feminine; *'tis the common of two.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

While the above-mentioned experiment was depending, and before the honour of Hero had been cleared, Antonio, her uncle, endeavours to comfort his brother under this misfortune; who replies to him in a manner very natural for a perſon labouring under the immediate preſſure of affliction, to ſpeak to all adviſers who do not ſuffer the ſame portion of grief themſelves.

Leonato. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve—Give me not counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo loved his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;—
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
And thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
Cry, Sorrow, wag! and hem, when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no—'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, or ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf—therefore, give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than *advertiſement**.

Antonio. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I prithee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,

* *Advertiſement*, for *admonition*.

That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtile of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

SCENE II.

Upon the two brothers meeting Claudio ſoon after, the father challenges him to ſingle combat, for the ſcandal he had thrown upon his daughter's fame; which being paſſed off in a ſort of contemptuous manner, the reſentment of the younger brother is rouſed, and he immediately ſteps between and takes the quarrel upon himſelf, retorting the affront by a juſt deſcription of the bragging profligates of thoſe, or, indeed, of any times. Horatio's taunt to Lothario * ſeems to have been borrowed from this paſſage.

Claudio *to* Leonato.

Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leonato. Canſt thou ſo *daffe* † me? Thou haſt killed my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Antonio. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy—Come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leonato. Brother,——

Antonio. Content yourſelf—God knows, I loved my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlandered to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milk-ſops!

Leonato. Brother Anthony,——

Antonio. Hold you content—What, man? I know them, yea;
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-monging boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhew an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,

* In the Fair Penitent.

† An old Engliſh expreſſion, for *putting off*, or *ſetting aſide*.

How they might hurt their enemies—if they durſt;
And this is all.

As I commenced my remarks on this Play with a note of Doctor Warburton's, I ſhall conclude them, alſo, with another very judicious obſervation of the ſame critic upon this laſt paſſage:

"This brother Anthony is the trueſt picture ima-
"ginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the
"character of a Sage, to comfort his brother o'er-
"whelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront
"and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him
"for not commanding his paſſion better, on ſo try-
"ing an occaſion. Yet, immediately after this, no
"ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his age and
"valour are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt in-
"temperate fit of rage himſelf; and all his brother
"can ſay, or do, is not of power to pacify him.
"This is copying Nature with a penetration and
"exactneſs of judgment peculiar to Shakeſpeare.
"As to the expreſſion, too, of his paſſion, nothing
"can be more highly painted."

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

KING of France.
BERTRAM, Count of Rouſillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a Paraſite and Coward, attendant on Bertram.
A Lord.
A Steward.

WOMEN.

COUNTESS of Rouſillon, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, her Ward, Daughter to a famous Phyſician, long ſince dead.

All's Well That Ends Well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE Counteſs of Rouſillon ſpeaking of Helena, her Ward, ſays,

I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for her ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and achieves her goodneſs.

The Commentators are not agreed in opinion upon the *verbal* ſenſe of this paſſage—but no matter; I ſhall leave their criticiſm undecided, and proceed to the moral interpretation of it; which is, that a *derived* virtue, which implies a natural good diſpoſition, affords conſiderable aſſiſtance to a good education; that accompliſhments, without ſuch a foundation, are a diſadvantage to the poſſeſſors, as but tending to their condemnation and reproach; that the innocence and ſimplicity of Helena's mind and heart made uſe of no arts, but left her talents to the natural effect of their own operations; and that though a good diſpoſition may be *inherited*, virtues muſt be *purchaſed*.

In the ſame Scene, when Bertram comes to take leave of his mother, in order to attend the king, ſhe gives him her bleſſing in a moſt pathetic manner, and the moſt effectual too, where the ſeeds of virtue are, by ſetting his noble father before him as a pattern. To this ſhe likewiſe adds ſome precepts for the conduct of his life, which would have done honour to the firſt Sages of Ægypt, Greece, or Rome.

Counteſs. Be thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father
In manners, as in ſhape! Thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy,
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for ſilence,
But never taxed for ſpeech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my ſon!

SCENE II.

Frequent deſcriptions of love recur in almoſt every one of Shakeſpeare's Plays. The enamoured Helena ſpeaks very affectingly on this ſubject here; firſt, by reproving the vain ambition of her paſſion for Bertram, a young nobleman ſo far above her hopes, and then proceeding, notwithſtanding, though very naturally, to give an account of the fond indulgencies with which ſhe ſtill nouriſhes her flame.

Helena. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my Bertram's.
I am undone! There is no living, none,
If Bertram be away—It were all one
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted; not in his ſphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love—'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's tablet: heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
But now he's gone! and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks.

* * *

The preferences which worthleſs people, flatterers and paraſites, too often gain by addreſs and compliances, before perſons of unſupple merit and virtue, are well ſet forth in this place.

Helena, ſpeaking of Parolles, ſays,

I know him a notorious lyar;
Think him a great way fool, wholly a coward;
Yet theſe fixed evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Virtue's ſteely bones

Look

Look bleak in the cold wind; ſtill oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on *ſuperfluous* folly *.

SCENE IV.

There are ſome excellent well-ſpirited reflections here thrown out, to encourage men in the exertion of all their active faculties towards the advancement of their fortunes; and to earn their independance by the manly means of induſtry, inſtead of poorly crouching at the gates of Providence, whining for an alms.

Helena, upon her reſolving to undertake the cure of the king's diſorder, in hopes through that means to raiſe her rank and fortune to a reſpect not unworthy of Bertram, ſays,

Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot *feed mine eye* †?
Through mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
Likes to join likes, and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe ‡, and do ſuppoſe
What ha'n't been, cannot be—Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe! My project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed, and will not leave me.

SCENE V.

There is a moſt beautiful character given here, of a gallant ſoldier and virtuous courtier, in the deſcription of Bertram's deceaſed father; with ſome juſt ſtrictures on the deficiency of theſe qualities, in the ſucceeding generation; which being the principal parts of the ſpeech, I have firſt noted in it; but as there is alſo a charming mixture of the old

* Cold, *for naked*; and ſuperfluous, *for well-cloathed*. Warburton.
† *Feed mine eye*; that is, *with hope*.
‡ Who judge from the common appearances of things.

man and the *old* friend, in the reſt of it, I ſhall here give the whole together.

King *to* Bertram.

I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt tried our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſciplèd of the braveſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act—It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords: but they may jeſt
Till their own ſcorn return to them, unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour *.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obeyed the hand. Who were below him
He uſed as creatures of another place,
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud of his humility;
In their poor praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, followed well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.
Would I were with him! he would always ſay—
Methinks, I hear him, now—His plauſive words
He ſcattered not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear—Let me not live—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out—Let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions—This he wiſhed.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

* Doctor Johnſon has given the following note upon this line:
"This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies and ſlight offences are "only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities."

The

The ſelf-interruptions in the above ſpeech, how admirably are they in the uſual ſtile of a narrative old man! What age, what ſex, what character, ſtation, or office of life, eſcapes the touches of Shakeſpeare's plaſtic hand!

SCENE VI.

The diffidence which every one ſhould manifeſt, reſpecting their own merits, is well recommended in the following paſſage.

The ſteward, ſpeaking to the Counteſs:

Madam, the care I have had to even * your content, I wiſh might be rather found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; *for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.*

ACT II. SCENE VI.

There are a number of moral and philoſophic thoughts on worth and virtue, and on the ſevere laws which the pride and vanity of mankind have eſtabliſhed againſt their own happineſs and enjoyments†, delivered here, on the occaſion of Bertram's declining a marriage with Helena, who had confeſſed her love for him to the king, becauſe ſhe happened to have neither birth or means to intitle her to the honour of his alliance.

King. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Whoſe colour, weight, and heat, poured out together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlikeſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlikeſt
Of virtue, for a name. But do not ſo —
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour—Virtue alone
Is good, without a name; Helen is ſo;
The property by what it is ſhould go,

* To *even*, to keep pace with.
† *Quam temere in noſtros leges fanciunt iniquas!* Hor.

Not

Not by the title—She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to Nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour. That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honours born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a ſlave,
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and *damned* † oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones, indeed.

SCENE VII.

When Lafeu has quitted the ſcene, after having bullied and abuſed Parolles, the latter being left alone, makes this ſoliloquy:

Parolles. Well, thou haſt a ſon that ſhall take this diſgrace of me; ſcurvy, old, filthy lord! Well—I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of———I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Upon this paſſage Doctor Warburton takes occaſion to pay the following juſt compliment to our Author:

"This the Poet makes Parolles to ſpeak alone; "and this is nature. A coward would endeavour to "hide his poltroonery even from himſelf. An or- "dinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an op- "portunity to bring him to a confeſſion."

ACT III. SCENE IV.

When Bertram, whom the king had compelled to eſpouſe Helena, flies from France to avoid any farther connection with her, and had engaged in the Tuſcan war, her mourning and reflections upon that occaſion, are extremely moving and tender; particularly in her manner of accuſing herſelf with having been the cauſe of all his perils.

† *Reproachful* to the living who neglect monumental inſcriptions to the meritorious dead. I am ſurpriſed that the Commentators have left this obſcure expreſſion without a light.

Helena.

Helena. Poor lord! is't I,
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O ye leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing—Do not touch my lord.
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better it were
I met the ravening lion, when he roared
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better it were
That all the miſeries which Nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, Come thou home, Rouſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone—
My being here it is that holds thee hence;
Shall I ſtay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all—I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

I ſhall conclude theſe obſervations with a reflection made in this place on the mixed character of human nature in general, in which virtue and vice are often ſo balanced or blended, as to prevent perfection on one hand, and total depravation on the other.

A Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſhed by our virtues.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have here finiſhed my notes upon all the Comedies of Shakeſpeare, and hope that the indulgent Reader will be ſo kind as to diſmiſs me in this part of my work, with a favourable application of the laſt title, or, *All's well that ends well.*

Perhaps

Perhaps I may not be allowed the diſtinction of *Comedies*, as referred to the fourteen foregoing Plays; as the ſhipwreck in the Tempeſt, Antigonus being devoured by a bear, and the Prince dying of grief, in the Winter's Tale, &c. are not very comic circumſtances; but this is the diviſion that is generally made of our author's drama; though, ſtrictly ſpeaking, his Plays cannot properly be ſtiled either Tragedies or Comedies, but are, in truth, a more natural ſpecies of compoſition than either.

KING JOHN.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

KING JOHN.
PHILIP, King of France.
ARTHUR, Nephew to King John.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
CARDINAL PANDULPHO, the Pope's Legate.
SALISBURY, an Engliſh Lord.
FAULCONBRIDGE, baſtard ſon to Richard the Firſt.
HUBERT, lieutenant of the Tower.

WOMEN.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

KING JOHN.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

THE following ſpeech, though delivered with an air of levity, and expreſſed in humorous words and images, ſupplies occaſion for three very juſt reflections. The firſt, That *ſelf intereſt*, in the mere worldly ſenſe of the term, is the ruling principle of mankind. Secondly, That men are too apt to inveigh againſt corruption, more from the being void of temptation themſelves, than their being free from this vice; and, laſtly, That bad examples in the ſuperior ranks of life, have a dangerous tendency to injure the morals of the inferior claſſes of a people.

Upon a peace being made between the kings of England and France, in which the right of Arthur to the Britiſh throne is betrayed on the one hand, and but poorly compenſated on the other, Faulconbridge makes this ſoliloquy:

FIRST PART.

Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whoſe armour conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier *, rounded in the ear
With that ſame *purpoſe-changer*, that ſly devil,
That broker that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe,
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor girl of that;
That ſmooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, which of itſelf is poized well,

* To ſupport Arthur's claim.

Made

Made to run even upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace:

SECOND PART.

Yet why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say, there is no vice but beggary.

THIRD PART.

Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee.

The astonishment of Constance, on hearing that her son's interests are sacrificed to the league, with the doubts which we are naturally inclined to conceive of the truth of sudden ill news, and the weak state of mind and spirits to which persons in misfortune, especially helpless women, are generally reduced, are all finely painted and described in the following speech.

Constance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.

Constance *to* Salisbury.

Gone to be married *! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again—

* One of the articles of the compact was an alliance between a niece of John's and the Dauphin, the inheritances which of right belonged to Arthur being the dowry.

It

It cannot be—thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee—for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man.
Believe me I do not believe thee, man—
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſhed for thus frighting me;
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſſed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears—
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman naturally born to fears;
And tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vexed ſpirits I cannot make a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day—
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A little further, upon Saliſbury's confirming the bad news, ſhe conceives a very natural though unreaſonable idea, with which, however, we are apt to be impreſſed toward all meſſengers of bad tidings, however innocent of the evil:

Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight—
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

* * *

That partiality in favour of beauty, which it is natural for all perſons to be ſenſible of, even where their duty and intereſts in different objects are equal, is ſtrongly marked by Conſtance, when her ſon begs her to ſuſtain his wrongs with patience. The whole ſpeech is affecting.

Conſtance. If thou that bid'ſt me be content, were grim,*
Ugly and ſlanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and *ſightleſs* * ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, *prodigious* †,

* For *unſightly*. Shakeſpeare often places the negative at the end of the adjective, inſtead of the beginning. This varies his phraſes, and enriches his language. Modern writers are too much *dictionary bound*.

† For *portentous*; monſtrous births being reckoned ominous, formerly.

Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care; I then could be content;
For then I ſhould not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe.

In the ſame Scene, when Saliſbury tells her that the two kings had ſent for her, and that *he muſt not return without her*, the anſwer ſhe makes is full of that dignity, which grief, mixed with reſentment, is capable of conferring on illuſtrious unfortunates; and her whole demeanour upon that occaſion is expreſſive of a great ſoul, rendered ſtill braver by misfortunes.

Conſtance. *Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt*; I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble; for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter, but the huge firm earth,
Can hold it up.—Here I and ſorrow ſit—
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.
[*Sits down on the floor.*

Doctor Johnſon has given us a very judicious note on this paſſage; and as it relates to the paſſions, which, as well as morals, are a ſubject of this work, I ſhall preſent the reader with a tranſcript of it here.

" In *Much Ado About Nothing*, the father of Hero, " depreſſed by her diſgrace, declares himſelf ſo ſub- " dued by grief, that *a thread may lead him* *. How " is it that grief, in Leonato and Lady Conſtance, " produces effects directly oppoſite, and yet both " agreeable to Nature? Sorrow ſoftens the mind, " while it is yet warmed by hope; but hardens it, " when 'tis congealed by deſpair. Diſtreſs, while " there remains any proſpect of relief, is weak and " flexible; but when no ſuccour appears, is fearleſs

* Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me. Act IV. Scene II.

" and

" and ſtubborn; angry alike at thoſe who injure,
" and at thoſe who do not help; careleſs to pleaſe,
" where nothing can be gained; and fearleſs to offend,
" when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such
" was this Author's knowledge of the Paſſions."

SCENE II.

What expreſſions can be ſtronger in themſelves, or more ſhocking to the ears of her oppreſſors, than the following ſhort exclamation!

Conſtance. Arm, arm, ye Heavens, againſt theſe perjured kings!
A widow cries, be husband to me, Heaven!

Here the ſpeech ſhould have ended; the four remaining lines but weaken and diſgrace it.

SCENE III.

When Philip is urged by the Pope's Legate to break the league he had juſt entered into with John, he offers to compound the treachery by *ceaſing to be his friend*, but *without becoming his enemy.*

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

To which Pandulpho makes him this reply:

So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow,
Firſt made to Heaven, firſt be to Heaven performed!
That is, to be the champion of the Church.
What ſince thou ſworeſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf,
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is't not amiſs when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook,
Is to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſehood falſehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new burned.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion;
By which thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt;
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath. The truth thou art unſure
To ſwear; ſwear only not to be forſworn;

Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vow's againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf;
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions.
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But, if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee,
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But in deſpair die under their black weight.

The old Jeſuit argues here as ingeniouſly for the diſpenſing power of the Papacy, as Satan does in Milton for his rebellion. The object of both is the ſame; namely, *the abſolute and excluſive dominion of Heaven.*

SCENE VI.

The wild and enthuſiaſtic manner with which the fondneſs and deſpair of Conſtance for her ſon, impels her to ſpeak of him, has ſomething extremely moving in it:

Father cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in Heaven;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague-fit;
And ſo he'll die: and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of Heaven,
I ſhall not know him; therefore, never, never,
Muſt I behold my *pretty* Arthur more.

There is ſomething very tender and affecting in her making uſe of the epithet *pretty*, in the laſt line. It has a better effect there than *deareſt*, *angel*, or even *lovely*, (though this laſt has a more comprehenſive ſenſe) would have had in that place. I muſt beg leave to refer to the Reader's own taſte for the

the juſtneſs of this obſervation; for I own, I cannot explain why it ſtrikes me in this manner myſelf.

* * *

The reaſon why we are apt to cheriſh grief in our breaſts; that ſpecies of it, I only mean, which may be diſtinguiſhed by the name of *tender* ſorrow; from a peculiar ſort of indulgence it is capable of affording us, is admirably well expreſſed in the following paſſage:

Pandulpho. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſtance. *He talks to me who never had a ſon.*

Philip. You ſeem as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſtance. *Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;*
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty *looks, repeats his words;*
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well. Had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dreſs.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wits.
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow's comfort, and my ſorrow's cure.

Theſe laſt three lines are almoſt ſuffocating. I believe no woman with a mother's feeling, could ever be able to pronounce them articulately, even in repreſentation.

Doctor Johnſon gives a good note on one of the paſſages of the above ſpeech:

" Had you ſuch a loſs as I,
" I could give better comfort than you do." l. 7 and 8.

" This is a ſentiment which great ſorrow always " dictates. Whoever cannot help himſelf, caſts his " eyes on others for aſſiſtance; and often miſtakes " their inability for coldneſs."

I remember a couple of French lines on this ſubject of grief, which contain the ſame thought that Conſtance expreſſes above:

" Mon deuil me plait, et doit toujours me plaire :
" *Il me tient lieu de celui que je pleurs.*"

SCENE VIII.

Lewis. Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man.

This may be a juſt image of life, to thoſe who have exhauſted its variety, and palled their ſenſes with its pleaſures. The ſpeech might not have ill become his father, old Philip, then labouring under baffled hopes and diſappointed wiſhes; who had juſt then ſuffered the mortification of having loſt a battle, in the heart of his own dominions, and whoſe miſtaken faith in heaven had obliged him to break faith on earth, without effect too; but it was certainly rather too premature a ſentence to have proceeded from the lips of a young prince, who had been but juſt married to a woman he loved. Such an impropriety in the character of a ſpeaker, hurts the effect of a thought or ſentiment.

In the ſame Scene, there is a ſtrong deſcription given of the ſituation of a ſovereign, with regard to the people, after he has forfeited their love, confidence, or eſteem.

Pandulpho, ſpeaking of John's keeping Arthur in priſon:

This act ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No natural exhalation in the ſky,
No *ſcape of Nature**, no diſtempered day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its natural cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, and preſages, tongues of Heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John. . . . . .

* See the note before, in this Play, on the word *prodigious*, in the firſt Scene of this Act.

And

And then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers ends of John.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

The ſeveral uſeful reflections and morals to be collected from the following ſpeeches, are ſo many, and ſo mixed, that it is difficult to ſeparate or diſtinguiſh them. I ſhall therefore lay the whole paſſage together before the Reader, to draw his own inferences from; and ſhall alſo begin the Scene a little earlier than may at firſt appear to be neceſſary, not only on account of the admirable painting preſented to us in the beginning of it, but in order to ſhew the ſituation of circumſtances in which the principal ſpeaker ſtands at the time.

King John *and* Hubert.

Hubert. My lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wonderous motion.

John. Five moons?

Hubert. Old men, and beldams in the ſtreets,
Do prophecy upon it dangerouſly.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattled, and ranked in Kent.
Another lean unwaſhed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him. I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead; but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hubert. Had none, my lord? Why, did you not provoke me * ?

John. It is the curſe of kings to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody houſe of life;
And on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of *dangerous* † majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than adviſed reſpect.

Hubert. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt Heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for, hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature marked,
Quoted, and ſigned to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorred aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Madeſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hubert. My Lord——

John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me, and my ſtate is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhy land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reign,
Between my conſcience and my couſin's death.

Doctor Johnſon has made a comment on the latter part of this Scene, which the Reader has a right to claim in this place.

* *Provoke me*, for *prompt* or *ſolicit me*.
† *Difficult* to be dealt with.

" There

" There are many touches of Nature in this " conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged " in wickedneſs would keep the profit to himſelf, and " transfer the guilt to his accomplice. Theſe re- " proaches vented againſt Hubert, are not the words " of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind ſwell- " ing with the conſciouſneſs of a crime, and deſi- " rous of diſcharging its miſery on another.

" This account of the timidity of guilt, *hadſt thou* " *but ſhook thy head*, &c. is drawn *ab ipſis receſſibus* " *mentis*, from an intimate knowledge of mankind; " particularly that line in which he ſays, that *to have* " *bid him tell his tale in expreſs words* would have " *ſtruck him dumb*. Nothing is more certain, than " that bad men uſe all the arts of fallacy upon them- " ſelves, palliate their actions to their own minds " by gentle terms, and hide themſelves from their " own detection in ambiguities and ſubterfuges."

SCENE VII.

When Hubert has been ſuſpected and charged with the murder of prince Arthur, the ſpeech of Faulconbridge to him is finely expreſſive of the ſtrength of deſpair ariſing from a guilty conſcience:

If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, *the ſmalleſt thread,*
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; *a ruſh will be a beam*
To hang thee on. Or would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The manner and ſpirit with which great perſonages ſhould act, on extraordinary occaſions of difficulty or danger, are bravely pointed out by the gallant Faulconbridge, in the following ſpeech to king John, when the French had invaded his kingdom.

Faulconbridge.

Faulconbridge. But wherefore do you droop? Why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought—
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror. So ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and glitter like the God of War,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence—
What! ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be ſaid! *Forage* *, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes ſo nigh.

SCENE II.

The ſtruggles and compunctions of a good mind, upon the being neceſſitated to take that part in a public cauſe which in polity is ſtiled Rebellion, and alſo the horrid nature of a Civil War, are finely and juſtly drawn here.

Saliſbury *and the* Dauphin.

Saliſbury. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and un-urged faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemned revolt;
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many—Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide,
To be a widow-maker—Oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and phyſic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,

* *Forage*, to range abroad; this is its original ſenſe, and ſo uſed here.

Wherein

Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march,
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe,
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here!
What! here?—O nation, that thou couldſt remove!
That Neptune' arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

The anſwer to this ſpeech is fine; it pays due honour to the generous conflict in the ſpeaker's breaſt, and makes a diſtinction between the effects of male and female tears, paying the uſual, but too partial, compliment to the former. Be it ſo—The firſt are ſtronger on account of their being more rare, owing ſolely to the ſuperior harſhneſs of men's natures; but as the paſſions and feelings, which the ſpectator is ſenſible of, from each, are ſo very different in their nature too, I cannot ſee how any ſort of compariſon can be fairly made between them.

Dauphin. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection wreſtling in thy boſom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhower blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors—
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That never ſaw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feaſts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Saliſbury, ſpeaking to King John, perceives him dead.

My Liege! my Lord!—*but now a king—Now thus!*

This would make a good epitaph for a royal Sepulchre!

This Play cloſes with one truth in fact, and another in prophecy, which I hope all time will vouch the inſpiration of.

Faulconbridge. This England never did, nor ever ſhall,
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her *Princes* * are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them—*Nought ſhall make us rue,*
If England to itſelf do reſt but true.

* The revolted Nobles.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

RICHARD the Second.
DUKE of York. } Uncles to the
JOHN of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter. } King.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
BOLINBROKE, Son to John of Gaunt.
AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.
EARL of Northumberland.
BISHOP of Carliſle.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
EXTON, Governor of Pomfret Caſtle.
BUSHY, } Servants to the King.
SCROOP, }

WOMEN.

QUEEN to King Richard.

RICHARD the SECOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THIS Play opens with a proper caution to all judges and jurors, in criminal cauſes, to attend moſt carefully to the principle, or motive, by which the accuſer appears to be actuated, that the credit of his teſtimony may be rated accordingly.

When the King calls the ſuit of Bolinbroke againſt Norfolk upon trial, he ſpeaks thus to the father of the former:

King. Old John of Gaunt, *time-honoured* Lancaſter,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Lancaſter. I have, my liege.

King. Tell me, moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on antient malice,
Or, worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Lancaſter. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him,
Aimed at your Highneſs; no inveterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow. Ourſelves will hear
The accuſer and the accuſed freely ſpeak.

SCENE II.

When the King forbids the combat, and commands the Duke of Norfolk to throw down Bolinbroke's gage *, he anſwers with the true ſpirit of a gallant nobleman:

Norfolk Myſelf I throw, dread ſovereign, at thy foot,
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;

* A *gage*, or *gauntlet*, was a ſort of iron glove, or piece of armour for the hand, thrown down in defiance in the old Chivalry, and taken up by the antagoniſt upon an acceptance of the challenge.

The

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Deſpite of death, that lives upon my grave,
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgraced, impeached, and baffled here,
Pierced to the ſoul with ſlander's venomed ſpear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breathed the poiſon *.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood.
Give him his gage—Lions make leopards tame.

Norfolk. Yea, but not change their ſpots. Take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that I will die.

Afterwards, when Bolinbroke is called upon to the ſame purpoſe, he alſo replies as bravely; but as he expreſſes himſelf in ſo much an inferior manner to the former, I think it could afford the reader no great entertainment to have the paſſage quoted.

SCENE IV.

When the King ſentences theſe two champions to exile, he exacts an oath from them both, not to be reconciled to one another abroad, ſo far as to confederate againſt the ſtate of England; in the adminiſtering of which bond, he deſires them to

Swear by the duty that you owe to Heaven. . . . .
Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves.

Upon which latter line Doctor Warburton gives the following note:

" It is a queſtion much debated among the writers " on the *Law of Nations*, whether a baniſhed man " be ſtill tied in allegiance to the ſtate which ſent " him into exile. Tully and Clarendon declare for " the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold

* It was an old notion in phyſic, that the blood of a viper, applied to the wound, would cure its bite.

" the

" the negative. Our Author, by this line, ſeems " to be of the latter opinion."

But I agree intirely with Cicero and Clarendon. The undergoing any penalty of law cannot diſſolve either the moral or the political duty we owe our country. Socrates, by refuſing to eſcape out of priſon, ſhewed, that he thought his obedience and ſubmiſſion to the ſtate continued ſtill to be obligatory on him, even though the decree was unjuſt, and the ſentence death. And under the *Oſtraciſm*, which impoſed baniſhment upon men for their very eminence and virtue, we do not hear of the illuſtrious exiles either ſpeaking, or acting, as if they deemed their allegiance to have been cancelled.

Nay, Ariſtides carried the ſubmiſſion of a good ſubject ſo far, as to think himſelf obliged in duty to write his own name on a *ſhell*, at the requeſt of an illiterate citizen of Athens, who voted againſt him on that very law. And Themiſtocles, though baniſhed through the ſpirit of faction, not that of the laws, and kindly entertained and preferred in the armies of Perſia, choſe to ſwallow poiſon, rather than march againſt his country.

'Tis not the community that baniſhes a man, but the laws which govern it.

" It is the law, not I, condemns your brother *.

Theſe ſurely are no object of reſentment; and to riſe in arms againſt a nation, becauſe one of its ſtatutes had fallen heavy upon us, would be juſt as rational, as to ſet a foreſt on fire, becauſe we had received the baſtinado by a cudgel that was taken out of it.

SCENE V.

King *and* Lancaſter.

King. Why, uncle? Thou haſt many years to live.

Lancaſter. But not a minute, king, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;

* Angelo to Iſabella. *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Upon which paſſage there is the following reflection, in the note by Doctor Johnſon:

"It is matter of very melancholy conſideration, "that all human advantages confer more power of do-"ing evil, than good." A very melancholy reflection, indeed, were we to ſuppoſe it true!

In the inſtance before us, the hand of power, ſtrength, or treachery, may certainly deprive us of a life, which it cannot reſtore; but Shakeſpeare does not mean to make the reflection univerſal. A good Prince may render his whole people happy; a bad one can only affect a part. When tyranny becomes general, it defeats itſelf, at the coſt of the oppreſſor.

If my objection to the above uncomfortable maxim be valid, in the higheſt example, it would be trifling to adduce any leſſer ones to prove it.

SCENE VI.

Lancaſter, by way of comforting his ſon upon the ſentence of baniſhment, paraphraſes and poeticiſes the old Engliſh ſentence, of *every place is an honeſt man's home*, in theſe words:

All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens;

which lines are followed by a long and equivocal declamation in the ſtile of the Stoic philoſophy; to which Bolinbroke impatiently replies, in a manner perfectly natural to the unhappy; for it requires *leiſure* to grow wiſe; nor is this ever effected by our becoming better able to bear misfortune, but by our feeling it leſs, from uſe and habit.

Bolinbroke. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus*?
Or wallow naked in December's ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt*?

* I have tranſpoſed theſe four lines, to preſerve the order of the images.

Oh,

Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The weight of perſuaſion which the admonitions of a dying perſon are apt to impreſs upon the mind, more than the moſt lively remonſtrances of one in perfect health, is well expreſſed here. The circumſtances of the time impreſs us with an awe which imprints the advice more ſtrongly on our memory, and gives it additional authority.

Lancaſter brought in ſick, attended by the Duke of York.

Lancaſter. Will the king come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtayed youth?

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Lancaſter. Oh, but they ſay the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe †;
More are men's ends marked, than their lives before;
The ſetting ſun, and muſic in the cloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance more than things long paſt:
Though Richard my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

In the continuation of this dialogue, the fatal conſequences to a Prince of ill-choſen favourites, the danger of ſuffering foreign faſhions and manners to be introduced into a ſtate, with an enumerative deſcription of the peculiar advantages of England, with regard to its ſituation, and other happy circumſtances, are ſtrongly pointed out.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flattering charms;
As praiſes of his ſtate; there are, beſide,

† To *gloſe*, to flatter.

Laſcivious meeters *, to whoſe venomed ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten;
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Lancaſter. Methinks, I am a prophet new inſpired;
And thus expiring do foretel of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of kings, this ſceptred iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradiſe,
This fortreſs, built by Nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall;
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happy lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared for their breed, and famous for their birth,
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry;
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
As is the Sepulchre, in ſtubborn *Jewry* †,
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's ſon;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaſed out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is bound in with ſhame,

* Companions, or aſſociates in debauch.

† In the text, the word is *Jury*, which muſt be a miſtake, though it has run through all the editions. The alterations and tranſpoſitions in the three foregoing lines, are copied from Doctor Johnſon's hint.

With

With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.

The latter part of this ſpeech ſeems to be as prophetical as the firſt, if we compare it to the ſtate of our national debt—to our ſtocks—by which we have long ſince become *tenants* to foreigners.

SCENE V.

There are undoubtedly certain notices, or premonitions, in the order of Providence, which mankind have been frequently ſenſible of; ſometimes from dreams, at other times from unaccountable impreſſions on the mind, foreboding particular misfortunes of our lives, let philoſophy reaſon againſt the notion ever ſo wiſely.

Indeed, there appears one argument to oppoſe this opinion, which, in any indifferent caſe, might be thought ſufficiently able to overthrow it; which is, that ſuch hints rarely, if ever, have been found to anſwer any other purpoſe, than to render us unhappy before our time.

But matter of fact is not to be controverted by ſyllogiſm. The objection only ſerves to reſolve it into a myſtery, and leaves it ſtill uninveſtigable by human ſcience. The more of ſuch inexplicable ſecrets of Providence which fall under our obſervation, the better; as they may ſerve to rouze the Atheiſt from his lethargy, and afford the Deiſt occaſion to ſuſpect, at leaſt, that what he calls *Natural Religion*, is not the intire ſcheme of the Divine œconomy with regard to men;

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
"Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy." HAMLET.

Here follows the paſſage which gave riſe to the above reflection.

The Queen *and* Buſhy.

Buſh. Madam, your majeſty is much too ſad.
You promiſed, when you parted from the king,

To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the king, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt,
As my ſweet Richard. Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward ſoul
With ſomething trembles, yet at nothing grieves †,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo;
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing intire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which rightly gazed upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion: eyed awry,
Diſtinguiſh form *. So your ſweet majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which looked on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not. Gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure; more's not ſeen;
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
As though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; conceit is ſtill derived
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Not ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve.
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs ‡;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name, is nameleſs woe, I wot.

Shakeſpeare has given a deſcription of the ſame complexion of mind, before, in the perſon of Anthonio, in the Merchant of Venice. See my firſt remark on the Firſt Scene of the Firſt Act of that Play.

† This line is altered for the better by Doctor Warburton.

* Alluding to a method of drawing, called *inverted perſpective*, among the mathematical recreations.

‡ That is, *that has poſſeſſed my mind.* Johnſon.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Hope has been often termed the *aſſuager of our grief*; but Shakeſpeare has juſtly raiſed it to an higher character, by making it an *augmentation to our joys*, alſo.

Bolinbroke. And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoyed.

ACT III. SCENE II.

The biſhop of Carliſle, endeavouring to awaken the king to a manly exertion of his ſpirit againſt the rebellion, and neither to truſt to the weak defence of right againſt might, nor expect that Providence ſhall, out of reſpect to his *divine right*, fight his battles for him, while he looks idly on, ſays,

The means that Heaven yields muſt be embraced,
And not neglected; elſe, if Heaven would,
And we would not Heaven's offer, we refuſe
The proffered means of ſuccour and redreſs.

To which the king, after expreſſing a contempt for Bolinbroke and his adherents, makes a reply agreeable to the vain notion and political ſuperſtition of thoſe times, with regard to the abſurd doctrine of *indefeaſible right*.

King. Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolinbroke hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for Heaven ſtill guards the right.

SCENE III.

However, he afterwards begins to ſpeak more rationally upon this ſubject; for though he appears a little caſt down at firſt, yet, on hearing ſome further ill news, he rouzes himſelf again, in the following ſpeech:

King. I had forgot myſelf. Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majeſty, thou ſleep'ſt;

Is not the king's name forty-thouſand names * ?
Arm, arm, my name; a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king, are we not high ?
High be our thoughts.

SCENE IV.

But this poor abdicating king had no true heroiſm in his ſoul; for, upon the intelligence of ſome more croſs events arriving to him juſt after, he ſuddenly drops the character of a fighting prince, and immediately ſinks into that of a preaching prieſt.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !

King. Mine ear is open, and mine heart prepared.
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt ? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolinbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects, that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

This kind of homily he continues afterwards, in the ſame Scene; including, however, ſome good reflections on the unſtable and unſatisfactory ſtate of mortality, even in the higheſt ſpheres of life; which would have become his confeſſor better than they did himſelf, as the ſpirited Biſhop, a true ſon of *the church militant*, tells him, in the cloſe of the following paſſage.

Aumerle. Where is the duke, my father, with his power ?

King. No matter where—Of comfort no man ſpeak—
Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth !
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills.
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,

* There is the ſame thought in Richard the Third. "Beſides, the king's name "is a tower of ſtrength."

Save

Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, our all are Bolinbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings;
How ſome had been depoſed, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſſed;
Some poiſoned by their wives; ſome ſleeping killed *;
All murthered—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antick ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humoured thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores thro' his caſtle-walls, and farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition †, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me, all this while;
I live on bread, like you; feel want, like you;
Taſte grief, need friends, like you—Subjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, Thou art a king?

Biſhop. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death ſervile breath.

There are ſeveral other paſſages of the ſame kind, in this and the ſubſequent Act, where Richard alternately riſes to a vain confidence in his *indefeaſible right*, and then ſinks again under a deſpondency about his fortunes; which I ſhall not diſguſt the Reader with here, as the repreſentation of a great

* In theſe three lines our author ſeems to have minuted down notes for his Henry VI. Richard III. Macbeth, and Hamlet.

† By this expreſſion may be meant the popular ſuperſtition of *the divine right of kings*.

man

man ſuffering misfortunes meanly, is rather an object of contempt than of compaſſion.

In the latter part of this Scene, upon his finding matters growing worſe and worſe, he exclaims,

By Heaven, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort, any more.

Doctor Johnſon has prevented my obſervation on this paſſage, by a note of his upon it.

" This ſentiment is drawn from Nature. Nothing " is more offenſive to a mind convinced that its di- " ſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit " quietly to irreſiſtible calamity, than thoſe petty " and conjectured comforts which unſkilful officiouſ- " neſs thinks it virtue to adminiſter."

ACT V. SCENE I.

There is ſomething, however, extremely affecting, in what this unhappy man ſays to his queen, upon her lamenting the miſery of his ſituation.

King. Join not with grief, *fair woman*, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden!

This ſhort ſentence lays hold of the heart, makes us forget him as a king, and feel for him as a man. The fondneſs of his expreſſion too, of *fair woman*, increaſes the tenderneſs of our regret at the additional unhappineſs of their ſeparation.

SCENE II.

This poor moralizing prince makes a very juſt obſervation here, on the nature of all alliances in vice.

The King *to* Northumberland:

Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolinbroke aſcends my throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age,
More than it is, ere foul ſin gathering head
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he ſhall think that thou who know'ſt the way

To

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

A further and ſtronger reflection upon ſuch vicious connections, occurs in the laſt Scene ofthis Play, which I ſhall bring forward here before its time, where Exton, who had murdered Richard, brings an account of his great ſervice to Bolinbroke.

Bolinbroke. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee—though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour;
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With Cain, go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day or light.

SCENE X.

The following ſoliloquy, in which the ſtate of the mind is compared to that of the world, though the thought is rather too much laboured, deſerves to be quoted, on account of the beauties it contains, the reflections it ſupplies, as well as for the moral compaſſion, and generous reſentment, with which it is capable of inſpiring the virtuous Reader for the unhappy ſpeaker.

King, *in priſon at* Pomfret *Caſtle.*

I have been ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I live, unto the world;
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove * the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humour like the people of this world;
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the *word* itſelf
Againſt the *word*—as thus—*Come, little ones*—
And then again,

* *Prove, for ſuppoſe.*

It

It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye *—
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot.
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walls;
And for they cannot, die in their own pride—
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt; like ſilly beggars,
Who ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame,
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolinbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing. But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is;
With nothing will be pleaſed, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.

The laſt reflection has been ſo often made and remarked upon, before, in the courſe of this Work, that I ſhall leave it unnoticed here, and ſo conclude my obſervations on this Play.

* I do not ſee how theſe texts contradict each other. They are ſpoken of different objects. Children ſurely may go to Heaven, though miſers may not.

HENRY the FOURTH.

FIRST PART.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY Prince of Wales.
EARL OF WORCESTER.
HOTSPUR.
GLENDOWER.
MORTIMER.
DOUGLAS.
FALSTAFF.

W O M E N.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotſpur.
LADY MORTIMER.

HENRY the FOURTH.

FIRST PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

IN the firſt ſpeech here, Henry the Fourth, in order to encourage his ſubjects to attend him with the better ſpirit on the *Cruſade* expedition, which he had then reſolved upon, gives a horrid deſcription of their former ſtate of civil war, which the kingdom was happily at that time free from.

King. No more the thirſty *entrails* * of this ſoil
Shall *trempe* † her lips with her own children's blood;
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed files,
Which like the meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock,
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppoſed
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies;
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter.

SCENE II.

The method that men take to diſguiſe the nature of their vices, by palliating epithets, is of dangerous conſequences in life. It not only ſerves to blunt the edge of remorſe in ourſelves, but often helps to induce a milder cenſure in others, upon the moſt flagrant enormities.

Thus a profligate fellow, who debauches every woman in his power, is ſtiled *a man of galantry*; a pennyleſs adventurer, who carries off a rich heireſs,

* The word in the text is *entrance*, which has puzzled all the Commentators. I am ſurprized at it; for I think the alteration I have made, ſo obvious, that I hardly claim any merit from it.

† *Soak*, or *ſteep*.

is called *a ſoldier of fortune*; a duelliſt, dubbed with the title of *a man of honour*; a ſharper, *un chevalier d'induſtrie*; an atheiſt, a *free-thinker*; and ſo forth.

A good ſpecimen of this ſort of deceitful phraſeology is preſented to us in part of this Scene.

Falſtaff *to the Prince.*

Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are *ſquires* of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana's foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon*; and let them ſay we be *men of good government*, being governed as the ſea is, by *our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon*; under whoſe countenance we—ſteal.

Piſtol, in ſome other place, ſays of *ſtealing*, "*convey* the wiſe it call *."

SCENE III.

I think I may venture to pronounce, for the honour of human nature, that the moſt abandoned perſon breathing, means not to paſs his whole life in a ſtate of profligacy. He purpoſes, from time to time, *to take up*, as the phraſe is; but is too apt, from time to time, to procraſtinate his amendment; thus ſilencing the clamours of his conſcience, by the hopeful deſign of reformation, and thinking his repentance ſufficiently advanced, by a ſelf-confeſſion of his vice or immorality.

The danger of this ſpecies of *quietiſm*, is ſtrongly pointed out, in part of a work lately publiſhed; and as it may afford a uſeful warning to ſome of my diſſipated readers, I ſhall quote the paſſage I allude to here.

An EPITAPH *on Human Life.*

Eheu! fugaces, Poſtu e, Pſtume,
Labuntur anni! HOR.

Be early wiſe, leſt prudence come too late!
Think how *to-morrow* ſteals from us *to-day*,
And leaves the ſpendthrift further in arrear,
To purpoſes unfiniſhed! till old Time,

* Merry Wives of Windſor.

Who

Who lends on uſury, calls in the account,
And takes the body for its debt unpaid,
Foreclоſing life in the inſolvent tomb *!

The following ſpeech affords us a beautiful inſtance of this method of amuſing our too flexible and indolent tempers of mind; which I copy here with the greater pleaſure, as the ſpeaker of it did effectually reform his life and manners, and has enriched the annals of England with a memoir of true glory.

The Prince of Wales, ſpeaking of his looſe companions, who had juſt quitted the ſcene, ſays,

I know ye all, and will a-while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſhed for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I *falſify* † men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will.

SCENE IV.

When the brave Hotſpur is taxed by the king with having refuſed to ſurrender the priſoners which he had taken at the gallant action of *Holmedon-Moor*, to his order, the ſpeech he makes upon that occaſion, in excuſe for his refractorineſs, preſents us with a

* *Something New.*
† *Falſify* for *mend.* Doctor Johnſon.

very natural deſcription of the uneaſy, froward, and difficult temper of mind, a perſon is ſubject to in ſuch circumſtances as he paints himſelf to be at the time mentioned; and alſo entertains us with a character, admirably and humorouſly drawn, of a pert, foppiſh, and affected Court minion. The contraſt of the two figures here before us, would make an excellent picture on canvas.

Hotſpur. My liege, I did deny no priſoners;
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped,
Shewed like a ſtubble land at harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took't away again.
And ſtill he ſmiled and talked—
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtioned me—Among the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, on your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds grown cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be ſo peſtered with a popinjay *,
Anſwered neglectingly I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God ſave the mark!
And telling me the ſov'reigneſt thing on earth,
Was *Parmacity* † for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, *ſo it was*,
That villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed
So cowardly. And but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier—
This bold unjointed chat of his, my lord,

* Theſe lines are tranſpoſed, as hinted by Doctor Johnſon.
† A corruption of the word *ſpermaceti*.

I anſwered

I anſwered indirectly, as I ſaid;
And, I beſeech you, let not this report
Come current for an accuſation
Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

The king, not being ſatisfied with his apology, ſays to him, after ſome prior altercation between them,

Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you——
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it. [*Exit.*

Upon this menace, the impatient temper of Hotſpur breaks out into the following expreſſions; which, though the ſubſtance of them does not fall within the purpoſe of this Work, I ſhall, however, repeat here, and alſo continue the dialogue a good deal further, as it leads to the character of the ſpeaker, which I deſign to give a deſcription of, in the cloſe of my obſervations on the two next Plays.

Hotſpur. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I'll after, ſtrait,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

And again, to the ſame purpoſe:

I'll keep them all—
By Heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not—
I'll keep them, by this hand—

Worceſter. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes—
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.

Hotſpur. I will; that's flat—
He ſaid he would not ranſom Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer*;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, Mortimer!
Nay, I will have a ſtarling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Worceſter. Hear you, couſin, a word.

* This was in part of the altercation between them, in this ſcene, not quoted above.

Hotſpur. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolinbroke.
And that ſame ſwaſh-buckler, the Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſoned with a pot of ale.

Worceſter. Farewel, my kinſman! I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Northumberland. Why, what a waſp-tongued and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hotſpur. Why, look you, I am whipt and ſcourged with rods,
Nettled and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician Bolinbroke.
In Richard's time—What do you call the place?
A plague upon't—it is in Gloſterſhire——
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept—
His uncle York—where I firſt bowed my knee
Unto this *king of ſmiles*, this Bolinbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenſpurg.

Northumberland. At Berkley Caſtle.

Hotſpur. You ſay true—
Why, what a deal of candied courteſy
This fawning greyhound then did proffe me!
Look, *when his infant fortune came of age*—
And *gentle Harry Percy*—and *kind couſin*—
The devil take ſuch *cozeners*—God forgive me—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

* * *

The precarious confidence that men can venture to place in unwarrantable ſervices performed for another, is well marked in the ſame ſcene, by one of the diſloyal conſpirators who had aſſiſted Henry to dethrone king Richard.

Worceſter. For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we deem ourſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to *pay us home*.

The Reader may here refer back to the quotation from the Second Scene in the Fifth Act of the former Play.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

In this truly *comic* Scene, which may be the rather ſtiled ſo, becauſe there is no *buffoonery* in it, and which I therefore think preferable even to the humour of Falſtaff, the vanity of old Glendower, in ſuppoſing himſelf to have been a peculiar object of the notice of Providence, which has, however, been the foible of ſeveral great men, Cæſar, &c. with the vulgar ignorance of miſtaking natural events for miracles, is finely contraſted with the careleſs humour, ſturdy ſpirit, and rational inveſtigation of Hotſpur.

It would be doing injuſtice to the dialogue, to parcel it out as it refers ſingly to the ſeveral articles above ſpecified; therefore I ſhall entertain my readers with the whole paſſage intire, leaving them to mark the application in their own minds which will occur in their proper places.

Glendower, Hotſpur, Worceſter, *and* Mortimer.

Mortimer. Theſe promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction * full of proſperous hope.

Hotſpur. Lord Mortimer and couſin Glendower,
Will you ſit down?
And uncle Worceſter—a plague upon't!
I have forgot the map.

Glendower. No, here it is.
Sit, couſin Percy—ſit, good couſin Hotſpur—
For, by that name, as oft as Lancaſter
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in Heaven.

Hotſpur. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glendower. I blame him not—At my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets †. Know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hotſpur. And ſo it would have done,
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kittened, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.

* *Beginning* or *entrance upon action.*
† *Bonfires*, or any blazing light.

Glendower. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hotſpur. I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe as fearing you it ſhook.

Glendower. The Heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hotſpur. O then the earth ſhook to ſee the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinched and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
High towers, and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glendower. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings. Give me leave
To tell you, once again, that, at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous in the frighted fields.
Theſe ſigns have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea,
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hotſpur. I think there's no man ſpeaks better Welch——
I'll to dinner——

Mortimer. Peace, couſin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glendower. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.

Hotſpur. Why, ſo can I; or ſo can any man—
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glendower. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hotſpur. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil;
By telling truth—*Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*
If thou haſt power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn I've power to ſhame him hence—
O, while you live, *tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*

Mortimer. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glendower. Three times hath Henry Bolinbroke made head
Againſt my power; thrice from the banks of Wye,

And

And ſandy-bottomed Severn, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.

Hotſpur. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How ſcaped he agues, in the Devil's name?

Glendower. Come, here's the map, ſhall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order taken?

Hotſpur. Methink my portion, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours—
See how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land
An huge half moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up;
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glendower. Not wind? It ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.

Hotſpur. I'll have it ſo; a little charge will do it.

Glendower. I will not have it altered.

Hotſpur. Will not you?

Glendower. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hotſpur. Who ſhall ſay me *nay*?

Glendower. Why, that will I.

Hotſpur. Let me not underſtand you then.
Speak it in Welch.

Glendower. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the Engliſh court;
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue * a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

Hotſpur. Marry, and I'm glad of it, with all my heart—
I had rather be a kitten, and cry *mew!*
Than one of theſe ſame metre ballad-mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forced gait of a ſhuffling nag.

Glendower. Come, you ſhall have Trent turned.

Hotſpur. I do not care—I'll give thrice ſo much land,
To any well-deſerving friend—
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of an hair.

* The Engliſh language.

SCENE II.

Again, after Glendower goes away,

Mortimer. Fie, couſin Percy, how you croſs my father?

Hotſpur. I cannot chuſe. Sometimes he angers me
With telling of the moldwarp and the ant *,
Of dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clipt-wing griffin, and a moulting raven,
A couching lion, and a rampant cat;
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me, the laſt night, at leaſt three hours,
In reckoning up the ſeveral devils names,
That were his lackeys—I cried *hum*—and *well*—
But marked him not a word—O, he's as tedious,
As a tired horſe, or as a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmokey houſe. I'd rather live
With *cheeſe and garlic* † in a windmill, far,
Than feed on *cates* ‡, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in chriſtendom.

SCENE III.

Here is a beautiful deſcription given of that moſt pleaſing criſis of mind and body, between ſleeping and waking, when the paſſions are juſt ſubſiding to reſt, but the ſenſes not yet deprived of their notices.

Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, not being able to ſpeak any language but Welch to her huſband, which he does not underſtand, the father undertakes to interpret between them.

Mortimer. O, I am ignorance itſelf in this.

Glendower. She bids you
All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of ſleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,

* Hall's Chronicles ſay, that ſome ſuch prediction had induced Glendower to riſe againſt Henry the Fourth.

† Welch fare.

‡ Viands, or ſavoury meats.

The

The hour before the heavenly harneſſed team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

There is neither *metre-ballad-mongers* ſtuff nor *mincing poetry*, in the above ſpeech. If Glendower is not original in it, he has at leaſt the merit of a good tranſlator.

A little further on in the ſame ſcene, the uſual expletives of converſation, and childiſh phraſes of aſſeveration, are humorouſly turned into ridicule.

After lady Mortimer has ſung her Welch ſong, Hotſpur, in order to amuſe his mind, then pondering on momentous intents, ſays to his wife,

Come, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady Percy. Not mine, *in good ſooth.*

Hotſpur. Not yours, *in good ſooth!* Why, you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife—Not you, *in good ſooth*; and *as true as I live*; and *as God ſhall mend me*; and *as ſure as day*; and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou hadſt never walked further than Finſbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *in ſooth*,
And ſuch proteſt of *pepper gingerbread* *,
To velvet guards, and Sunday citizens.
Come, ſing.

SCENE IV.

This whole Scene is ſo beautiful, ſo ſpirited, and ſo affecting, that it would be a maſſacre in literature to ſever its members aſunder; which I ſhould lay myſelf under the barbarous neceſſity of doing, were the ſeveral ſentiments, obſervations, and reflections, which naturally ariſe from it, ſuffered to challenge their ſeveral references ſeparately: I ſhall therefore ſerve up the compact body of it unbroken, before the Reader, and leave the diſſection of its parts to his own judgment, taſte, and feeling.

Let the father who has an untoward ſon, here learn how beſt to reprove; let the youth, whoſe

* This is but an odd ſort of ſimile, for a *mild* note of affirmation. The Commentators neither explain the meaning, nor confeſs their ignorance about it. 'Tis eaſy to be a critic on theſe terms.

virtues

virtues are obſcured by his errors, be inſtructed how to reform; let the ſovereign, who would preſerve his dignity, be hence taught how to maintain it; and the king, whoſe foibles have rendered him the object of contempt, be herein warned of the dangerous conſequences of his becoming deſpiſed.

The King, *and the* Prince *of* Wales.

King. I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement, and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt, in thy paſſages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heaven,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me, elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attaints,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So pleaſe your majeſty, I would I could
Quit *all* offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſs I can purge
Myſelf of *many* I am charged withal,
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As on reproof of many tales deviſed,
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling pick-thanks, and baſe news-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

King. Heaven pardon thee. Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupplied;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is mined, and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,

Opinion,

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion *,
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment;
A fellow of no mark or likelihood.
But being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at,
That men would tell their children, *This is he*;
Others would ſay, *Where? Which is Bolinbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven †,
And dreſſed myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen but wondered at; and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And won by rareneſs ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king he ambled up and down,
With ſhallow jeſters and raſh *bavin* ‡ wits,
Soon kindled and ſoon burnt; 'ſcarded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns,
And gave his countenance againſt his name ||,
To laugh at gibing boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain *comparative* §;
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity ¶;
That being daily ſwallowed by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey, and began
To loath a taſte of ſweetneſs; *whereof a little*
More than a little, is by much too much **.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afforded no extraordinary gaze,

* True to the late king, Richard the Second.

† Alluding to the theft of Prometheus.

‡ *Bavin*, a ſort of ſlight fuel, that catches fire quickly, but wants ſubſtance to preſerve it long.

|| Sunk his dignity in mean familiarity.

§ *Comparative*—Any idle companion that would ſet himſelf on a level with him.

¶ Gave the *livery and ſeizin* of his perſon away, by expoſing it too frequently to the public view.

** They deny Shakeſpeare to have been a claſſic ſcholar, but one would fancy that he was both a maſter and admirer of Ovid, by the *manly* and *puerile* ſtile he frequently mixes together in the ſame paſſage; as in this inſtance, for one, among many.

Such

Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzed and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries;
Being with his preſence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

Prince. I ſhall, hereafter, my moſt gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

King. For all the world
As thou art, at this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my ſceptre, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt in the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion *!
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with *harneſs* †; in the realm
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws,
And being no more in debt to years, than thou,
Leads antient lords and reverend biſhops on
To bloody battles and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned Dowglas, whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Hold from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt?
Thrice hath this Hotſpur, Mars in ſwathing cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes,
Diſcomfited great Dowglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbiſhop's Grace of York, Dowglas, and Mortimer,
Confederate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

* That is, worth, and the affections of the people, are ſtronger proteſtations to empire, than hereditary title alone, unſupported by virtue.

† *Harneſs*—Armour, or coats of mail.

Which

Which art my neareſt * and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, thro' vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, or the ſtart of *ſpleen* †,
To fight againſt me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtſie at his frown,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think ſo—You ſhall not find it ſo—
And heaven forgive them that ſo much have ſwayed
Your majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,
Which waſhed away, ſhall ſcower my ſhame with it—
And that ſhall be the day, when e'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all praiſed knight,
And your unthought of Harry, chance to meet—
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engroſs up glorious acts on my behalf;
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of heaven, I promiſe here;
The which if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your majeſty may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die an hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

King. *An hundred thouſand rebels die in this!*
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſovereign truſt herein.
Our hands are full of buſineſs—Let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

There is hardly a line in the above ſpeech of the King, that is not worth the whole of what Sophocles

* *Deareſt*, for moſt fatal.

† *Spleen.* Shakeſpeare uſes this word in a ſenſe peculiar to himſelf, for *ſudden, haſty*, and *raſh*—In the Midſummer Night's Dream, he applies it to lightning.

Brief as the *lightning* in the collied night,
That in a *ſpleen* unfolds both heaven and earth.

makes

makes Oedipus ſay to his ſon in the ſame circumſtances. But I don't expect that *the learned* will ever give up this point to me, *while one paſſage remains in Greek, and the other only in Engliſh.*

SCENE I.

The nobleneſs of Hotſpur's character is admirably ſuſtained throughout this Play. The following ſpeech ſhews a fine part of it:

Hotſpur *to* Dowglas.

Well ſaid, my noble Scot. If ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Dowglas have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp,
Should go ſo general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter, I defy
The tongues of ſoothers; but a braver place,
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourſelf—
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, lord.

The precarious and critical ſituation of unwarrantable and hazardous undertakings, is well reflected upon in the following paſſage of the ſame Scene, when the conſpirators are informed that Northumberland is prevented by ſickneſs from attending the rendez-vous:

Worceſter *to* Hotſpur.

But yet I would your father had been here;
The quality, and *hair* of our attempt
Brooks no *diviſion* *; it will be thought,
By ſome that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and meer diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence—
And think how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe.

* The quality, and *hair* of our attempt,
Brooks no *diviſion*—

The Commentator, by the word *hair*, in this place, underſtands *complexion* or *character*, and finds fault with the harſhneſs of the metaphor. But I think, from the laſt part of the ſentence, that the Poet meant the expreſſion literally. Worceſter compares the ſlightneſs of their cauſe to a ſingle *hair*, which is a thing of too ſubtile a nature to bear being *divided*.

For

For well you know, we of the offending ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrament,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us.
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear,
Before not dreamt upon.

The gallant ſpirit of Hotſpur is well ſhewn in his reply:

You ſtrain too far;
I rather of his abſence make this uſe—
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here; for men muſt think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his aid,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Upon this occaſion Dowglas makes a boaſt, which though intended by him as an excluſive compliment to his own nation, may be challenged as the general characteriſtic of Great Britain at large.

Dowglas, in continuation of Hotſpur's ſpeech:

As heart can think—there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of *fear*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Upon a parley or convention, held between the chiefs of the two parties, Worceſter enumerates the ſeveral grievances of the nation that had induced the Percy family to riſe in arms for redreſs. In reply to theſe charges, the King gives a very juſt account of the nature, pretences, and artifices of rebellion.

King. Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaimed at market-croſſes, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor diſcontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint its cauſe,

Nor

Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

* * *

The liberal mind and brave heart of the Prince of Wales are beautifully marked in the following ſpeech, where he makes a generous encomium on Hotſpur, and ſends him a ſpirited defiance to ſingle combat, at the ſame time.

Prince *to* Worceſter.

In both our armies there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praiſe of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this, before my father's majeſty—
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

SCENE II.

The arguments of cowardice are whimſically diſcuſſed and expoſed, in the following paſſage. The Prince, juſt as he goes out, ſays to Falſtaff,

Why, thou oweſt Heaven a death.

Upon which the fat Knight takes occaſion to hold this humorous ſoliloquy with himſelf:

Falſtaff. 'Tis not due, yet—I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him, that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on; but how if honour pricks me off again, when I come on? Can honour ſet to a leg? No—Or an arm? No—Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery, then? No—What is honour? A word—What is that word Honour? Air—A trim reckoning—

reckoning—Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No—Doth he hear it? No—Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead—But will it not live with the living? No—Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it—Honour is but a meer *scutcheon**, and so ends my catechism.

SCENE III.

When the King has made the proffer of a general amnesty to the conspirators, the natural distrust and diffidence which rebels must ever labour under, is well descanted upon in this Scene.

Worcester. It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like a fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherished, still the nearer death.

If the Reader will take the trouble to revert to the last observation on the fourth Scene in the First Act of this Play, he will meet with a like reflection there, made by the same person. This repetition is a stroke of Nature given us by the Poet, to shew the perturbation of spirits, and distrust of mind, which persons in his situation are ever sensible of. But, indeed, this reflection may more generally be applied to every species of vice; for in guilt there can be no peace within, nor confidence without.

SCENE IX.

The magnanimity of the Prince of Wales is preserved throughout his character. After he has slain Hotspur, he makes his elegy in these words:

Prince. Brave Percy—Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition †, how much art thou shrunk!

* The *hatchment*, placed over the door of a person deceased.

† A metaphor taken from cloth, which *shrinks* when it is woven with too loose a contexture. Johnson.

When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound;
But now two paces of the vileſt earth,
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman—
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeal—
But let my favour hide thy mangled form,
And, even in thy behalf, I thank myſelf,
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
[*Throwing his ſcarf over him.*
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.

POSTSCRIPT.

I thought that my taſk was done with this Play, when I had got to the end of it; but there is ſomething ſo very great, ſingular, and attractive, in the two principal characters of this hiſtoric piece, that I find a pleaſure in keeping them ſtill in view, and contemplating them both in my mind.

Whenever Hotſpur or the Prince *filled the Scene*, which they are either of them, ſingly, ſufficient to do, I confeſs that my heart was ſenſible of ſuch an emotion, as Sir Philip Sidney ſaid he uſed to be affected with, on a peruſal of the old Ballad of Chevy-Chaſe; *as if he had heard the ſound of a trumpet.* Perhaps the following obſervation may better account for my impulſe:

Women are apt to eſteem the *antient virtue* of courage at an higher rate than men in general are; and this, for theſe two eſpecial reaſons. The firſt, that it is peculiarly neceſſary to their perſonal defence; and the next, that their weakneſs induces them to form a ſublimer notion of this quality, than the ſtronger, and therefore braver, ſex may naturally be ſuppoſed to compliment it with. Men, feeling the principles of it in their own breaſts, conceive no very ſupernatural idea of it; while women,

women, having no ſuch premiſſes to reaſon from, look on it as ſomething more than human.

Theſe reflections, with the frequent occaſions I have had, thoughout this Play, of comparing the two heroes of it with each other, have tempted me to undertake a Parallel between them, after the manner of Plutarch; which, however, I did not mean to have given the Reader, as hinted above, 'till I ſhould come to the end of the ſecond Play after this, where our Author has concluded all he had to ſay about Henry the Fifth.

But as Shakeſpeare has opened enough of this Prince's character, here, to ſupply ſufficient materials for the compariſon, and that his unfortunate rival is juſt ſlain, I thought the Parallel might have a better effect on the mind of my Readers, in this place, than it would be likely to produce after the delay had ſuffered the impreſſion of Hotſpur's qualities to wear out of their remembrance.

A PARALLEL

BETWEEN

HOTSPUR, AND HENRY PRINCE OF WALES.

THEY are both equally brave; but the courage of Hotſpur has a greater portion of fierceneſs in it—The Prince's magnanimity is more heroic. The firſt reſembles Achilles; the latter is more like Hector. The different principles, too, of their actions help to form and juſtify this diſtinction; as the one *invades*, and the other *defends*, a right. Hotſpur ſpeaks nobly of his rival Dowglas, to his face, but after he is become his friend; the Prince does the ſame of Hotſpur, behind his back, and while he is ſtill his enemy.

They both of them poſſeſs a ſportive vein of humour in their ſcenes of common life; but Hotſpur ſtill preſerves the ſurly and refractory haughtineſs of his character, throughout, even in the relaxa-

tions he indulges himſelf in. The Prince has more of eaſe and nature in his; delivering himſelf over to mirth and diſſipation, without reſerve. Hotſpur's feſtivity ſeems to reſemble that of Hamlet; as aſſumed merely to relieve anxiety of mind, and cover ſanguinary purpoſes; the Prince's gaiety, like that of Faulconbridge *, appears to be more genuine, ariſing from natural temper, and an healthful flow of ſpirits. The Prince is Alcibiades—Percy is—himſelf.

There is likewiſe another character in this rich Play, of a moſt peculiar diſtinction; as being not only *original*, but *inimitable*, alſo—No copy of it has ever ſince appeared, either in life or deſcription. Any one of the Dramatis Perſonæ in Congreve's Comedies, or, indeed, in moſt of the modern ones, might repeat the wit or humour of the ſeparate parts, with equal effect on the audience, as the perſon to whoſe rôle they are appropriated; but there is a certain characteriſtic peculiarity in all the humour of Falſtaff, that would ſound flatly in the mouths of Bardolph, Poins, or Peto. In fine, the portrait of this extraordinary perſonage is delineated by ſo maſterly a hand, that we may venture to pronounce it to be the only one that ever afforded ſo high a degree of pleaſure, without the leaſt pretence to merit or virtue to ſupport it.

I was obliged to paſs by many of his ſtrokes of humour, character, and deſcription, becauſe they did not fall within the rule I had preſcribed to myſelf in theſe notes; but I honeſtly confeſs that it was with regret, whenever I did ſo; for, were there as much moral, as there certainly is phyſical, good in laughing, I might have tranſcribed every Scene of his, throughout this, the following Play, and the Merry Wives of Windſor, for the advantage of the health, as well as the entertainment, of my readers.

* In King John.

HENRY the FOURTH.

SECOND PART.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

THE KING.
PRINCE OF WALES.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.
HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER.
THOMAS OF CLARENCE.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. } Againſt the King.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. } Againſt the King.
LORD BARDOLPH. } Againſt the King.
MORTON. } Againſt the King.
EARL OF WARWICK. } For the King.
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. } For the King.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
BARDOLPH.
POINS.
PISTOL.

WOMEN.

LADY PERCY, Widow of Hotſpur.
DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

HENRY the FOURTH.

SECOND PART.

ACT I. SCENE III.

THE quick eye of ſuſpicion, with the prophetic nature of anxious apprehenſions, are well marked here. The latter is a ſpecies of that kind of foreboding, often unaccountably ariſing in the mind, which I have taken notice of in former places *.

Northumberland, *Lord* Bardolph, *and* Morton.

Morton, giving an account of the action at Shrewſbury, ſays to Northumberland,

Dowglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord, your ſon——

Here Northumberland haſtily interrupts him:

Why, he is dead—
See what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath.
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
That what he feared is chanced.

Bardolph. Yet for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.

Northumberland *to* Morton.

I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye;
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin that doth belie the dead,
Not he that ſaith the dead is not alive.

Morton. Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office, and his tongue

* Richard II. Act II. Scene V. and Merchant of Venice, Act I. Scene I. Firſt remark.

Sounds, ever after, as a ſullen bell,
Remembered tolling a departed † friend.

I was juſt going to obſerve upon the latter part of this dialogue, when I happened to recollect that I had already taken notice of a parallel paſſage, in my ſecond remark on the Firſt Scene of the Third Act of King John, and to which I beg leave to refer my Reader.

* * *

The human mind, when roufed by danger, or inflamed with paſſion, is capable of inſpiring the brave heart with additional courage, and of ſupplying new vigour to exhauſted ſtrength. This admirable œconomy in the human frame is contrived by nature, as being neceſſary to ſelf-defence, as well as in order to render injury the more difficult and hazardous to the offender.

Northumberland. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn;
In poiſon there is phyſic; and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath, in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weakened joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks, like a fire,
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A ſcaly gauntlet, now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove this hand—And hence, thou ſickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton * for the head,
Which princes fluſhed with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpite dare bring,
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingering act,
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms; that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

† The word in the Text is *departing*.
* *Slight* or *effeminate*.

I have

I have continued this ſpeech, for eight lines further than my preface to it required; but I thought the whole ſpirit and language of it too fine, to ſuffer it to be mangled by ſtopping ſhort. Beſides, this latter part of it ſhews that extravagance of deſpair and rage to which grief, reſentment, and misfortune are apt to drive a perſon, whoſe mind is not happily tempered by philoſophy, or reſtrained by religion.

* * *

See the ſecond remark, with the paſſage it refers to, in the Firſt Scene of Act the Fourth of the preceding Play, as it will ſave me the trouble of making a new obſervation here, or of repeating the ſame again, as applicable to the following ſpeech:

Morton. My lord, your ſon had only but the corpſe,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight;
For that ſame word, *Rebellion*, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls,
And they did fight with queaſineſs conſtrained,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seemed on our ſide; but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, *Rebellion*, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond.

SCENE VI.

There is a moſt diſguſting picture, but a too hiſtorically juſt one, given, in this place, of the unſtable and fluctuating affections of the multitude—No popularity can be permanent, which is not earned by virtue, and preſerved by perſeverance in it. The Public is a Weather-Cock; it continues ſteady only while the wind remains ſo; when that ſhifts, the *vane* turns alſo.

York. Let us on;
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The Common-wealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O, thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe

Didſt

Did'ſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolinbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trimmed up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provokeſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times!
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamoured of his grave;
Thou that threw duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came ſighing on,
After the admired heels of Bolinbroke,
Crieſt now, O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt and to come ſeem beſt; things preſent worſt.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

The extravagant and ſuperſtitious notions of the vulgar, in former times, with regard to kings and heroes, though not really ſuppoſed in this Scene, are, however, very humorouſly ridiculed in it.

The Prince *and* Poins.

Prince. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. And is it come to that? I had thought that wearineſs durſt not have attacked one of ſo high blood.

Prince. It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me, now, to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

Prince. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it in me, now, to remember thy name? or to know thy face, to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? *Videlicet*; theſe, and thoſe that were once the peach-coloured ones—or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts; as one for uſe, and another for ſuperfluity.

* * *

That common diſpoſition of vaunting ourſelves above others, ſo natural to mankind, that ſome writer ſtiles

ſtiles it *a mint at every one's tongue's end, to coin their own praiſe*, is well marked in the latter part of this Scene. But I ſhall commence the dialogue a little earlier than may be juſt neceſſary to this reference, in order to treat my reader with a beautiful trait in the Prince's character, who is made to preſerve his virtue untainted, in the midſt of all his debauchery and diſſipation.

Poins, being piqued at the Prince's having expoſed the ſhabbineſs of his wardrobe, replies:

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? Tell me how many good young princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you'll tell.

Prince. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad, now my father is ſick; albeit, I could tell thee, as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be ſad, and very ſad, indeed, too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

Prince. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the Devil's book as thou and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is ſo ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

Prince. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world, keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingrafted to Falſtaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of; I can hear it with my own ears. The worſt they can ſay of me, is, that I am a ſecond

a ſecond brother, and that I am *a proper fellow of my hands* *; and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help.

The delicacy of the Prince's difficulty upon this occaſion, in not being able to manifeſt the concern he was really ſenſible of for his father's illneſs, leſt, from the former complexion of his life and manners, he might be ſuſpected of inſincerity in ſuch profeſſions, muſt have a fine effect on the ſentiment of a reader who is poſſeſſed of the leaſt refinement of principle or virtue.

A moſt uſeful leſſon might be framed, upon the very ſingular character of this amiable perſon. The pattern is not perfect; and therefore—ſhall I venture to ſay it? the example is the better, for that reaſon. His manners are idle, but his morals uncorrupt. He ſuffers Falſtaff to make as free with him as he pleaſes, but breaks his head, as Mrs. Quickly tells us in a former Scene, for his having thrown out a jeſt upon his father. Young men may learn from him never to be guilty of more vice, than the temptation to it might precipitate them into. He connives at the robbery of his companions, for the diverſion of playing the ſame game upon them, again; but reſolves to make ample reſtitution for the wrong †. He offends his father by the diſſoluteneſs of his conduct; but his filial affection and reſpect are ſtill unremitted towards him. He ſhews a ſpirit of juſtice in injuſtice, and of duty, even in diſobedience.

I here offer this comment as a ſupplement to the character I have already drawn of this Prince, at the end of the former Play. I could not have fairly added it there, as any thing that did not immediately relate to the compariſon between him and Hotſpur, would have been improperly introduced in the Parallel.

* This was an expreſſion, in thoſe times, for *a perſon forward in fighting*.
† See the laſt Scene of Act II. in the firſt part of this Play.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The vanity with which men are apt to plume themſelves, with regard to titles of honour to which they can claim no merit, in themſelves, is humorouſly ridiculed here by Poins, in his notes on Falſtaff's letter to the Prince, which is given him to read.

Poins, *reading.*

John Falſtaff, Knight. Every man muſt know that, as often as he hath occaſion to name himſelf; even like thoſe that are a-kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they cry, *there is ſome of the king's blood ſpilt—How comes that?* ſays he that takes upon him not to conceive it. The anſwer is as ready, as a borrower's cap *—*I am the king's poor couſin, Sir.*

Prince. Nay, they will be a-kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet.*

SCENE VI.

The ſervile adulation uſually paid to great or diſtinguiſhed perſons, even to an imitation of their very defects, and which Alexander properly reprehended, by giving a box on the ear to one of his courtiers who had mimicked the wryneſs of his neck, is well repreſented here:

Lady Percy, ſpeaking of Hotſpur,

He was, indeed, the glaſs,
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs, that practiſed not his gait;
And ſpeaking thick †, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the would-be valiant;
For thoſe that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that, in ſpeech, and gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark, and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhioned others.

* Always *cap in hand* to his creditor.

† Might we not venture to ſubſtitute the word *quick*, in this paſſage, as being better oppoſed to the deſcription in the ſecond line following of *low and tardily*—Thoſe who ſpeak *quick*, generally ſpeak *loud* alſo; which compleats the oppoſition.

In

In the laſt paſſage of this Scene, the uncertain and irreſolute deliberation of mind, in which men are apt to be held in ſuſpence, upon the criſis of doubtful adventures, is well deſcribed by an apt ſimile.

Northumberland. 'Tis with my mind,
As with the tide ſwelled up unto its height,
That makes a ſtill ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbiſhop *,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back.
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company.

SCENE X.

In this Scene, Doll makes a ſpeech that is worthy to be remarked upon. When Piſtol is ſtiled *captain*, ſhe ſays,

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not aſhamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earned them. A captain! theſe villains will make the word captain odious—therefore captains had need look to it.

There is a punctilio of the kind hinted at here, already eſtabliſhed in the Army; but it is confined only to one article, namely courage. If an officer declines a challenge, or ſuffers an affront to paſs unreſented, his corps refuſe *to roll* with him. It would be better, if this point of honour reſpected the *moral* as well as the *natural* part of a ſoldier's character; and better ſtill, if the ſame ſpirit and virtue were exerted in every claſs or diſtinction of life; among lords, commoners, lawyers, parſons, and phyſicians. A rule of this ſort would go further towards the reformation of manners, than all the laws and preachments that ever were made.

SCENE XI.

The ſlight merits and ſuperficial accompliſhments which too often connect young perſons in fellowſhip with each other, are here well expoſed. When For-

* York, then up in arms on his ſide.

tune

tune is whirling her wheel about, the turning of a tobacco-ſtopper, or of a ſtraw, may *make a man*, according to Trinculo's expreſſion*.

Falſtaff, *and* Doll Tearſheet.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Falſtaff. A good ſhallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler; he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They ſay Poins has a good wit.

Falſtaff. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! His wit is as thick as Tewkſbury muſtard. There is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him ſo, then?

Falſtaff. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel †; and drinks off candles ends for flap-dragons ‡, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps over joint ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth, like the ſign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of indiſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind, and an able body; for the which the prince admits him, for he is himſelf ſuch another; the weight of an hair would turn the ſcales between their *avoirdupois*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

In the fine ſpeech which fills this Scene, the anxieties of the *great*, with the content of the *commonalty*, the difference between the labour of the mind, and that of the body, are beautifullly contraſted, and moſt poetically compared.

The King *alone in his night-gown.*

How many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,

* In the Tempeſt.

† As I know of no ſtory that this circumſtance can be applied to, it may be ſuppoſed to allude to the particular taſte (for 'tis far from a general one) of the Prince, which Poins might have adopted; as lady Percy ſays, the flatterers of Hotſpur affected him even in *his diet*. From which hint I ſhould think, that *a fennel-eater* would be a better expreſſion for *fawners*, than *toad-eater*, becauſe the authority of the phraſe is better, as being vouched by this paſſage.

‡ This article I can only explain by another boyiſh trick, called *making fire-ſhips*. An almond is lighted, put into a glaſs of any liquor, and ſwallowed down before the flame is extinguiſhed.

And

And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, lieſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſhed with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lulled with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why lieſt thou with the vile,
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe *, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlippery ſhrouds,
That with the hurley death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances, and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown,
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

SCENE II.

There is a ſad, becauſe a too true, proſpect of human life, preſented to us here, which juſtifies the goodneſs of Providence,

"And vindicates the ways of God to man,"

in hiding the future from our view. *Quid ſit futurum cras, fuge quærere.*—All the knowledge that is neceſſary to true wiſdom, the intire volume of morality and devotion lies open before us; the contingencies of events only, of little import, upon the whole of our exiſtence, being veiled from our ſight.

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
"All but the page preſcrib'd, their *preſent ſtate*;
"From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know,
"Or who could *ſuffer being* here below?"

Pope's Eſſay on Man.

Were we capable of foreſeeing effects in their cauſes, and admitted to peer through the *teleſcope of*

* A ſentry-box, to which was fixed an alarum bell, that the ſentinel was to ring in order to give notice of any attack on his poſt.

time,

time, it would more frequently and generally make us unhappy before our ſufferings; would render the future and precarious evil preſent and certain; dull the ſenſe of anticipated good, by giving us enjoyment before poſſeſſion; hope, the enhancer of expected bliſs, would be loſt in aſſurance; and that dear cordial of deſpair be then ſtruck off from the *materia medica* of affliction.

Cicero ſpeaks finely upon this ſubject. I forget the place; but 'tis where he ſuppoſes Priam, Pompey, and Cæſar, to have had their ſeveral pages in the book of Fate laid open before them, in the height of their proſperity.

The King, Warwick, *and* Surry.

King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the book of Fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times,
Make mountains level; and the continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
Into the ſea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips! How chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth, viewing his progreſs through,
What perils *preſſed* *, what croſſes to enſue,
Would ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.—
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul,
Who like a brother toiled in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
You, couſin Nevil, as I may remember, [*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears †,
Then checked and rated by Northumberland,

* The word is *paſt*, in the text; about which the Commentators raiſe a difficulty, but don't remove it. I hope that this mere verbal alteration will obviate the objection; and ſuppoſing it to have been ſpelt *preſt*, in the original manuſcript, the tranſcribers might eaſily have made the miſtake.

† This line is very affecting. Shakeſpeare's humanity prompted him to make this unfortunate prince appear an object of compaſſion, even where he is not exhibited in the ſcene, by deſcribing a circumſtance that was no otherwiſe neceſſary to this paſſage.

Did ſpeak theſe words, now proved a prophecy:
" Northumberland, *thou ladder, by the which*
" *My couſin* Bolinbroke *aſcends my throne*;"
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſity ſo bowed the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compelled to kiſs *;
" *The time will come*," thus did he follow it,
" *The time will come, that, foul ſin gathering head,*
" *Shall break into corruption*;" ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

However, the reply to this reflection ſays, very juſtly, That, in many caſes, the ignorance of the future may be often ſupplied by thoſe who have made proper obſervations on paſt experience, and are capable of forming judgments upon character.

Warwick. There is an hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceaſed;
The which obſerved, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things,
As not yet come to life, which in their ſeeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of them,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

SCENE III.

The uſual prate, or, as Hotſpur phraſes it, *the bald unjointed chat* of old fellows among their cotemporaries, the fond and vain boaſtings of their youthful frolics, and their trite reflections, intermixed, at the ſame time, with a particular attention to their own intereſts, are all moſt excellently well diſplayed in this Scene, which I have a double purpoſe in laying before the Reader; to warn the old from rendering themſelves tedious or ridiculous by ſuch foibles; and alſo to incline the young to ſhew ſome tenderneſs to natural weakneſſes, ariſing not from the peculia-

* This is ſometimes the caſe, but always the pretence for uſurpation.

rities

rities of the perſons, being characteriſtical only of reſpectful years, and *time-honoured* age†.

Shallow *and* Silence, *two Juſtices, meeting.*

Shallow. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the *rood* *. And how doth my good couſin *Silence?*

Silence. Good morrow, good couſin *Shallow.*

Shallow. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Silence. Alas, a black *ouſel* ‡, couſin *Shallow.*

Shallow. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my couſin *William* is become a good ſcholar. He is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Silence. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shallow. He muſt then to the *Inns of Court* ſhortly. I was once of *Clement's Inn*; where, I think, they will talk of *mad Shallow* yet.

Silence. You were called *luſty* Shallow then, couſin.

Shallow. I was called any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit*, of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will. Squele*, a *Cotſwold man*; you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers || in all the *Inns of Court*, again; and I may ſay to you, we knew where the *bona-roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, now *Sir John*, a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, duke of *Norfolk*.

Silence. This *Sir John*, couſin, that comes hither, anon, about ſoldiers?

Shallow. The ſame *Sir John*, the very ſame. I ſaw him break *Scroggan's* head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stockfiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *Gray's Inn*. O the mad days that I have ſpent! And to ſee how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

† This is an epithet of Shakeſpeare's own framing. Richard II. Act I. Scene I.

* The *croſs*.

‡ *Ouſel* is a black-bird; but why he calls her ſo, I can't tell; unleſs it be in oppoſition to Shallow's complimenting her with the epithet of *fair*.

|| *Swinge buckler.* This is the only place where we meet with this epithet for a rioter or bully, or, indeed, for any thing elſe; in all other authors, before or ſince that æra, the word uſed for this purpoſe is *ſwaſh* buckler: and properly ſo; for the firſt part of the compound, where the character lies, is fully deſcribed by the expreſſion of *ſwaſh*, upon Shakeſpeare's own authority, having ſeverally applied it in ſuch a ſenſe in other places; to *ſwaſh*, a *ſwaſher*, for to *ſwagger*, a *ſwaggerer*—but *ſwinge*, ſo far from ſupplying the meaning here intended, conveys no ſort of idea at all, that I can conceive. The expreſſion of *ſwaſh*-buckler is made uſe of, applied to the Prince of Wales, by Hotſpur, in the fourth Scene of Act I. firſt part of this Play.

Silence. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure. Death, as the Pſalmiſt ſays, is certain to all; all ſhall die. How go a good yoke of bullocks, at *Stamford* fair?

Silence. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain. Is old Double, of your town, living yet?

Silence. Dead, Sir.

Shallow. Dead!—See, ſee—He drew a good bow—And dead? He ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John of Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—He would have clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft, a fourteen and fourteen and a half‡, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee—How a ſcore of ewes, now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be. A ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead!

SCENE IV.

The ridicule, in the following paſſage, is directed againſt the affectation of uſing what the vulgar call *hard words*, in familiar converſation, with the ſynonimous explications of ignorance, by throwing the ſame word into different tenſes or caſes, as if the ſenſe of it could be hit off, by the repetition of its own ſound.

Bardolph *and* Shallow.

Bardolph. My captain, Sir, commends him to you; my captain, *Sir John Falſtaff*, a tall gentleman, by Heaven! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shallow. He greets me well, Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good knight? May I aſk how my good lady, his wife, doth?

Bardolph. Sir, pardon; a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shallow. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too—*better accommodated*—It is good, yea, indeed, is it—Good phraſes ſurely are, and ever were, very commendable. *Accommodated*—It comes of *accommodo*—very good, a good phraſe.

Bardolph. Pardon me, Sir; I have heard the *word*. *Phraſe* call you it? By this day, I know not the *phraſe*; but I will maintain the *word* with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of ex-

‡ Terms of art, in the exerciſe of the bow and arrow, not worth explaining.

ceeding

ceeding good command. *Accommodated*—that is, when a man is, as they ſay, *accommodated*; or when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be *accommodated*, which is an excellent thing.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

There is a ſtriking deſcription given of the Prince, here, which does honour likewiſe to the ſpeaker. Parents, in general, while they are fond of their children, are apt either to ſee them without blemiſh, or, when they are offended with them, to ſhew no indulgence to their failings. But the good old king ſpeaks here impartially of his ſon, fairly balancing his merits with his blames, and weighing them with the charity that Heaven itſelf will do hereafter.

The King, *Duke of* Clarence, *and* Warwick.

King. Thomas of Clarence,
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*.
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers; cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be obſerved.
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet, notwithſtanding, being incenſed, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws * congealed in the ſpring of day;
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerved,
Chide him for faults, but do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,

* Air congealed by the coldneſs of the night, and exploded in guſts by the warmth of the morning ſun.

Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As force-perforce the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it ſhould work as ſtrong
As *aconitum*, or raſh gunpowder.

One cannot help loving ſuch a character, taking the whole together. The good part of it is its *nature*, the bad one but its *youth*. Fruits of a wild flavour are the choiceſt, when well cultivated.

In part of the above ſpeech, there is a good direction given to thoſe who have to deal with paſſionate or capricious perſons, *Chide him for faults*, &c.

I ſhould have expatiated on the unanimity of the royal family, recommended here, as neceſſary to the ſafety of the crown; but that I could not poſſibly have urged any new argument on the ſubject, ſtronger than the old ſimile of the *bundle of twigs* in the Fable.

Juſt after, the king ſpeaks again of the prince, with the ſame tenderneſs, and in a moſt affecting manner, upon hearing that he ſtill continues to aſſociate with his looſe companions:

King. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.

In anſwer to this melancholy proſpect, **Warwick** endeavours to make an apology for the prince, in a very pretty and ingenious alluſion, wherein is implied, what happens to have too much truth in it, that no one can know the world, or be fit to govern in it, who is not ſufficiently acquainted with the baſe and corrupt part of mankind.

Warwick. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite;
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue, wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the moſt immodeſt word
Be looked upon and learned; which once attained,
Your highneſs knows comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known, and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The prince will, in the perfectneſs of time,
Caſt off his followers; and their memory

Shall

Shall, as a pattern, or a meaſure, live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

To this piece of ſoothing flattery the king replies, with as apt a ſimile, on his part, to expreſs his diffidence in the hopeful prophecy:

King. 'Tis ſeldom when the bee forſakes her comb
In the dead carrion.

Intimating that our affections, like the honey-comb, however improperly placed at firſt, will too naturally continue ſtill to attract us, even in ſpite of our better reaſon. The ſimile here made uſe of, tho' it may appear ſomewhat too coarſe, at firſt thought, will quickly be found to contain a very poetical beauty in it, upon recollecting the epiſode of *Ariſtæus*, at the end of the Fourth *Georgic*; where the miraculous generation of bees, from the putrid carcaſe of an ox, is related by Virgil; and to which this image may be looked upon as an alluſion.

SCENE IX.

There is a reflection made here upon the unſatisfactory or perverſe ſtate of things, in this life, which will have double its effect, as being delivered from that ſo much *falſely envied ſtate*, a throne.

Upon hearing that the rebels had been overthrown, the king ſays,

And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
Such are the poor in health: or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch the rich,
Who have abundance, and enjoy it not.

SCENE X.

The prince ſitting by his dying father, in a ſlumber, with the crown lying by him, lays open the ſcene, and expoſes to view the real, or, as it may more properly be expreſſed, *the private ſtate of greatneſs*, in the following ſoliloquy:

Prince. Why doth the crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſhed perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of ſlumber open wide,
To many a watchful night. Sleep with it, now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whoſe brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not—
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weighleſs down
Perforce muſt move—My gracious lord! my father!
——This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from the golden *rigol** hath divorced
So many Engliſh kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs,
Shall, O my father! pay thee plenteouſly.

I have continued this ſpeech further than was merely neceſſary to the purpoſe for which it was introduced, becauſe I am fond of exhibiting my heroe in the beſt lights of his character.

ACT V. SCENE I.

There are ſome good obſervations made here, on the powerful effects of the company we aſſociate with, over both our minds and manners; and the truth is not the leſs ſerious, or worthy of attention, for being humorouſly urged, or ridiculouſly expreſſed.

Falſtaff, on Shallow's going out,

If I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded hermit-ſtaves, as maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his men's ſpirits and his.—They, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turned into a juſtice-like ſerving-man. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together, in conſent, like ſo many wild geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter; if to his men, I would curry with maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better com-

* Rigol, *a circle*, in its common ſenſe. Here 'tis put for a *diadem*.

mand

mand his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diſeaſes, one of another; therefore, *let men take heed of their company.* I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keep prince *Henry* in continual laughter, the wearing out of ſix faſhions; which is four terms, or two *actions* *; and he ſhall laugh without *intervallums* †. O, it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad ‡ brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ach in his ſhoulders. O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

SCENE II.

The following paſſage, though long, will not be found tedious; and is ſo full of excellent matter for obſervation, that it would be unpardonable to ſhorten it. The particulars worthy of notice in it, are already ſo ſtrongly marked by the principal ſpeakers themſelves, that it would be an uſeleſs and impertinent labour in me, to point them out to the Reader.

The prince of Wales, now King, with the dukes of Lancaſter, Glouceſter, Clarence, and the Lord Chief Juſtice.

Chief Juſtice. Heaven ſave your majeſty!

Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear—
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* court ‖—
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*—Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes ye;
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be aſſured,
I'll be your father, and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep that *Harry*'s dead? Well, ſo will I;
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

* The humour here lies in calculating the time of a ſpendthrift, by law *terms*, or *actions* for debt. *Johnſon.*

† The vacations between the *Terms.*

‡ *Sad*, for *ſerious.*

‖ The ſultan puts all his brothers to death when he mounts the throne. 'Tis ſaid ſo, at leaſt.

The

The Brothers. We hope no other from your majeſty.

Henry. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt,
Who are, I think, aſſured I love you not. [*To the Chief Juſtice.*

Chief Juſtice. I am aſſured, if I be meaſured rightly,
Your majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

Henry. No! might a prince of my great hopes, forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon,
The immediate heir of England? Was this eaſy?
May this be waſhed in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Chief Juſtice. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me;
And in the adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the common weal,
Your highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and power of law and juſtice,
The image of the king whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold ſway to my authority,
And did commit you *. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought,
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench,
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword,
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon;
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon,
Hear your own dignity ſo much profaned,
See your moſt ſacred laws ſo looſely ſlighted,
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdained,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power ſo ſilencing your ſon—
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And as you are a king, ſpeak in your ſtate,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my liege's ſovereignty.

Henry. You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well—
Therefore ſtill bear the ballance and the ſword;
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did †.
For which I do commit into your hand,
The unſtained ſword that you have uſed to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame

* This is an hiſtoric fact.

† I ſhould chuſe to alter the line thus---Offend *not, but* obey you as I did.

With

With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents
To your well-practiſed wiſe directions.
And, princes, all believe me, I beſeech ye:
My father is gone *wild* † into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ‡;
And with his ſpirit *ſadly* ‖ I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world,
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath ſet me down
After my ſeeming. Though my tide of blood
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now,
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow, henceforth, in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of Parliament,
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt-governed nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remembered, all our ſtate;
And, Heaven conſigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heaven ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day!

This judge's name was *Hankford*. But the favourable event here deſcribed, never happened, with regard to him. Shakeſpeare, I ſuppoſe, only introduced it, by way of heightening our idea of the young king; and in this light, though the fact be falſe, it may, however, according to the diſtinction of ſome moral writer, be conſidered as a *ſecondary truth*, becauſe it correſponds with the character of the agent, and

† *Wild.* The ſenſe of the word, in this place, is obſcure; and the figure of ſpeech neceſſary to explain it, muſt be extended on the rack, to confeſs its meaning. But as the beſt way of ſtudying an author, is to make him a comment on himſelf; by this rule we muſt ſuppoſe this expreſſion to intend, that the reality of his *wildneſs*, an impreſſion of which his father carried with him to the grave, is as much buried there, as his idea of it is. The prince's *wildneſs* is ſpoken of in other places, and is mentioned in ſuch a manner as to ſupport this explication.

‡ *Affections.* Looſe habits, and diſſipated manners.

‖ *Sadly*, for ſoberly, ſeriouſly, or thoughtfully.

would

would probably have happened, had the poor man lived to have appeared before him.

But, alas! the inconſiſtencies of human nature! This upright judge, this brave man, was ſtruck with ſuch a panic on the demiſe of *Henry the Fourth*, that he inſtantly formed a ſcheme for deſtroying himſelf, in the following manner: He gave ſtrict orders to his park-keeper, to ſhoot any perſon that ſhould attempt to paſs through his grounds, without giving an account of his name and buſineſs. In the middle of that night, he put himſelf in the way, refuſed to anſwer, and was immediately killed, according to the mad ſcheme of his puſillanimous purpoſe.

SCENE VII.

I ſhall cloſe my remarks on this Play, with the following noble ſpeech of the young king, in which his truly great and amiable character is finely wound up,

Falſtaff, Piſtol, *and others.*

Falſtaff. My king, my Jove, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers—
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dreamed of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwelled, ſo old, and ſo prophane;
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt,
Preſume not that I am the thing I was;
For Heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former ſelf;
So will I thoſe that kept *it* company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I ſhall do the reſt of my miſleaders,
Not to come near our perſon, by ten miles.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And, as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will, according to your ſtrength and qualities,
Give you advancement.

HENRY the FIFTH.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

HENRY the Fifth.
KING OF FRANCE.
THE DAUPHIN.
DUKE OF YORK, } Uncles to Henry.
DUKE OF EXETER, }
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } Brothers to Henry.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF WESTMORLAND.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }
LORD SCROOP, } Conſpirators.
SIR THOMAS GREY, }
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ORLEANS.
FLUELLIN, a Welch Captain.
RAMBURES, } French Lords.
GRANDPREE, }
The Conſtable of France.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM.
MOUNTJOY, a French Herald.
BATES and WILLIAMS, Engliſh Soldiers.

W O M E N.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
CATHARINE, her Daughter.
A LADY of the French Court.

HENRY the FIFTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE ſudden reformation of Henry Prince of Wales, upon his ſucceſſion to the crown, is a fact recorded in hiſtory; and there have been ſufficient inſtances of ſuch an exertion of latent virtue in mankind, upon record, to evince its not being a thing unnatural; though, ſad to ſay it, not enough to prevent its being reckoned in the claſs of uncommon events. Let us but lend our own aſſiſtance, and grace will ſeldom be found wanting. This extraordinary character is moſt beautifully deſcribed in the example now before us.

Canterbury *and* Ely, *diſcourſing about the King.*

Canterbury. The courſes of his youth promiſed it not—
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his *wildneſs*, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an angel came,
And whipt the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
To invelop and contain celeſtial ſpirits *.
Never came reformation in a flood,
With ſuch an heady current, ſcowering faults †;
Nor ever hydra-headed wilfulneſs ||
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this king.

* What a beautiful and poetical alluſion is here made to the circumſtance of our firſt parents being exiled from Eden!

† Alluding to Hercules turning the courſe of a river through the Augæan ſtables.

|| Shakeſpeare having hinted at one of the labours of Hercules, a ſecond immediately occurred; and I ſhould not have been ſurprized, in the exuberance of his imagery, if he had gone through the whole dozen; if it was only for an opportunity of making this reflection, that *a reformation from vice, was an harder taſk than them all put together.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Here follows a fine leſſon for ſtates and potentates to reflect ſeriouſly upon, when they are publiſhing manifeſtos, or meditating a war.

The King, and Canterbury, who was preſident of his council:

Henry. My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salic*, that they have in France,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul,
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation *
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn your perſon †,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
That make ſuch waſte in *brief mortality.*
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſhed,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

There is a juſt deſcription of the nature of government, given a good deal further in the ſame Scene.

Canterbury *and* Ely.

Ely. While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The adviſed head defends itſelf at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſic.

Both the diſtinction and the ſimile here made uſe of, are almoſt a literal tranſlation of a parallel paſſage

* *In approbation.* In ſupport of a cauſe he had pronounced to be juſt.
† Pledge your character and conſcience.

in

in Cicero; and there are ſo many other alluſions of the ſame kind, to be met with throughout our author's writings, as might lead one into an opinion of his being a tolerable claſſical ſcholar, notwithſtanding Ben Johnſon's invidious line,

"Altho' thou hadſt ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek."

But in denying him the accompliſhment of literature, he paid an higher compliment to his genius, than perhaps he meant; as this was to impute to him the greater merit of being poſſeſſed of the ſame fancy and judgment with the beſt of the Antients, without the advantages of their example or inſtruction.

The ſubject of the above ſpeech is conſidered more at large, and treated in detail, in the deduction drawn from it in the reply.

Canterbury. Therefore Heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience. For ſo work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of ſort,
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
The civil citizen kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens, at his narrow gate;
The ſad-eyed juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale,
The lazy yawning drone. I thus infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly.
As many arrows looſed ſeveral ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;

So may a thouſand actions, once a-foot,
End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne,
Without defeat.

SCENE III.

When the ambaſſadors of France come before Henry, they aſk him whether they may ſpeak their errand in expreſs words, or muſt be reſtrained to deliver the ſubſtance of it only, in more covert terms. To which he replies:

Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian king,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fettered in our priſons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

The above ſpeech is worth noting, conſidering the maxim generally. Reſentment may be excuſable in a man, but is unpardonable in a king. In this character he is to conſider himſelf but as one of the ſtates of government only; and legiſlature is diſpaſſionate. Shall a judge ſuffer himſelf to be biaſſed by private pique, when pronouncing a public ſentence? When power is made uſe of to revenge perſonal affronts, royalty ceaſes, and tyranny begins.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Chorus. O England! model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart!
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

This is a reflection which cannot too frequently be made, and ſhould be the preamble to every act or deed of Kings, Lords, and Commons. See the ſpeech and reflection which concludes King John, in this Work.

SCENE III.

If I had attended to the order of the ſubjects, without regarding that of the Scenes, I ſhould have added the following paſſage to the laſt obſervation on the former Act; and to which note I beg leave now to refer the Reader.

The

The King, on ſentencing the conſpirators, Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, ſays,

God quit you in his mercy! Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpired againſt our royal perſon;
Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
Received the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your king to ſlaughter,
His princes and his peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go, therefore, hence,
Poor miſerable wretches, to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!

SCENE V.

The King *of* France, *and the* Dauphin.

Dauphin. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
Though war and no known quarrel were in queſtion,
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintained, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France;
But let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſun morris-dance.

Such ought to be the vigilance of all ſtates.—When ſovereigns repoſe their heads ſupinely in the lap of peace, they muſt expect to be taken napping at ſome unguarded hour, or other. The beſt way of making peace is with ſword in hand, they ſay—Yes—and to preſerve it, too.

In the continuation of this Scene, the ſame ſpeaker adds another rule of prudence and ſafety to the former.

Dauphin. In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems;

So the proportions of defence are filled;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat with ſcanting.

And again; the ſame ſubject is in ſome ſort carried on, with additional reflections.

French King. You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed, friends.

Dauphin. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths *, when what they ſeemed to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my ſovereign,
Take up the Engliſh ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

SCENE VI.

In the ſpeech of the Engliſh Ambaſſador to the French King, claiming the rights of Henry, there are ſome truly alarming reflections propoſed to the conſideration of all ſtates that undertake or maintain a war in an unjuſt cauſe; and may be conſidered as a ſupplement to Henry's firſt ſpeech, in the former Act.

Exeter. He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the dead men's blood, the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans †,
For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this controverſy.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

The ſame ſubject and reflections are repeated here, before the beſieged gates of Harfleur.

Henry. How yet reſolves the governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit;
Therefore to our beſt mercy give yourſelves,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt. As I'm a ſoldier,

* *Open* or *bark.* Huntſman's phraſe.

† The Text is much improved by a tranſpoſition of the images in theſe two lines, according to a note of Doctor Johnſon's on the paſſage.

A name

A name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſhed ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range,
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmirch't complexion all fell feats
Enlinked to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious Wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain command
Upon the enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' Leviathan
To come a-ſhore. Therefore, ye men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
*Diſperſe** the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, ſpoil and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters,
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſhed to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confuſed
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of Jewry,
At Herod's bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay ye? Will ye yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroyed?

What an horrid repreſentation is here given of the too general ſtate of routed battle! A civil war excited among all the wild beaſts of the foreſt, could not afford ſo ſhocking a picture. No creature, but

* *Diſperſe*—The word in the Text is *o'er-blow*. The Commentator finds fault with the harſhneſs of the metaphor, but leaves it ſo. I have ventured on this alteration, and have put the verb into the potential mood to preſerve the metre of the line.

man, joins cruelty with fierceneſs, or adds malice to rage! None, but the *inhuman human* ſavage, Man!

The above deſcription of a victorious enemy is too true a one, if hiſtoric evidence can force reluctant credit — For war has its barbarous *rights* — or *wrongs*, rather—which neither humanity can prevent, nor diſcipline reſtrain, nor juſtice puniſh—War is its own legiſlator, and victory to itſelf a law.

"It is War's prize to take all 'vantages*."

SCENE VIII.

After the ſurrender of Harfleur, when Henry is on his march to Calais, he is met by Mountjoy, the French Herald, who delivers an inſolent defiance from the king of France, requiring to know what ranſom he will compound to pay, for leave to retire alive out of the kingdom; to which he replies,

Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not ſeek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to ſay the *ſooth* †,
Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſened, and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, Herald,
I thought upon one pair of Engliſh legs
Did march three Frenchmen—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am—
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk,
My army but a weak and ſickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mountjoy;
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf—
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hindered,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo, Mountjoy, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle, as we are,

* Henry VI. Third Part. † *Sooth*, an old Saxon word for *truth*.

Yet,

Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it—
So tell your maſter—

There is ſomething extremely fine in Henry's reply to the French gaſconading taunt above. It is uncommon to meet with ſo much careleſsneſs and courage in the ſame character—There is no ſuch deſcription in hiſtory, nor have many people, probably, ever been acquainted with it among the living manners of men; and yet the repreſentation of it appears to be ſo perfectly natural, that we muſt greatly admire the talents of a writer, who could thus realize, in effect, a mere idea.

The bravery of Henry ſcorned to deny the condition of his troops, either with regard to their health or numbers: theſe circumſtances the enemy pretended to have been acquainted with already, or were determined to make an experiment of, at leaſt; he therefore openly acknowledges the truth of his weak ſituation; and this with the ſame eaſe and humour, as he would have delivered himſelf to Falſtaff, had he been his aid-du-camp for the day.

Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army have enrounded him *;

But, at the ſame time, he moſt reſolutely declares his purpoſe of trying the event, at every hazard of life, claim, and liberty.

The contemptuous ſarcaſms he throws out, in this ſpeech, againſt the French nation, beſides ſhewing an admirable temper and compoſure of mind in ſuch difficult circumſtances, convey alſo an apt repartee to the ſcornful inſolence of the Dauphin; who, in return to Henry's demanding his right of ſucceſſion to the crown of France, ſent him a parcel of tennis-balls to play with, in alluſion to the ſlight repute of his former life and manners. Pertneſs is impertinence; but repartee has the *lex talionis*, or law of retaliation, on its ſide.

* Chorus to Act IV.

Shakeſpeare has a great reſemblance to Arioſto, whoſe ſtile had a mixture of humour, with ſublimity in it. The late ingenious Mr. Hawkins ſays of the latter, "His heroes are full of merriment in the "midſt of danger, and he ſeldom deſcribes a battle, "without a jeſt."

SCENE II.

The ſame magnanimity of character in Henry, is diſplayed throughout this Play. One of the inſtances of it we may ſee in this Scene, out of which alſo ſome other things worthy of notice may be picked up. The Reader will mark them as he peruſes.

The Engliſh camp at Agincourt.

Henry *and* Glouceſter.

Henry. Glo'ſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, ſhould our courage be.

Enter Bedford.

Good-morrow, brother Bedford—God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would man obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbours make us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the Devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham;
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head,
Were better than a churliſh turf of France.

Erpingham. Not ſo, my liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may ſay, now lie I like a king.

Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain,
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed;
And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted *ſlough* *, and freſh legerity.

* *Slough.* The ſkin of a ſnake, the caſting of which was thought formerly to renew its vigour.

Lend

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Gloucester. We shall, my liege.

Erpingham. Shall I attend your grace?

Henry. No, my good knight,
Go with my brothers to my lords of England,
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erpingham. The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

Henry. God a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st chearfully.

SCENE IV.

And again; his excellent composure of mind is manifested further, in this Scene; where he answers the challenges of the guards going their rounds, but without revealing himself. I shall here present the intire passage to the Reader, referring, as in the former instance, the several parts of it which deserve observation, to his own apprehension.

Henry going out, enter Bates and Williams, two Soldiers:

Williams. Who goes there?

Henry. A friend.

Williams. Under what Captain serve you?

Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Williams. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

Henry. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

Henry. No; nor is it meet he should; for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am—The violet smells to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the Thames up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

Henry. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the king; I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where, but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

Henry. I dare ſay you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone, however you ſpeak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented, as in the king's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Williams. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's ſubjects; if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Williams. But if the cauſe be not good, the king himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *we died at ſuch a place*; ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a ſurgeon, ſome upon their wives left poor behind them, ſome upon the debts they owe, ſome upon their children rawly left. I am afeared there are few die well, that fall in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king, that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

Henry. So, if a ſon that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action, and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon the father that ſent him; or, if a ſervant under his maſter's command, tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation. But this is not ſo—The king is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their deaths, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no king, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrament of ſwords, can try it with all unſpotted ſoldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment, *though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God.* War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that herein men are puniſhed, for before-breach of the king's law, in the king's quarrel

NOW—

now—Where they feared death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier, in the wars, do as every sick man, in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience; and, dying so, death is to him an advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and to him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Williams. 'Tis certain that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

In the continuation of this Scene, Williams quarrels with the king, still unknown, and they exchange gages with each other, to fight on their next interview. Henry does all this in sport; and I should not have brought it forward to the Reader's view, but that this particular is alluded to, just now, in the Sixteenth Scene of this Act.

SCENE V.

The following beautiful speech is replete with fine reflection, rich language, and poetical imagery. It immediately follows the above dialogue, when the soldiers quit the Scene, and is a meditation naturally arising from the argument there discussed.

Henry *solus.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king; he must bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel, but his own wringing!
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! And what have kings,
That private have not too, save ceremony?
Save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?

O ceremony,

O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth;
What is thy ſoul, O adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſoned flattery? O, be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou the fiery fever will go out,
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That playeſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed * title running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp,
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave,
Who with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, crammed with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe and help Hyperion † to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave.
And, *but for ceremony*, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

What is, indeed, the ſuperior ſtate of kings, but greater pomp, anxiety, and danger!

* *Farſed* ſignifies *puffed* or *tumid*. † The morning ſtar.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Henry makes a good prayer here, juſt before the engagement; in the firſt part of which is expreſſed a proper theological ſenſe, in the referring all events to the diſpoſition of Providence; but in the latter end of it, the Popiſh doctrine of *Commutation*, the making atonement for miſdeeds by pious acts, without performing the juſtice of *Retribution*, is fully ſet forth.

Henry. O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers hearts;
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſenſe of reckoning, leſt the oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them—Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have beſtowed more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for Richard's ſoul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

SCENE VII.

The briſk, preſumptuous, and gaſconading ſpirit of the French nation, is well expoſed in the following Scene, laid in their camp, juſt before the action.

The Dauphin, Duke *of* Orleans, Rambures, *&c.*

Orleans. The ſun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dauphin. *Montez cheval*—My horſe, valet, lacquey, ha!

Orleans. O brave ſpirit!

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my lord Conſtable?

Conſtable. Hark, how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh!

Dauphin.

Dauphin. Mount them, and make inciſion in their ſides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage. Ha!

Rambures. What, will you have them weep our horſes' blood?
How ſhall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. The Engliſh are embattled, you French peers.

Conſtable. To horſe! ye gallant princes, ſtraight to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,
Leaving them but the ſhales * and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain,
That our French gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys and our peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding † foe;
Though we upon this mountain's baſis by,
Took ſtand for idle contemplation;
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little, little, let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpet ſound
The *tucket-ſonance*, and the note to mount;
For our approach ſhall ſo much *dare the field*,
That England ſhall *couch down* in fear, and yield ‖.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do ye ſtay ſo long, my lords of France?
Yon iſland carrions, deſperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field;
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big Mars ſeems bankrupt in their beggared hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty bever peeps;
The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hands; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;

* *Shale*, corrupt Engliſh for *ſhell*.
† *Hilding*, *mean*, or *contemptible*.
‖ The words marked in Italics, in theſe three laſt lines, are borrowed from the ſporting phraſe, particularly falconry, to expreſs a ſcorn of the Engliſh forces.

And

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal-bit †
Lies foul with chewed graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors, the knaviſh crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews itſelf.

Conſtable. They've ſaid their prayers, and they wait for death.

Dauphin. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting horſes provender,
And after fight them?

Grandpree's deſcription, given here, of a fatigued, diſpirited, and weather-beaten hoſt is moſt maſterly drawn, in the true picturesque ſtile, in the above paſſage; and if the French had fought, on that memorable day, but as well as Shakeſpeare has made them ſpeak upon the occaſion, England might not, perhaps, have numbered France among the titles of its crown.

SCENE VIII.

The gallant ſpirit of a ſoldier is nobly ſet forth in this ſcene, which, were it founded merely in the imagination of the poet, would not be ſo material to be remarked upon; but being grounded on hiſtoric fact, ought to be taken notice of for the honour of our Engliſh heroe.

Henry *and* Weſtmorland.

Weſtmorland. O that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That do no work to-day *!

King. What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin Weſtmorland? No, my fair couſin,
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coſt;

† A curb bridle.

* The battle of Agincourt was fought on St. Criſpian's day, a great feſtival then obſerved in England.

It

It yerns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my lord, wish not a man from England—
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more;
Rather proclaim it, Westmorland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian—
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages ‡,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster *,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks,
That fought with us upon saint Crispian's day.

The latter part of this speech, though somewhat too declamatory, contains many of those reflections

‡ With *advantages*. Magnifying their own prowess.

* Shakespeare seems to have made the king purposely leave the name of Westmorland out of this illustrious roll, from a pique at his having wished for additional forces, or more probably to preserve the chastity of historic enumeration; as he had not distinguished himself in the action.

and

and conſiderations, which uſed, *formerly*, to inſpire our troops with courage, while that virtuous and noble ſpirit was yet retained among our brave anceſtors, which led them to reſpect what their country or poſterity might think or ſay of them.

SCENE IX.

The tenor of Henry's character is ſtill finely preſerved, in the following paſſage; which, as his cauſe was juſt, and that his magnanimity and reſolution ſo happily bore him through the infinite odds of oppoſition, deſerves well to be obſerved upon.

When the two armies are juſt on the point of joining battle, the French Herald comes again to the Engliſh camp, repeating the ſame challenge as before from the Conſtable, requiring to know what terms the king would propoſe for his ranſom; as ſuppoſing him already a captive.

Henry. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them achieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the lion's ſkin,
While the beaſt lived, was killed with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which I truſt,
Shall witneſs live, in braſs, of this day's work. . . .
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day *;
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all beſmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather † in our hoſt—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly;
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall, my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levyed—Herald, ſave thy labour;

* We have no holiday change of apparel to put on. *We are men about our buſineſs.*
† A ſoldier's plume.

Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle Herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little—Tell the Conſtable.

SCENE XII.

Here follows a noble example of bravery, friendſhip, loyalty, and compoſure of mind—in fine, of every manly excellence and virtue, moſt beautifully deſcribed in the recital of one ſhort and ſingle action on the field of battle.

Henry *and* Exeter.

Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all's not done, the French yet keep the field.

Exeter. The Duke of York commends him to your majeſty.

Henry. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down, thrice up again, and fighting,
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.

Exeter. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble earl of Suffolk alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt died, and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteeped,
And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, "Tarry, my couſin Suffolk,
"My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heaven—
"Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
"As in this glorious and well-foughten field
"We kept together in our chivalry."
Upon theſe words, I came and cheered him up;
He ſmiled me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſays, "Dear my lord,
"Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſſed his lips,
And ſo eſpouſed to death, with blood he ſealed
A teſtament of noble ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it, forced
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopped;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

Henry.

Henry. I blame you not;
For hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too— [*An Alarm.*
But hark, what new alarum is this ſame?

The Poet has moſt judiciouſly interrupted Henry's ſpeech, in this critical place. It would have been expected from him to have ſaid ſomething more, upon ſo intereſting an occaſion; and yet it would have been impoſſible to have carried either ſentiment or expreſſion higher than Exeter had juſt done, on the ſame ſubject. Shakeſpeare has herein imitated the addreſs of Timanthes, who, in his picture of the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, covers her father's head with a veil.

SCENE XIV.

Henry. I was not angry, ſince I came to France,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, Herald;
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight;
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings.

The firſt ſentence in the above ſpeech, is one among the many inſtances in which Shakeſpeare has manifeſted his thorough knowledge in human nature. Henry acts with an heroic reſolution during the whole of this perilous conflict, and replies with a daring and careleſs ſpirit to all the inſolence and contempt of a powerful enemy; but he expreſſes no rage, nor betrays the leaſt manner of reſentment, throughout. The dangers and difficulties of his ſituation required the utmoſt command and preſervation of his temper. Diſtreſs and affliction are ſovereign ſpecifics for the pride and fierceneſs of man's nature. But theſe reſtraints being now removed, by his victory, he begins to yield the rein a little to paſſion, upon ſeeing the obſtinacy of the enemy ſtill continuing after their defeat.

SCENE XVI.

Here the paſſage hinted above, from the latter part of the Fourth Scene in this Act, comes to be cleared up, when the ſoldier finds that the unknown perſon he had engaged to fight with was his king. Upon this occaſion he makes an apology for himſelf, which may have its uſe in being extended to a general reflection, applicable to all the ſuperior ranks of life; That thoſe who demean themſelves below their character or dignity, can have no right to challenge that reſpect from the world, which they might otherwiſe be intitled to.

Henry *and the* Soldier.

Henry. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Soldier. All offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your majeſty.

Henry. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Soldier. Your majeſty came not like yourſelf; you appeared to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs ſuffered under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your highneſs, pardon me.

SCENE XVII.

Henry preſerves the ſame ſpirit of piety after his victory, as he had expreſſed juſt before the action, in Scene the Sixth of this Act; in imputing his ſucceſs to the arm and protection of Omnipotence alone.

Henry, Exeter, *and* Fluellin.

Henry. O God! thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and even play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great, and little loſs,
On one part, and on t'other? Take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exeter. 'Tis wonderful!

Henry. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Fluellin.

Fluellin. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your majeſty, to tell how many are killed?

Henry. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

ACT V. SCENE III.

In this Scene, a congreſs is held between the Engliſh and French, which is opened by the duke of Burgundy with a declamatory repreſentation of a country during a ſtate of war, which moves me more even than the deſcription of a battle would do. The barbarous ſcene here ſet forth, is more general and permanent.—The latter paſſage, which mentions the condition of uneducated youth, is by much the moſt affecting part of the picture. The former damage, by labour, money, and a good harveſt, may be repaired, but neither induſtry, mines, nor leſs than an age, can retrieve the other loſs.

Burgundy. Since then my office hath ſo far prevailed,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from France too long been chaſed;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleached,
Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſordered twigs; her fallow leas*,
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery;
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs.

* *Leas*, incloſed grounds.

Even ſo our houſes, and ourſelves, our children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages, as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, diffuſed * attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.

* * *

When a council is ſelected to retire apart, and confer upon the preliminaries of peace, the queen of France, who is preſent at the treaty, is aſked by Henry, whether ſhe chuſes to go with the plenipotentiaries, or would ſtay where ſhe is?

Iſabel. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles too nicely urged be ſtood on.

What Iſabel ſays upon this occaſion is very true. Men may be ſometimes too ſturdy with one another, even in matters of mere punctilio, or of trifling concern; each too proud or obſtinate to recede; when the interpoſition of a woman may remove the difficulty, or compoſe the ferment, without either of the parties appearing to give up to the other.

The interfering of a woman, in diſputes between men, is ſeldom an indifferent matter. It generally renders them either more gentle, or more refractory.

SCENE IV.

Shakeſpeare appears to be ſo fond of the perſonage of Henry, that though he has already raiſed him to the higheſt pitch in our admiration and eſteem, he continues to recommend him to us ſtill further, by introducing him in a new character and ſituation, that of a lover and a courtier. He did the ſame for Falſtaff before, in the Merry Wives of Windſor, at the requeſt of Queen Elizabeth; but here he enters a volunteer in the ſervice. Had any other writer ventured on ſuch an attempt, he would have rendered him a quite different man from himſelf,

* *Diſſuſed* for *ſlovenly.*

ſelf, as Racine has *miſrepreſented* Achilles; but Henry continues to be the ſame perſon ſtill, only appearing in new circumſtances; the ſame humour, playful ſpirit, and careleſs eaſe, remain in his courtſhip, as may be ſeen in his rallying of Falſtaff, replying to Mountjoy, or exchanging gages with the ſoldier.

It is neceſſary to tranſcribe the intire dialogue between him and his miſtreſs, to ſupport my obſervation, as well as for the entertainment of my Reader.

Henry, Catharine, *and a* French Lady.

Henry. Fair Catharine, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Catharine. Your majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your England.

Henry. O, fair Catharine, if you will love me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your Engliſh tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Catharine. Pardonnez moy. I cannot tell what is *like me.*

Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Catharine. Que dit il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les anges?

Lady. Oui, vraiment, ſauve votre grace, ainſi dit il.

Henry, I ſaid ſo, dear Catharine, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Catharine. O, bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.

Henry. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceit?

Lady. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits. Dat is de princeſs.

Henry. The princeſs is the better Engliſh woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better Engliſh; for, if thou could'ſt, thou would find'ſt me ſuch a plain king, that thou would'ſt think I had ſold my farm, to buy a crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, *I love you*; then, if you urge further than to ſay, *do you, in faith?* I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith do; and ſo clap hands, and a bargain. How ſay you, lady?

Catharine. Sauf votre honneur, me underſtand well.

Henry. Marry, if you put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one I have neither words, nor meaſure; and for the other, I have as little addreſs. If I could

win a lady at leap-frog, or by *volting* * into my ſaddle, with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into matrimony. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-a-napes †, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe, till urged, and never break, for urging ‡. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe face is not worth ſunburning, that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liveſt, Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined § conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for thoſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themſelves into ladies favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again ‖. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take me; take a ſoldier; take a king. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Catharine. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of France?

Henry. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Catharine. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am ſure will hang upon my tongue, like a bride about her huſband's neck,

* *Volting*, for *vaulting*. I have taken the liberty of ſpelling the word ſo, to diſtinguiſh it from the builder's term, according to an obſervation I have made on it, in another place. *To volt* comes from *volitare*, *to fly*; and it is not pedantry to ſtick cloſely to an etymology, when a deviation from it confounds the ſenſe. See Series of Letters, vol. vi. page 45.

† A monkey.

‡ This paſſage was ſo clear to all the Commentators, I ſuppoſe, that they have not given us any note upon it; but I think it needs explanation. The ſenſe of it I take to be this: I never ſwear, except when urged by paſſion; but the oath once taken, I never urge the raſhneſs of it as an excuſe for its breach.

§ By this epithet, the poet means to compare ſincerity to *bullion-gold*, before it is alloyed for *coinage*. The editors differ about the word, but Shakeſpeare explains it in this ſenſe, before he finiſhes the ſentence---*becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places*---or gold is not ſo current as when turned into *ſpecie*.

‖ *Reaſon themſelves out again.* The finding ſucceſs ſo eaſy, tempts them to purſue more conqueſts, forſaking their former.

hardly

hardly to be ſhook off—*Quand j'ay le* poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous avez le poſſeſſion de moi*—Let me ſee—What then? St. Dennis be my ſpeed!—*Donc votre eſt France, & vous etes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more French. I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Catharine. Sauf votre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

Henry. No, faith, it's not, Kate; but thy ſpeaking of my tongue, and I thine, moſt truly falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, doſt thou underſtand ſo much Engliſh? Canſt thou love me?

Catharine. I cannot tell.

Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll aſk them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you like beſt; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, Kate, as I have ſaving faith within me tells me thou ſhalt, I get thee with *ſcambling* †, and thou muſt, therefore, needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder—Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy half French, half Engliſh, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What ſay'ſt thou, my fair *Flower-de-Luce.*

Catharine. I do not know dat.

Henry. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe. Do but now promiſe, Kate, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and, for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How anſwer you, le *plus belle Catharine du monde*, mon *tres chere & divine deeſſe?*

Catharine. Your majeſtee ave fauſe French enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel ‡ dat is *en France.*

Henry. Now, fy upon my falſe French; by mine honour, in true Engliſh, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempting effect of my viſage. Now, beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them; but in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall

* *Le*, for *la.* Henry is made to ſpeak falſe French, throughout, to humour Kate's falſe Engliſh.

† *Scambling*, riotouſly—Alluding to the war which was the prelude to his courtſhip.

‡ I have ſpelt the word as I found it in the Text.

appear.

appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore, tell me, moſt fair Catharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart, with the looks of an empreſs; take me by the hand, and ſay, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt king, thou ſhalt find the beſt king of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſic; for thy voice is muſic, and thy Engliſh broken—Therefore, queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, wilt thou have me?

Catharine. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

Henry. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate—It ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

Catharine. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

Henry. Upon that I kiſs your hand, and call you my queen.

Catharine. *Laiſſez, mon Seigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez—Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaiſſiez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main de voſtre indigne ſeruiteure**; excuſez moy, *je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant Seigneur.*

Henry. Then I will kiſs your lips, Kate.

Catharine. *Les dames & demoiſelles ne ſont pas etre baiſées devant leur nopçes—Il n'eſt pas la coûtume de France.*

Henry. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhon *pour les* ladies of *France*—I cannot tell what is *baiſer, en Engliſh.*

Henry. To kiſs, *Mademoiſelle.*

Lady. Your majeſty *entendre* better *que moy.*

Henry. 'Tis not a faſhion for the maids of France to kiſs, before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement.*

Henry. O, Kate, nice cuſtoms curtſie to great folks. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion—We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty † that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country, in denying me a kiſs—Therefore—patiently, and yielding—[*Kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in all the tongues of

* There is no ſuch modern French word, in the feminine gender.

† The privileges, or authority of ſuperior rank.

the

the French council; and they would ſooner perſwade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

In the laſt paſſage of the foregoing dialogue, Henry affords a good ſubject for reflection, where he ſpeaks of the powerful influence of kings over the manners of a people. The maxim appears to be plauſible, but is not true, in every reſpect. *Rank and example* alone, will not be ſufficient for this effect, unſupported by *dignity and precept*. It is not enough for a prince to act well himſelf, and intend well to morals—He muſt form a purpoſe for their ſupport, and be active in his general, as well as private, capacity. A ſovereign, indeed, has it in his power, whenever it is in his will, moſt effectually to encourage virtue, and diſcourage vice, if he chuſes to make this object the rule of his polity. This would be the ſureſt and ſafeſt method of rendering himſelf abſolute; for as poor Cardinal Wolſey ſays—upon a maxim too late diſcovered—

"Corruption wins not more than honeſty."

Religion itſelf has judged it neceſſary to hold out diſtant rewards and puniſhments, to allure and deter mankind, and kings can only have a right to be ſtiled the vice-gerents of Heaven, when they render theſe ſanctions more immediate. A king is ſaid to have long hands; but they are of no uſe except to wrap himſelf up, *while he keeps them folded*.

Lewis the Fourteenth happily brought ſuch a *golden age* to bear, toward the latter part of his illuſtrious reign, if we may give credit to what St. Evremond ſays, in a letter of his to Ninon de l'Enclos.

"You live in a country where people have extraordinary advantages towards ſaving their ſouls. "There, vice is almoſt as much againſt the faſhion, "as againſt virtue. Sinning paſſes for ill-breeding; "ſhocks decency, and offends good manners, as "much as religion. Formerly, it ſufficed to be "wicked;

" wicked; but, at preſent, one muſt be a ſcoundrel, " to be damned, in France. They who have not " regard enough for another life, are led to ſalva- " tion by the conſideration and duties of this."

In order to leave the impreſſion of this moſt intereſting and moral reflection more ſtrongly on the minds of the great, the powerful, and the opulent, I ſhall here conclude my obſervations on this Piece, ſo fruitful of example and document, throughout.

HENRY the SIXTH.

FIRST PART.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector, and Uncle to the King.
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Cardinal, and Great Uncle to the King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards Duke of York.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF ALANSON, A French Peer.
MORTIMER, Earl of March.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT.

WOMEN.

None are brought upon the Scene, throughout the few remarks I have had any opportunity of making on this Play.

HENRY the SIXTH.

FIRST PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WINCHESTER, ſpeaking of the death of Henry the Fifth:

> He was a king, bleſt of the King of Kings.
> Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
> So dreadful will not be, as was his ſight;
> The battles of the Lord of Hoſts he fought—
> The Church's prayers made him ſo proſperous.

We may remember in the former Play, that Henry the Fifth, like a true Chriſtian heroe, imputes all his ſucceſſes immediately to Heaven; but the good Biſhop, I am ſorry to ſay it, like a true prieſt, *of thoſe days*, here interpoſes between them, and attributes his proſperity ſolely to the mediation of the Church.

SCENE V.

There is a good deſcription given of the common Engliſh, in the following ſpeech:

> *Alanſon.* They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves;
> Either they muſt be dieted, like mules,
> And have their provender tied to their mouths,
> Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

A true phyſical knowledge is here expreſſed. A great part of perſonal courage depends upon the animal ſpirits; and to keep men ſtout, you muſt keep them ſtrong. If philoſophy ſhould be ſo difficult as to deny that good feeding can render a ſoldiery more brave, it muſt admit, however, that it will render it more ſerviceable, at leaſt; which is all that we mean to contend for here.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE V.

The partiality which we are all apt to manifeſt towards our own intereſts, is well noted in this place. This principle is ſo powerful in human nature, that it not only engages our affections, but warps our judgments alſo; ſo that it often impoſes on our reaſon, and frequently makes us continue obſtinate, more from error than ſelfiſhneſs. Our opinions differ, even in matters of no concernment to us; and how much leſs is it to be expected, that we ſhould be of accord, when we are become a party in the queſtion ourſelves?

Somerſet and Plantagenet being engaged in a warm diſpute, appeal to the umpirage of a third indifferent perſon, with all the ſeeming candor imaginable.

Somerſet. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then; between us.

Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment;
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.

Plantagenet. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears ſo naked, on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Somerſet. *And on my ſide, it is ſo well apparelled,*
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

SCENE VI.

There is ſomething extremely moving, in the firſt part of this Scene, which ſhews a priſon from whence old Earl Mortimer is brought forth in a chair, before the gates, attended by his gaolers. He had been unfortunately declared heir to the Crown, by Richard the Second, and was therefore kept a priſoner

priſoner of State, during the reigns of Henrys the Fourth and Fifth, and continued ſtill in confinement, under the preſent king alſo.

We are naturally more affected at the diſtreſſes of age, infancy, or women, than with what we ſee ſuffered by the adult or robuſt unfortunate. Our compaſſion riſes in proportion to the weakneſs of the victim, as we become ſenſible of the inability of reſiſtance, along with the weight of the oppreſſion.

The earneſt deſire which the unhappy old man expreſſes here, for the relief of death, is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances; and can by no means be deemed reprehenſible, in ſuch a ſituation, when the completion of the wiſh is not forwarded by any act of violence or impatience in the ſufferer.

Mortimer. *Kind keepers* of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here reſt himſelf—
Even like a wretch new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment;
And theſe grey locks, the *purſuivants of death*,
Neſtor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of hapleſs Mortimer.
Theſe eyes, like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent *.
Weak ſhoulders over-born with burdening grief,
And pithleſs arms like to a withered vine,
That drops his ſapleſs branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe feet, whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
Unable to ſupport this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave;
As witting I no other comfort have.

The firſt expreſſion above, of *kind keepers*, is moſt tenderly affecting—A noble and a gallant mind is here repreſented as being ſo ſubdued by the hardneſs of its condition, as to be reduced to the mortifying neceſſity of ſoothing and temporizing with the vile miniſters of cruelty and oppreſſion! A ſad object this, indeed!

* *Exigent—End.* We meet with the word no where, in this ſenſe, but here.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Here is given a deſcription of the qualifications which had intitled the firſt Knights of the Garter to that honourable mark of diſtinction, upon the original inſtitution of the Order; a reſpect to which has been ever ſince ſo *minutely* attended to, that *the ſame dreſſes, badges, and vows of chivalry*, have been ſtill preſerved free from all violation. The character likewiſe, we are ſurely to ſuppoſe, has been as critically regarded.

Talbot, to the King and Princes, upon an arraignment of *Sir John Faſtolfe* *, Knight of the Garter, for cowardice:

When firſt this Order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage;
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.
He then that is not furniſhed in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt honourable Order;
And ſhould, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain,
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.

ACT V. SCENE II.

The following reflection has too often been made, both before and ſince the æra here pointed out. It is ſhocking to humanity, as well as to religion, to think that there ſhould ever have been, and ſhould ſtill continue, ſuch frequent occaſions to repeat it.

King. I always thought,
It was both impious, and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one faith.

In the ſame Scene, when the king is urged to think of marrying, he very properly objects to the

* This is not our quondam merry Knight, though the near reſemblance of the names, and puſillanimity of the characters, might poſſibly render the perſon equivocal to the reader.

propoſal,

propoſal; both on account of his youth, and the neceſſity of applying his mind to the ſtudies becoming his rank and ſituation.

King. Marriage? Alas! my years are yet too young;
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Such conſiderations, it ſeems, were regarded in thoſe days, and in the time of our Author likewiſe, or he would not have commented on the ſubject. Are we grown wiſer?

SCENE VIII.

This ſame topic of matrimony is fully diſcuſſed, and in a more general and liberal manner, in the preſent Scene, upon Exeter's objecting to the match propoſed, on account of the Princeſs mentioned not being ſufficiently endowed with fortune.

Suffolk. A dower, my lords! Diſgrace not ſo your king,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And need not ſeek a queen to make him rich.
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorney-ſhip.
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferred;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.

Theſe arguments are certainly concluſive, in private life; and if *reaſons of ſtate* may be allowed to ſtand againſt them, in the ſupremeſt rank, I ſhall only conclude my remarks on this Piece, with a line of an old ſong, in favour of our natural and chartered liberties,

"If ſo happy's *a miller*, then who'd be *a king!*"

HENRY the SIXTH.

SECOND PART.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

HENRY the Sixth.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Biſhop of Winchester, Great Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.

WOMEN.

None appear in any of the Scenes here noted.

HENRY the SIXTH.

SECOND PART.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE King and Glouceſter returned from hawking:

King. But what a point, my lord, your faulcon made,
And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt—
To ſee how God in all his creatures works!
Yea man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Here the king has made a philoſophic reflection on the aſpiring but commendable nature of man; which is improved with a religious ſenſe in the reply:

Glouceſter. My lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can ſoar *.

SCENE III.

When a charge has been exhibited againſt the ducheſs of Glouceſter, for treaſon and ſorcery, the Cardinal, a declared enemy to the duke her huſband, takes occaſion to inſult him upon this misfortune; to which he thus anſwers:

Glouceſter. Ambitious churchman! leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſhed all my powers;
And, vanquiſhed as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt groom.

* This paſſage ſeems to be an imitation of a Latin ſentence I have ſomewhere met with, and venture to quote from memory only—*Spes aquilas ſuperevolat*; Hope ſoars beyond an eagle's flight.

I do not mean to adduce this inſtance, in order to ſupport an opinion of Shakeſpeare's learning; but merely to ſhew that good wits may ſometimes *fly*, as well as *jump* together. The ſevereſt critic may ſurely pardon a play on words, in a comment upon ſo ſportive an author. It would be an invidious reflection on our poet's fame, to ſuppoſe him to have been a ſcholar. A genius *lends* thoughts, a ſcholar but *borrows* them.

The above is one of Shakeſpeare's juſt delineations of human nature. That ſpirit which could not be ſubdued by any perſonal difficulty or danger, becomes ſuddenly abated, on the mortification ariſing from the ſhame and vice of one ſo nearly and dearly allied to him.

I have been much obliged, throughout this Work, to the Commentators, for not having noted many ſuch paſſages as this. They have rarely touched upon our Author's anatomy of human nature, contenting themſelves, like ſculptors, or painters, with only marking its outward form, its colours and proportions; the veins, arteries, and finer capillaries of the inward man, remaining often undiſſected.

SCENE VII.

Here the good duke, upon the occaſion of his wife's ignominy and penance, makes a reflection on the general nature of human life, which he illuſtrates with an apt alluſion:

Glouceſter. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a cloud;
And after ſummer evermore ſucceeds
The barren winter, with his nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as ſeaſons fleet.

Juſt after this, he ſpeaks of the unhappy woman with a moving tenderneſs; and concludes his ſpeech with a deſcription frequently given by Shakeſpeare, of the baſe nature of the whiffling multitude:

Unneath * may ſhe endure the flinty ſtreets,
To tread them with her tender feeling feet—
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks ſtill laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

The following paſſage needs no comment.

King. What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel juſt;

* *Unneath*, hardly, or ſcarcely; a Saxon or Norman adverb.

And

And he but naked, though locked up in ſteel,
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

SCENE X.

This whole ſcene is ſo juſtly commended by all the critics, that I ſhall give it to the Reader intire.

The King, Saliſbury, and Warwick, ſtanding by the Cardinal, on his ſick-bed.

King. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy ſovereign.

Cardinal, raving.

If thou beeſt Death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!

Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.

Cardinal. Bring me unto my trial, when you will.
Died he not in his bed*? Where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confeſs—
Alive again? Then ſhew me where he is;
I'll give a thouſand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the deſt hath blinded them—
Comb down his hair—look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul—
Give me ſome drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.

King. O thou Eternal Mover of the Heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O beat away the buſy meddling fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege upon this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair!

Warwick. See how the pangs of death do make him writhe!

Saliſbury. Diſturb him not—let him paſs peaceably.

King. Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!—
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on Heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope—
He dies, and makes no ſign!—O God, forgive him.

Warwick. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe,
And let us all to meditation.

* Raving of Humphrey, whom he had cauſed to be murdered.

The

The above ſcene cloſes, very properly, with a truly Chriſtian ſentiment, by the King, who is, all through, repreſented by Shakeſpeare as a religious, moral, domeſtic, eaſy-tempered man;

Famed for mildneſs, peace, and prayer *:

Juſt ſuch a prince, whoſe very goodneſs, for want of ſenſe and ſpirit, muſt ever render the dupe of Miniſters, and the ſport of Faction.

No document, no example, are ſo effectual a warning to the mind, as the view of a wicked perſon in his laſt moments. This ſpeaks to the heart, as well as to the underſtanding. We then ſee things and actions in their true light, which the falſe glare of gain or pleaſure, or the involved and complicated nature of ſin, are but too apt to hide from our notice. Vice would diſguſt even thoſe that practiſe it, if they did not uſe arts to conceal the vileneſs of it from their own view. We drink liquors out of a cup, which are too foul to bear a glaſs.

He who has betrayed a friend, deceived a miſtreſs, wronged the orphan, or oppreſſed the poor, muſt ſurely never have ſeen a penitent on his death-bed! What deſperate madneſs, then, muſt it be, ever to do a deed, for any advantage in life, which after ſo ſhort—*ſo very ſhort*—a ſpace of time, we would give a galaxy of worlds to have undone again!

This is the only way of rendering dramatic deaths profitable to the ſpectators. All the pantomime contortions, writhings, and flouncings, of modern repreſentations, cannot poſſibly produce ſuch an effect on the audience, as this ſingle expreſſion, *He dies, and makes no ſign.*

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

King. Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,

* Third Part.

But

But I was made a king at nine months old.
Yet never ſubject longed to be a king,
As I do long and wiſh to be a ſubject.

Shakeſpeare lays hold of every occaſion that fairly preſents itſelf, to put his readers out of conceit with greatneſs. And, in truth, the ſtate of kings in general, even the happieſt of them, who are undoubtedly *thoſe whoſe power is limited*, is not much to be envied. Their public care, if they rule alone, or their private hazard, if they depute the helm, muſt deny them eaſe, the only foundation for earthly happineſs or enjoyment to reſt upon. Kings may, in ſome ſort, be compared to Popiſh idols, which are worſhipped and led about in pageant proceſſion, for the purpoſe of procuring ſome partial wiſh of the people; which if not obtained, however unreaſonable the petition, they are then ſcourged, and laid by in diſgrace.

HENRY THE SIXTH.

THIRD PART.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

HENRY THE SIXTH.
EARL OF RICHMOND, a Youth, afterwards Henry the Seventh.
LORD RIVERS, Brother to the Lady Gray, Wife to Edward Duke of York, afterwards Edward the Fourth.
LORD CLIFFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.

WOMEN.

MARGARET OF ANJOU, Queen to Henry the Sixth.
LADY GRAY, Wife to Edward Duke of York, afterwards Queen.

HENRY the SIXTH.

THIRD PART.

MR. Theobald ſuſpects the three parts of this Drama to be ſpurious, on account of ſome obſolete expreſſions in them, *alder-lieveſt*, *unneath*, *mailed*, *me-ſeemeth*, *darraign*, *exigent*, *a-brook*, &c. *; and Doctor Warburton is of the ſame opinion, from the want of ſpirit and effect in the compoſition. If I was to offer an objection to the authenticity of theſe Pieces, it ſhould be rather from their barrenneſs of ſentiment, or reflection; though I think there is enough of the ſtile and manner of Shakeſpeare, in them all, to evince them to be his.

ACT II. SCENE III.

There is a natural inſtinct, even ſtronger than that of ſelf-preſervation, implanted in all the brute creation for the ſafety of their young - The ſimpleſt animals manifeſt an art, and the moſt puſillanimous ſhew a courage, in the defence of their progeny; but this, only till they become capable of taking care of themſelves. Account for this Providence, upon the principle of uninſpired *mechaniſm*, if ye can, ye *unphiloſophic* Sophiſters!

Clifford. *Unreaſonable* † creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

* Mr. Theobald does not enumerate the words, but I have taken this taſk upon me, in order to give the fulleſt force to his criticiſm. The Antients have left us an humane maxim, *that we ſhould never ſpeak ill of the dead.* I think we ſhould carry this moral even further, *by doing them every juſtice in our power.* What has particularly induced me to make this remark, is, that Doctor Johnſon ſays he can obſerve but two expreſſions of the old phraſeology, throughout theſe three Plays. I do not mean to make any compariſon between the ſenſe, knowledge, or literature of theſe two critics; but Dr. Johnſon is alive, to anſwer for himſelf, and poor Theobald muſt now ſpeak by another's tongue.

† *Irrational.*

Yet,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them, even with thoſe wings
Which ſometimes they have uſed with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climbs unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

SCENE VI.

The eaſe and ſecurity of the ſubject is finely contraſted with the anxiety and danger of the Prince, in one of our Author's oft-repeated reflections upon this ſubject, in a ſoliloquy made by the King reclining on a hillock, during the warfare between the houſes of York and Lancaſter.

Would I were dead, if God's good will were ſo!
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happier life,
To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point;
Thereby to mark the minutes as they run,
How many make the hour * full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours muſt I tend my flock,
So many hours muſt I take my reſt,
So many hours muſt I contemplate,
So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
So many months ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
Paſt over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how ſweet, how lovely!
Gives not the haw-thorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth—a thouſand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,

* Throughout this ſpeech, and many other places, our Author uſes *hour* as a word of two ſyllables.

All

All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched on a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſons wait on him.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Upon the occaſion of Queen Margaret and Warwick's going to France; one to ſolicit the aid of Lewis for Lancaſter, and the other for York, poor Henry makes a very natural reflection, foreboding how the ballance will probably incline, where intereſt holds the ſcales between two ſupplicants, whereof one has only ſomething *to aſk*, and the other ſomething *to proffer*.

King. My queen and ſon are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone to crave the French king's ſiſter
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and ſon! your labour is but loſt;
For Warwick is a ſubtle orator,
And Lewis a prince ſoon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For ſhe's a woman to be pitied much;
Her ſighs will make a battery in his breaſt,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart,
The tyger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn,
And Nero would be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints, her briniſh tears.
Ay, but ſhe's come to beg—Warwick to give;
She, on his left ſide, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, aſking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and ſays, her Henry is depoſed;
He ſmiles, and ſays, his Edward is inſtalled;
That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more,
While Warwick tells his title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And, in concluſion, wins the king from her,
With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou, poor ſoul,
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.

In the ſame Scene, this unhappy Prince, who appears, throughout, to be more fit for a ſubject, than

a king, and yet not the leſs fit to be the latter, *for this very reaſon*, replies with philoſophy and virtue to the perſon who is going to take him priſoner, and who aſks him,

But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian ſtones;
Not to be ſeen; my crown is called *Content*—
A crown it is that ſeldom kings enjoy.

In the laſt line we may ſee that Shakeſpeare takes one of his many occaſions to humble ambition, and depreciate greatneſs. He is eternally acting the part of the ſlave placed behind the triumphal car; not, indeed, to ſhew his own envy, but to abate another's pride.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The true policy of England, with regard to all foreign ſtates, is given here, in a very few words; with a particular hint of miniſterial prudence, reſpecting all leagues or treaties with France.

Haſtings. 'Tis better *uſing* France, than *truſting* her.
Let us be backed with God, and with the ſeas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourſelves—
In them, and in ourſelves, our ſafety lies.

SCENE V.

After the obſervation above made, in the Third Scene, Act II. upon the fond inſtinct of all irrational animals for the preſervation of their brood, it would be unjuſt, as well as unphiloſophic too, not to pay a like compliment to our own ſpecies, by quoting a paſſage in this Scene, where the wife of Edward the Fourth marks the ſame kind of tenderneſs and attention, in a becoming manner, upon hearing that her huſband has been made priſoner by Warwick.

Rivers. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief,
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.

Queen.

Queen. 'Till then fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb.
This is't that makes me bridle in my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs.
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to England's crown.

SCENE VII.

Here Shakeſpeare takes an occaſion, by the means of an *ex poſt facto* prophecy, to pay a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, reſembling the *Tu Marcellus eris* of Virgil to Livia.

The King, *to* Richmond, *laying his hand on his head.*

Come hither, England's hope—If ſecret powers
Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.
His looks are full of majeſty,
His head by nature formed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.

This Earl of Richmond was afterwards Henry the Seventh, and united the two houſes of York and Lancaſter in his own perſon. He was grandfather to Queen Elizabeth.

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

I ſhall here conclude my remarks on this Play, with a truth which is not the leſs worth attending to for being ſpoken by a villain; as this character might have but the better enabled him to aſcertain the fact.

Glouceſter. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind—
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.

RICHARD THE THIRD

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

RICHARD, Duke of Glouceſter, afterwards Richard the Third.
EARL OF RICHMOND, afterwards Henry the Seventh.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, } Sons to Edward the
RICHARD, Duke of York, } Fourth.
MARQUIS OF DORSET, Son to the Queen of Edward the Fourth, by her former Huſband.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD HASTINGS.
BISHOP OF ELY.
BRACKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

W O M E N.

QUEEN of Edward the Fourth.
LADY ANNE, Widow of the Prince of Wales, Son to Henry the Sixth.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to Richard the Third.
COUNTESS OF RICHMOND, Mother to the Earl of Richmond, and Wife to Lord Stanley.

RICHARD the THIRD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

EVERY repreſentation, either of a ſcene or ſeaſon of peace, is peculiarly ſoothing to the human mind. 'Tis its own moſt natural and pleaſing ſtate. But when it is contraſted with the oppoſite condition of tumult and war, the delight riſes infinitely higher. There are many ſuch deſcriptions as this in Shakeſpeare; and as the imbuing the mind with ſuch contemplations, muſt certainly have a moral tendency in it, I am glad to tranſcribe every paſſage of the kind I meet with in him.

Richard *alone.*

Now is the winter of our diſcontent
Made glorious ſummer by this ſun of York *,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our houſe,
In the deep boſom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments,
Our ſtern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſaged war hath ſmoothed his wrinkled front;
And, now, inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds,
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.

In the following part of the ſame ſpeech, our poet, zealous for the honour of the human character, moſt artfully contrives to make Richard's wickedneſs appear to ariſe from a reſentment againſt the partiality of Nature, in having ſtigmatized him with ſo deformed a perſon, joined to an envious jealouſy towards the reſt of mankind, for being endowed with fairer forms, and more attractive graces. By this

* Edward the Fourth.

admirable addreſs, he moves us to a ſort of compaſſion for the misfortune, even while he is raiſing an abhorrence for the vice, of the criminal.

Richard. But I that am not ſhaped for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glaſs—
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want love's majeſty
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling nymph—
I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling Nature*,
Deformed, unfiniſhed, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up;
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to paſs away the time,
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on my own deformity.
And, therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And *hate* † the idle pleaſures of theſe days.

SCENE II.

This long Scene, in which Richard courts Lady Anne, relict of the firſt Prince of Wales, ſon to Henry the Sixth, whom he had murdered, is ſo well known to every one who has ever read or ſeen this Play, that I need not be at the trouble of tranſcribing it, though I ſhall take the liberty of remarking on the very improbable concluſion of it.

Women are certainly moſt extremely ill uſed, in the unnatural repreſentation of female frailty, here given. But it may, perhaps, be ſome palliation of his offence, to obſerve, that this ſtrange fable was not any invention of the poet; though it muſt indeed be confeſſed that he yielded too eaſy a credence to a fictitious piece of hiſtory, which reſted upon no better authority than the ſame that affirmed the deformity of Richard; which fact has lately, from a concurrence of cotemporary teſtimonies, been ren-

* The word *diſſembling* is here ſtrained to expreſs *partial*, or *malicious*.

† *Bate*, retain, or ſcorn, inſtead of *hate*, which was the word in the text. *Johnſon.*

dered

dered problematical at leaſt, by a learned and ingenious author *.

The concluſion of the Fifth Scene of Act the Fourth, in this Play, where the Queen, widow of Edward the Fourth, after the death of Lady Anne, promiſes her daughter to this tyrant and uſurper, who had killed her ſons, is founded likewiſe upon the ſame diſingenuous authority with the two former paſſages.

SCENE III.

Lord Stanley, upon the Queen's expreſſing a ſuſpicion that his wife, the counteſs of Richmond, bears her ſome ill will, makes her defence, in a ſpeech which would conduce greatly to the peace of our minds, and the preſerving many of our moſt friendly connections unbroken, if properly attended to, and made the rule of our conduct through life.

Stanley. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe accuſers;
Or if ſhe be accuſed on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.

The evil report of things ſaid to be ſpoken to the diſadvantage of others, behind their backs, has ſo frequently been found to proceed either from the malice or miſtake of eaves-droppers, liſteners, or incendiaries, that it ſhould warn us, upon ſuch occaſions, to ſuſpend our reſentments againſt the perſons charged, till we find the indictment to be grounded on better evidence than thoſe peſts of ſociety, the informers, intermeddlers, or tale-bearers. Beſides which, as is above obſerved, every reaſonable allowance ought to be made for the natural frowardneſs and peeviſhneſs of diſorder, or other uneaſineſs of body or mind, which often ſets us firſt at variance with ourſelves, before it inclines us to quarrel with others

"Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
"Whereto our health is bound." LEAR.

* See a Tract upon this ſubject, by the Honourable Horatio Walpole.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Shakeſpeare is here again at his frequent reflections on the vanity of ambition and the cares of greatneſs.

Brackenbury. Sorrow breaks ſeaſons and repoſing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night—
Princes have but their titles for their troubles *,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares—
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

ACT II. SCENE II.

When the Queen is lamenting the death of Edward the Fourth, the marquis of Dorſet, her ſon by a former huſband, ſays to her,

Dorſet. Comfort, dear mother! God is much diſpleaſed,
That with unthankfulneſs you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus oppoſite with Heaven;
For † it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Shakeſpeare is extremely rich in ſuch ſentiments of piety and reſignation. It is a vaſt eaſe to the diſtreſſed mind, to communicate its griefs to the ear of a friend, though he can only condole, but not relieve them. How infinitely higher, then, muſt the comfort riſe, to repoſe them on the boſom of our God, who can not only conſole, but compenſate them! Chriſt has not taken the *ſins* alone, but the *ſorrows* alſo, of mankind upon himſelf, for thoſe who place their hope and put their truſt in him. He not only ſays, "Thy ſins are forgiven thee;" but adds this comfort in affliction, "Come unto me, "all ye that *labour*, and are *heavy laden*, and I will "give ye *reſt*."

* *Troubles*, for *glories*, well exchanged by Doctor Johnſon.
† *For*, to be underſtood here in the ſenſe of *becauſe*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

There is a natural repreſentation of a diſtempered ſtate, juſt preceding a revolution, given in this Scene.

Three citizens, conferring together on the circumſtances of the times, hold the following dialogue together.

Firſt Citizen. Come, come, we fear the worſt, *all may be well.*

Second Citizen. When clouds are ſeen, wiſe men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the ſun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtorms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well. But if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.

Third Citizen. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear;
You cannot reaſon almoſt with a man,
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

Second Citizen. Before the days of change, ſtill is it ſo—
By a divine inſtinct men's minds miſtruſt
Enſuing danger; as by proof we ſee
The waters ſwell, before a boiſterous ſtorm—
But leave it all to God.

Now nothing can demonſtrate the inveſtigating faculties of Shakeſpeare, more than this paſſage does. He never lived in any times of commotion himſelf, therefore the particular knowledge he here ſhews, in the general nature of ſuch a criſis, muſt be owing more to philoſophy than experience; rather to his own reflection, than any knowledge of hiſtory. I ſpeak with regard to the Engliſh writers only, on ſuch ſubjects; who were all, before his time, moſt barren of obſervation and maxim. And as to the Greek and Roman hiſtoriographers, who were rich in both, the invidious Commentators of our Poet have denied him any manner of acquaintance with ſuch *outlandiſh literati*; and I alſo, though from a very different principle, have *joined iſſue* with them before, in this particular *. For learning gives no

* In a note on Ely's ſpeech, Hen. V. Act I. Scene II.

talents,

talents, but only ſupplies the faculty of ſhewing them; and this he could do, without any foreign aſſiſtance.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The poor unhappy Prince of Wales, ſucceſſor to Edward the Fourth, makes a reflection here, ſo becoming the natural ſpirit of a noble mind, that it muſt raiſe a regret in the Reader, that he was not permitted to live and reign over a brave and a free people.

When his wicked uncle Richard appoints the Prince's reſidence at the *Tower*, till his coronation, he aſks who built that fortreſs? and being told it was Julius Cæſar, he ſays,

> That Julius Cæſar was a famous man:
> With what his valour did enrich his wit,
> His wit ſet down to make his valour live.
> Death makes no conqueſt of this conqueror;
> For ſtill he lives in fame, though not in life.

SCENE V.

Richard. My lord of Ely, when I was laſt in *Holborn*,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there;
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit Ely.*

Could any writer but Shakeſpeare have ever thought of ſuch a circumſtance, in the midſt of a deep tragedy, as the ſending an old grave Biſhop on an errand for a *leaf of ſtrawberries?* and this, in the moſt formal ſcene of the Play too, where the lords are met in council, to ſettle about the day for the coronation?

But could any writer but himſelf have attempted ſuch a whim, without ſetting the audience a-laughing at the ridiculouſneſs and abſurdity of ſuch an incident? And yet he contrives, ſome-how or other, to hold us in awe, all the while; though he muſt be a very ingenious critic, indeed, who can ſupply any ſort of reaſon for the introduction of ſuch a familiar and comic ſtroke, upon ſo ſerious an occaſion. And what

what renders the ſolution of this paſſage ſtill more difficult, is, that the requeſt is made by a perſon, too, whoſe mind was deeply intent on murder and uſurpation, at the very time.

None of the editors have taken the leaſt notice of this article; and the firſt notion that occurred to me upon it, was, that perhaps Richard wanted to get rid of old Ely, after any manner, however indecent or abrupt, in order to be at liberty to plot with Buckingham in private; for the moment the Biſhop goes out on his errand, he ſays,

Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.

But as he did not ſend the reſt of the Council-Board a-packing after him, and adjourn them from *the bed of juſtice* to the *ſtrawberry bed*, but retires immediately himſelf with his complotter Buckingham, we cannot ſuppoſe this idea to have been the purpoſe intended by ſo extraordinary a motion.

There is, then, no other way left us to reſolve this text, than to impute it ſolely to the peculiar character that Shakeſpeare has given us all along of this extraordinary perſonage; whom he has repreſented throughout, as preſerving a facetious humour, and exerting a ſort of careleſs eaſe, in the midſt of all his crimes.

I am ſorry not to be able to give a better account of this particular, than what I have here offered; becauſe, if it is to reſt upon ſuch a comment, our author muſt, in this inſtance, be thought to have betrayed a manifeſt ignorance in human nature, or the nature of guilt at leaſt; as no vicious perſon, I do not mean thoſe of profligate manners merely, but no deſigning or determined villain was ever chearful, yet, or could poſſibly be able to aſſume even the ſemblance of careleſſneſs or eaſe, upon any occaſion whatſoever.

In

In the latter part of this Scene, poor Haſtings, juſt before he mounts the ſcaffold, makes a reflection, which too frequently occurs to thoſe *who put their truſt in princes*; or, indeed, in general, to all who reſt their hope on any other ſtay but their own uprightneſs and virtue.

Haſtings. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Among the various crimes of man, murder ſtands in a diſtinct claſs above them all; except, perhaps, ſuicide, as being of the ſame ſpecies, may be allowed to rank with, or even to exceed, it. The latter par of this poſition, tho', has been diſputed by ſome moral caſuiſts; but I ſhall enter no further into the argument here, than juſt to obſerve, that one of theſe acts does not ſhock the human mind ſo much as the other. We are ſenſible of a tenderneſs and compaſſion for the unhappy ſelf-devoted victim, but are impreſſed both with an horror and deteſtation againſt the homicide.

But the circumſtance which moſt eminently diſtinguiſhes both of theſe crimes from every other ſpecies of guilt, is their being ſo wholly repugnant to nature. In other vices, we may ſuffer a temptation; and have only a moral ſtruggle to conquer; but one muſt be trained, be *educated* to theſe, muſt ſtifle ſympathy, and overcome our *firſt*, by a *ſecond* nature.

And of all murders, from the days of *Herod* to theſe, the killing a child muſt ſurely raiſe a ſtronger war in the moſt hardened villain's breaſt, than the ſlaughter of an adult. Its innocence, its engaging manners, even its very helpleſſneſs, muſt plead ſo movingly in its defence, as to render the deed, one ſhould think, impoſſible! Might not the idea of a child's

child's coming ſo recently out of the hands of its Creator, ſerve alſo to impreſs an additional awe on the mind of the malefactor, at ſuch a time? If ſuperſtition can ever be excuſed for its weakneſs, it muſt ſurely be in ſuch an inſtance as this.

Shakeſpeare has wrought up an horrid and affecting picture, in this ſcene, upon the latter part of this ſubject, where he makes one of the murderers give an account of the maſſacre of Edward's two children.

Tirrel. The tyrannous and bloody act is done!
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and *Forreſt*, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
(Albeit they were fleſht villains, bloody dogs),
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle babes——
Thus, thus, quoth *Forreſt*, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaſter arms;
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
And in their ſummer beauty kiſſed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth *Forreſt*, almoſt changed my mind—
But, oh! the devil——There the villain ſtopt,
When *Dighton* thus told on—We ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er ſhe framed—
Hence both are gone. With conſcience and remorſe
They could not ſpeak.

In the latter part of the ſame Scene is expreſſed a juſt and ſpirited maxim, which, I believe, will be ſufficiently vouched by experience, That in difficult matters, quick reſolves and briſk actions generally ſucceed better than ſlow counſels and circumſpect conduct.

Richard, on hearing of the defection of his forces:

Come, I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay.
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-paced beggary—
Then fiery expedition be my wing.
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.
Go, muſter men, my council is my ſhield,
We muſt be brief, when traitors brave the field.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The temporary relief which an opportunity of expreſſing its ſorrows affords to the mind of a perſon in affliction, is poetically deſcribed in a paſſage here.

The Queen *and* Ducheſs *of* York.

Ducheſs. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attornies to their client-woes,
Airy ſucceeders of *inteſtate joys**,
Poor breathing orators of miſeries!
Let them have ſcope, though what they do impart,
Help nothing elſe, yet they do eaſe the heart.

ACT V. SCENE V.

In this Scene, the adverſe camps are ſuppoſed to be pitched near each other at night, ready to join battle in the morning; and in the ſpace between, the ſpirits of all the perſons murdered by *Richard* ariſe, threatening deſtruction to him, and promiſing ſucceſs to *Richmond*. But the ghoſts here are not to be taken literally; they are to be underſtood only as an allegorical repreſentation of thoſe images or ideas which naturally occur to the minds of men during their ſleep, referring to the actions of their lives, whether good or bad.

"Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man,"

ſays Addiſon, in his Cato; and a modern writer, in a poem on the ſubject of dreams, moſt emphatically expreſſes himſelf thus:

"Nor are the oppreſſor's crimes in ſleep forgot;
"He ſtarts appalled, *for conſcience ſlumbers not* †."

That this is the ſenſe in which our Poet meant this ſcene to be accepted, is fully evident from his repreſenting both *Richard* and *Richmond* to have been aſleep during the apparition, and therefore capable

* *Inteſtate joys.* This expreſſion is difficult. The only editor who has taken notice of it, is Theobald; but his comment is as obſcure as the text. I ſhall not attempt it.

† *Something New*, Chap. XLIX.

of

of receiving thoſe notices in *the mind's eye* only, as Hamlet ſays; which intirely removes the ſeeming abſurdity of ſuch an exhibition.

The ſoliloquy of ſelf-accuſation, which Richard enters upon alone, immediately after the ſpectral viſion is cloſed, though ſo ſtrongly marked, is nothing more than might be ſuppoſed natural, in the circumſtances and ſituation of the ſpeaker, as there deſcribed.

Richard, *ſtarting from his couch.*

Give me another horſe—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jeſu——Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh—
What! do I fear myſelf? there's none elſe by. . . .
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. . . .
All ſeveral ſins, all uſed in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, *Guilty! guilty!*
I ſhall deſpair—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? Since even I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity for myſelf.

Enter Ratcliff.

Richard. Who's there?

Ratcliff. My lord, the early village cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

Richard. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.

Ratcliff. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.

Richard. By the apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadows, to-night,
Have ſtruck more terror to the ſoul of *Richard*,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.

* * *

I ſhall here cloſe my obſervations on this Play, with a reflection upon the laſt paragraph above.

Such is the nature of man, that the ſlighteſt alarm ariſing from within, diſcomfits him more than the greateſt dangers preſenting themſelves from without. Body may be overcome by body, but the mind only can conquer itſelf. Notions of religion are natural to all men, in ſome ſort or other. The good are inſpired by devotion, the bad terrified by ſuperſtition. The admonitions of conſcience are taken for ſupernatural emotions, and this awes us more than any difficulty in the common courſe of things. Man has been ſeverally defined a *riſible*, a *rational*, a *religious*, and a *baſhful* animal. May I take the liberty of adding the farther criterion of his being a *conſcientious* one? And this diſtinction, I ſhall venture to ſay, is leſs equivocal than any of the others.

HENRY the EIGHTH.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS, Legate from the Pope.
CAPUCIUS, Ambaſſador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
LORD SANDS.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
CROMWELL, Secretary to Wolſey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman Uſher to Queen Catharine.
GROOM of the Chambers to the Queen.
A MESSENGER.

WOMEN.

QUEEN CATHARINE.
ANNE BULLEN.
PATIENCE, Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Queen.

HENRY the EIGHTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

AS Cardinal Wolſey ſtands a diſtinguiſhed character in hiſtory, having raiſed himſelf from the meaneſt origin * to the higheſt pitch of power, conſideration, and ſtation, that a ſubject could well arrive at, by the ſole advantages of learning and natural endowments; and whoſe end was unfortunate, through vanity, inſolence, and the unſtable favour of princes; there may be an uſeful leſſon deduced from every circumſtance of his life, reſpecting either his riſe, grandeur, or decline.

In a dialogue between Buckingham and Norfolk, in this Scene, the former ſpeaking of his vanity and preſumption, with that contempt which perſons of *noble families and hereditary fortunes* are ſometimes too apt to expreſs towards men *whoſe whole worth is centered in themſelves*, the latter engages in his defence, upon a very juſt and liberal argument.

Norfolk. Yet, ſurely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends;
For not being propt by anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way; nor called upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent aſſiſtants; but ſpider-like
Out of his ſelf-drawing web—This gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives to him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Doctor Young treats the ſame ſubject in as proper a manner, but with the addition of ſatire, and ridicule.

"Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
"Nothing—*but merit in a low eſtate.* UNIVER. PAS.

* He was the ſon of a butcher.

SCENE II.

The angry Duke repeats his ſpleen againſt him in this Scene alſo, upon the ſame proud prejudice, or miſtaken eſtimate of things.

Buckingham. A beggar's-book out-worths a noble's blood.

This *moſt noble and puiſſant prince* * was unlucky in having lived in ſuch an *ignoble* age—*Nobles* meet with no ſuch mortifications, *now-a-days.*

In the continuation of this dialogue, the impatient ſpirit of Buckingham is finely contraſted with the calm temper of Norfolk, who illuſtrates his documents of prudence to him, with equal philoſophy and poeſy.

The Cardinal had juſt croſſed the Scene, in all his ſtate, caſting a look of diſdain on Buckingham, which the more raiſed his choler.

Norfolk. What, are you chafed?
Aſk God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your diſeaſe requires.

Buckingham. I read in's look,
Matter againſt me, and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object; at this inſtant,
He bores † me with ſome trick. He's gone to th' king—
I'll follow, and outſtare him.

Norfolk. Stay, my lord,
And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion,
What 'tis you go about. To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. *Anger is like*
A full-hot horſe, who being allowed his way,
Self mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can adviſe me, like you—Be to yourſelf,
As you would to your friend.

Buckingham. I'll to the king,
And from *a mouth of honour* quite cry down
This *Ipſwich* ‡ fellow's inſolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no perſons.

Norfolk. Be adviſed;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot,

* The ſtile and title of a Duke.

† I do not comprehend the meaning of this expreſſion, and the Commentators have given me no aſſiſtance.

‡ The place of Wolſey's nativity.

That

That it ſhall ſinge yourſelf. We may out-run,
By over-ſwiftneſs, that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running—Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till 't run o'er,
Seeming to augment, but waſtes it? Be adviſed;
I ſay again, there is no Engliſh ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf,
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of paſſion.

The character which Norfolk here gives to Buckingham of himſelf, is too common in life: Perſons whoſe ſenſe and judgment are ſufficiently qualified to direct others, but who, from the force of paſſion and indiſcretion, are rendered incapable of guiding themſelves. *To adviſe*, and to *be adviſed*, are by no means the *active* and *paſſive* of the ſame *verb*, as they differ ſo widely in their *moods* and *tenſes*. I have made my apology before *, for ſuch *jeux de mots*, which our Author's ſtile is apt to lead one into.

SCENE IV.

There is an excellent leſſon for kings, given in this place, as well as in many other paſſages of Shakeſpeare. The honour and ſafety of princes are ſo much confided to the ſenſe and conduct of their Miniſters, that ſuch truſtees for the State ſhould be ever ſelected with the niceſt judgment and ſtricteſt impartiality; in which choice, virtue ſhould be at leaſt *equally* regarded with talents. Were the crown teſtamentary, a ſovereign ſhould be circumſpect to whoſe hands he intruſted the government of his people, even after his death; and how much more ſolicitous ought he to be, with reſpect to thoſe appointed to rule, while his own glory and intereſt lie ſo immediately at ſtake!

The great *Condé* complimented *Corneille*'s Play of *Cinna*, by ſtiling it *The Breviary of Kings*—I think that many of Shakeſpeare's pieces much better deſerve that name. But, indeed, his writings may well

* Hen. VI. Part II. Act II. Scene II. The note.

challenge a more general and comprehenſive title, and be called the *Manual of Mankind*; as containing rules and reflections for every ſtate and condition of life, throughout the intire compaſs of human nature, from the peaſant to the prince.

The Council Chamber.

The King, *the* Cardinal, *and the Nobles ſeated. The* Queen *enters, walks up to the foot of the throne, and kneels before the* King, *in the quality of a ſuitor.*

Catharine. I am ſolicited, not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commiſſions
Sent down among them, which have ſtawed the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions, *yet the king, our maſter,*
Whoſe honour Heaven ſhield from ſoil, even he eſcapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, ſuch which breaks
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion. . . . . .
This makes bold mouths;
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; all their curſes, now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to paſs,
That tractable obedience is a ſlave
To each incenſed will. I would your highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration, for
There is no primer buſineſs.

But before we cloſe this Scene, let us ſhew our impartiality, by ſuffering the Miniſter to ſpeak a few words in his own defence; which he does, very well, by urging reflections that have a good deal of truth in them, and ſhew the danger and difficulty of ſuch a ſtation, even in the beſt and ableſt hands.

Wolſey. If I am traduced by tongues which neither know
My faculties or perſon, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me ſay
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through We muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers; which ever,

As

As ravenous fiſhes do a veſſel follow,
That is new trimmed, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed; what worſt, as oft,
Hitting a groſſer quality *, is cried up
For our beſt act. If we ſtand ſtill, in fear
Our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We ſhould take root here, where we ſit, or ſit
State-ſtatues only.

SCENE VI.

The following Scene muſt have had an admirable effect, at the time of its firſt repreſentation; nor, indeed, is it paſſed by, even now, without applauſe from the Pit and Galleries, where the moſt rational and virtuous part of our audiences are generally ſeated; though it may, perhaps, be looked upon but as a remain of our antient barbariſm, by the Boxes, among thoſe who have inadvertently choſen to *ſtigmatize* themſelves by a diſtinction which accidentally took its riſe from the very foible here ridiculed; namely, perſons of *Faſhion.*

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, *and* Lord Sands.

Lord Chamberlain. Is't poſſible the ſpells of France ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
Sands. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.
Chamberlain. As far as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Have got by the laſt voyage †, is but merely
A fit or two o' th' face ‡, but they are ſhrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly
Their very noſes had been counſellors
To *Pepin*, or *Clotharius*, they keep ſtate ſo.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never ſaw them pace, before, the ſpavin
And ſpring-halt reigned among 'em.

* *Quality*, for *conception.*
† When Henry the Eighth went to the congreſs or interview with Francis the Firſt, between Guiſnes and Ardres, with a moſt ſumptuous retinue. ‡ Grimace.

Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Death, my lord,
Their cloaths are after ſuch a Pagan cut, too,
That ſure they've worn out Chriſtendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lovell. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation,
That's clapped upon the court-gate.

Chamberlain. What is't for?

Lovell. The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with *quarrels, talk, and tailors.*

Chamberlain. I'm glad 'tis there—Now I would pray our *Monſieurs*
To think an *Engliſh* courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the *Louvre.*

Lovell. They muſt either,
For ſo run the conditions, leave thoſe remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France,*
With all their *honourable points of ignorance,*
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works,
Abuſing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wiſdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in *Tennis,* and tall ſtockings,
Short bolſtered breeches, and ſuch types of travel,
And underſtand again like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old play-fellows—There, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio,* wear away
The lag-end of their lewdneſs, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyſic, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Here the unhappy Buckingham, in his *laſt ſpeech,* as it may be called, juſt before his execution, on recapitulating the viciſſitudes and misfortunes of his family, makes proper reflections on the indiſcretion of placing a confidence in the fidelity of mean dependants.

Whether it ariſes from low birth, or baſe condition of life, which are apt to depreſs the native vigour of the mind, and render all its principles and ideas ſervile and ſelfiſh, I ſhall not loiter here to make

make an inquiſition into; it being ſufficient to the preſent argument, that the fact itſelf, from the experience of mankind, affords us but too much authority to pronounce the truth of the obſervation.

Buckingham. My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt raiſed head againſt uſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſſed, was by that wretch betrayed. . : .
Henry the Eighth, life, name, honour, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. . . . . .
Thus far we are one in fortune; both
Fell by our ſervants *, by thoſe men we loved moſt.
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heaven has an end in all—Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure you are not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak how I fell—I've done; and God forgive me!

I deſigned to have left off above, at the period in the laſt line but four, as the ſpeech ended properly there, as far as it related to the argument I had framed upon it; but I actually felt myſelf impreſſed with ſomewhat like an idea of impiety, to interrupt the ſpeaker, before he had concluded his prayer—I am ſenſible of a certain refined pleaſure, in the ſentiment which prompted my pen further on this paſſage; however, the *ſtronger mind* of the Reader may amuſe himſelf at the weakneſs and ſuperſtition of my motive.

SCENE VI.

The character of Queen Catharine is finely drawn in this Play. A becoming demeanour is preſerved

* This Duke was betrayed by his ſurveyor, chancellor, and confeſſor.

throughout

throughout every ſituation and circumſtance ſhe is placed in. She diſcovers that dignity and ſpirit which become the wife and daughter of a king, ſhews the duty and obedience which a huſband and a ſovereign have a right to claim, and ſpeaks, on her own part, with ſuch a noble confidence, as injured innocence may fully warrant. One can never be too much aſſured, in a juſt cauſe, either of their own, or of others; for whoever defends the rights of the oppreſſed, fights under the banner of Providence.

I ſhall not interrupt the following dialogues, as far as they relate to her, to point out the paſſages which may be applied to the ſeveral parts of the character above given of her; but, as in former inſtances of the ſame kind, in the courſe of theſe notes, ſhall leave the Reader to mark and refer them himſelf, as he goes along.

Black-Friers.

The King, *with his Biſhops, Nobles, &c. aſſembled in a Council of Inqueſt, to try the validity of the marriage; where* Catharine *appears, as ſummoned on the examination.*

Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

The Queen *makes no anſwer, but riſing from her ſeat goes to the king, kneels, and then ſpeaks:*

Catharine. Sir, I deſire you do me right and juſtice,
And to beſtow your pity on me; for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent*, and no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas! Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſs,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike;
Yea, ſubject to your countenance, glad or ſorry

* *Impartial.*

As

As I ſaw it inclined. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, gave not notice
He was from thence diſcharged? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been bleſt
With many children by you; if, in the courſe
And proceſs of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Againſt your ſacred perſon, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To th' ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The king your father was reputed for
A prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The wiſeſt prince that there had reigned, by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtioned
That they had gathered a wiſe council to them,
Of every realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore, humbly,
Sir, I beſeech you ſpare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain adviſed; whoſe counſel
I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfilled! [*Riſes.*

Wolſey. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, theſe reverend fathers, men
Of ſingular integrity and learning;
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be, therefore, bootleſs
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unſettled in the king.

Campeius. His grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly; therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal ſeſſion do proceed;
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Catharine. Lord Cardinal,
To you I ſpeak.

Wolſey. Your pleaſure, madam?

Catharine.

Catharine. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dreamed ſo; certain,
The daughter of a king; my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.

Wolſey. Be patient yet—

Catharine. I will, when you are humble—Nay, before—
Induced by potent circumſtances that
You are mine enemy, I make my challenge *
You ſhall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my ſoul,
Refuſe you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Here Wolſey enters into a juſtification of himſelf, in a long ſpeech, which relates not to the preſent purpoſe, in which he demeans himſelf with great reſpect toward the Queen, and ſpeaks in his own defence with all ſeeming moderation and temper—To which ſhe replies:

Catharine. My lord, my lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak
To oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouthed;
You ſign † your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, ſpleen and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domeſticks to you, ſerve your will as't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office ‡. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual; that again,
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before ye all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his holineſs;
And to be judged by him.

Here ſhe makes an obeiſſance to the king, and offers to depart the court.

* *Challenge* is a law term, for perſons on their trial objecting to a Juryman.
* *Sign*—That is, you make an *outward ſhew* of your holy function.
† *You have arrived at ſuch an height of power, that you may do and undo, or ſay and unſay, whatever you pleaſe, without control.*

Campeius.

Campeius. The queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be tried by't—'Tis not well—
She's going away.

Henry. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Griffith. Madam, you are called back.

Catharine. What need you note it? Pray you, keep your way—
When you are called, return—Now the lord help!
They vex me paſt my patience! Pray you, paſs on.
I will not tarry—No, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and her Train.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

I ſhall not prevent the Reader's own feelings and reflections upon this fine and affecting Scene, in which the Queen's character is further diſplayed, by any remarks of my own upon the ſeveral parts of it.

The Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen *and her Women, as at Work* *.

Catharine. Take thy lute, wench, my ſoul grows ſad with troubles;
Sing and diſperſe them, if thou can'ſt; leave working. [*Song.*

Enter Groom *of the Chambers.*

Catharine. How now?

Groom. An't pleaſe your grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the preſence.

Catharine. Would they ſpeak with me?

Groom. They willed me ſay ſo, madam.

Catharine. Pray their graces
To come near. What can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't, [*Exit* Groom.

* This is an *antiquated* Engliſh Scene, but has been revived again, I hear, by Her Majeſty, in the preſent reign;

"Who ſhines Penelope, among
"Her choſen female band, who ply
"The needle's art, and fix the flower's perennial dye."

BELLAMY. Ethic Amuſements.

They

They ſhould be good men, their affairs † are righteous;
But all hoods make not monks ‡.

Enter the Cardinals Wolſey *and* Campeius.

Wolſey. Peace to your highneſs!

Catharine. Your graces find me here part of a houſe-wife;
I would be all, againſt the worſt may happen.
What are your pleaſures with me, reverend lords?

Wolſey. May't pleaſe you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.

Catharine. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner—'Would all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My lords, I care not, ſo much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye ſaw them,
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em;
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſs
Do ſeek me out, and that way I am wife in *,
Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

Wolſey. *Tanta eſt erga te mentis integritas, Regina ſereniſſima—*

Catharine. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in.
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious.
Pray, ſpeak in Engliſh; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake.
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolved in Engliſh.

Wolſey. Noble lady,
I'm ſorry my integrity to you,
And ſervice to his majeſty, ſhould breed ‖
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accuſation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes,
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference,

† *Affairs.* Office, profeſſion, or calling.

‡ A literal tranſlation of the latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum.*

* That is, if you are come to examine my title as a wife, or my behaviour under that character. Johnſon.

‖ I have ventured to tranſpoſe ſome of the words in theſe two lines, in order to render the ſenſe more intelligible.

Between

Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions
And comforts to your cauſe.

Campeius. Moſt honoured madam,
My lord of *York* *, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bears your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure,
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His ſervice, and his counſel—

Catharine. To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men; pray God, ye prove ſo!
But how to make ye ſuddenly an anſwer,
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was ſet at work,
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been, for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs, good your graces,
Let me have time and counſel for my cauſe.
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs!

Wolſey. Madam, you wrong the king's love with thoſe fears.
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Catharine. In England
But little for my profit; can you think, lords,
That any Engliſh man dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his highneſs' pleaſure,
Though he be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt,
And live a ſubject? Nay, forſooth—My friends,
They that muſt weigh out † my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, lords.

Campeius. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counſel.

Catharine. How, Sir?

Campeius. Put your main cauſe into the king's protection;
He's loving, and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cauſe;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away diſgraced.

* Wolſey was Archbiſhop of York.

† The Editors are at a loſs about this expreſſion. *To weigh out* certainly means, here, *to unload*. 'Tis a mercantile phraſe for unfreighting a cargo.

Wolſey. He tells you rightly.

Catharine. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for, both, my ruin—
Is this your chriſtian counſel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there ſits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Campeius. Your rage miſtakes us.

Catharine. The more ſhame for you—Holy men I thought ye,
Upon my ſoul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal ſins and hollow hearts, I fear you.
Mend them, for ſhame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that you bring a wretched lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laughed at, ſcorned?
I will not wiſh you half my miſeries—
I have more charity. But ſay I warned ye;
Take heed, take heed, for Heaven's ſake, leſt at once
The burden of my ſorrows fall upon you.

Wolſey. Madam, this is a meer diſtraction—
You turn the good we offer into envy *.

Catharine. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon you,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors! Would ye have me,
If ye have any juſtice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but Churchmen's habits,
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas! h' as baniſhed me his bed already;
His love, too, long ago. I'm old, my lords;
And all the fellow-ſhip I hold now with him,
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedneſs! All your ſtudies
Make me a curſe like this!

Campeius. Your fears are worſe——

Catharine. Have I lived thus long—(let me ſpeak, myſelf,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare ſay without vain glory,
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I, with all my full affections,
Still met the king? loved him next Heaven? obeyed him?
Almoſt forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her huſband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour—*A great patience.*

Wolſey. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Catharine. My lord, I dare not make myſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title

* *Envy*, put for *malice*, or *miſchief*.

Your

Your maſter wed me to; nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wolſey. Pray, hear me——

Catharine. 'Would I had never trod this Engliſh earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts—
What ſhall become of me, now! wretched lady!
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me;
Almoſt no grave allowed me. Like the lily,
That once was miſtreſs of the field, and flouriſhed,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.

Wolſey. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honeſt,
You'd feel more comfort. Why ſhould we, good lady,
Upon what cauſe, wrong you? Alas! our places,
The way of our profeſſion, is againſt it;
We are to cure ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow them.
For goodneſs' ſake, conſider what you do;
How you may hurt yourſelf; nay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it; but to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; pray, think, think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends and ſervants.

Campeius. Madam, you'll find it ſo. You wrong your virtues,
With theſe weak woman's fears. A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you loſe it not; for us, if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs, we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice.

Catharine. Do what you will, my lords; and pray, forgive me,
If I have uſed myſelf unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray, do my ſervice to his majeſty;
He has my heart, yet, and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Beſtow your counſels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The preſent Scene preſents us with a ſecond object of compaſſion, which though it intereſts us after a different manner from the former, as neither being ſo innocent, nor ſuffering ſo unjuſtly; yet, ſhall I hazard the expreſſion? affects us almoſt as much. We do not, indeed, feel our minds impreſſed with ſuch a tender ſenſibility towards the latter, as the firſt; but, for the honour and dignity of human nature, let me ſay, that our commiſeration, in the ſecond caſe, ariſes from principles of a nobler kind; from our forgiveneſs of the penitent, and our compaſſion for his misfortunes, ſoftened ſtill more by our ſorrow for his guilt: ſo that, upon the whole, the generoſity of our ſentiment, in one inſtance, nearly equals the ſympathy of it, in the other.

The true ſupputation of the precarioufneſs and inſtability of all worldly happineſs and greatneſs, with the fit temper and reſignation to bear their loſs, are moſt pathetically and poetically ſet forth, in the following beautiful and affecting ſcene.

Wolſey, *in his diſgrace.*

Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man——To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye——
I feel my heart new opened—Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours!
There is, between that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and our ruin,
More pang's and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter

Enter Cromwell, *ſtanding amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Cromwell. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wolſey. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy ſpirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline? Nay, *if you weep,*
I'm fallen indeed.

Cromwell. How does your grace?

Wolſey. Why, well—
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf, now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A ſtill and quiet conſcience—The king has cured me;
I humbly thank his grace—and from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruined pillars, out of pity taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Cromwell. I'm glad your grace has made that right uſe of it.

Wolſey. I hope I have. I'm able, now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,
T' endure more miſeries, and greater, far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Cromwell. The heavieſt and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the king.

Wolſey. God bleſs him!

Cromwell. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wolſey. That's ſomewhat ſudden—
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highneſs' favour, and do juſtice,
For truth's ſake, and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
What more?

Cromwell. That Cranmer is returned with welcome;
Inſtalled Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Wolſey. That's news, indeed.

Cromwell. Laſt, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now,
Only about her coronation.

Wolſey. There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have loſt for ever.
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the king;
That ſun, I pray, may never ſet; I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not, make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Cromwell. O, my lord,
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!
The king ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers,
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.

Wolſey. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear,
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forced me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay then I taught thee,
Say, Wolſey, that once rode the waves * of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſſed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me——
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait † thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's—Then if thou falleſt, O Cromwell,

A

* *Rode the waves*, inſtead of *trod the waves*, ſo altered by Warburton, to preſerve the metaphor pointed out in the two next lines, *waves*, *depth*, *ſhoals*, and *wreck*.

† *Wait*, inſtead of *hate*. Warburton. A more natural, ſenſible, and political ſenſe of the paſſage.

Thou

Thou falleſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king;
And, prithee, lead me in—
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny. 'Tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
" Had I but ſerved my God, with half the zeal
" I ſerved my king, he would not in mine age
" Have left me naked to mine enemies *."

Cromwell. Good Sir, have patience.

Wolſey. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of Court! *my hopes in Heaven do dwell.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Our firſt great object, before mentioned, is here preſented to us again, to charm us with that truly Chriſtian ſpirit, with which, though deeply ſuffering under the ſuppoſed enmity of Wolſey, ſhe not only forgives him her injuries, but liſtens to his praiſe without reſentment, and even commends his honeſt Welch encomiaſt.

Kimbolton *Caſtle.*

Enter Catharine, *ſick, and led in between* Griffith, *her Gentleman-Uſher, and* Patience, *her Woman.*

Griffith. How does your grace?

Catharine. O Griffith, ſick to death;
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair——
So—now methinks I feel a little eaſe. [*Sitting down.*
Didſt thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolſey,
Was dead?

Griffith. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffered, gave no ear to it.

Catharine. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died—
If well, he ſtept before me, happily,
For my example.

Griffith. Well, the voice goes, madam.
For after the ſtout earl of Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man ſorely tainted, to his anſwer,
He fell ſick, ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill,
He could not ſit his mule.

* This laſt ſentence Wolſey did really ſpeak, as recorded in hiſtory.

Catharine,

Catharine. Alas, poor man!

Griffith. At laſt, with eaſy roads he came to Lei'ſter;
Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave theſe words: "O, father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
"Give him a little earth, for charity *."
So went to bed, where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſued him ſtill; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heaven, and ſlept in peace.

Catharine. So may he reſt! his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with princes; one that by ſuggeſtion †
Tied all the kingdom. Simony was fair play—
His own opinion was his law. I' th' preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griffith. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in braſs, their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good, now?

Catharine. Yes, good Griffith—
I were malicious elſe.

Griffith. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhioned to much honour; from his cradle ‡
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them that loved him not,
But to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfied in getting,
Which was a ſin, yet in beſtowing, madam,

* Theſe words are likewiſe recorded of him.

† *Suggeſtion.* By having the freedom of the king's ear, he had an opportunity of ſugge ing his own ſchemes and politics into his mind.

‡ The line is thus pointed in the text, *Was faſhioned to much honour from his cradle.* The alteration I have made in the ſtop, gives the beſt ſenſe of the paſſage; for Wolſey was a remarkable ſcholar, even in his infancy.

He

He was moſt princely. Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he raiſed in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford! One of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
The other, though unfiniſhed, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little—
And to add greater honours to his age,
Than man could give him, *he died fearing God.*

Catharine. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as *Griffith.*
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience ‡, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note
I named my knell; whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and ſolemn muſic, and a viſion of Cherubims while ſhe ſleeps.*]

Here the Reader will pleaſe to advert to my remark on the viſion in Scene the Fifth of the laſt Act of the preceding Play. This one alſo was meant by Shakeſpeare but as an allegorical repreſentation of thoſe beatific dreams, or reveries, which the virtuous mind, and clear conſcience, may be ſuppoſed ſometimes to be inſpired with.

Catharine *waking.*

Bid the muſic leave,
'Tis harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſic ceaſes.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be lord ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

Capucius. Madam, the ſame; your ſervant.

Catharine. O, my lord,
The times and titles are now altered ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?

‡ The name of her woman.

Capucius.

Capucius. Noble lady,
First mine own ſervice to your grace; the next,
The king's requeſt that I would viſit you,
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Catharine. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle phyſic given in time, had cured me;
But now I'm paſt all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highneſs?

Capucius. Madam, in good health.

Catharine. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Baniſhed the kingdom!—*Patience*, is that letter
I cauſed you write, yet ſent away?

Patience. No, madam. [*Gives it to her.*

Catharine. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Capucius. Moſt willing, madam.

Catharine. In which I have commended to his goodneſs,
The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter *.
The dews of Heaven fall thick in bleſſings on her!
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope ſhe will deſerve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly! My next poor petition,
Is, that his noble grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I ſhould not lie, but well deſerves,
For virtue and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty and decency of carriage,
A right good huſband; let him be a Noble;
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my men; they are the pooreſt;
But poverty could never draw them from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And ſomething over, to remember me.
If Heaven had pleaſed to've given me longer life,
And abler means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents. And, good my lord,
By that you love the deareſt in the world,

* Afterwards Queen Mary.

As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this laſt right.

Capucius. By Heaven, I will;
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man!

Catharine. I thank you, honeſt lord. Remember me,
In all humility, unto his highneſs;
And tell him his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bleſt him;
For ſo I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord—Griffith, farewel—Nay, *Patience*,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed—
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be uſed with honour—Strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte wife to my grave—Embalm me,
Then lay me forth—Although unqueened, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
I can no more——

Doctor Johnſon has given us his ſentiments on this rich and noble paſſage, in the following words:

"This ſcene is above any other part of Shake-
"ſpeare's Tragedies, and perhaps above any ſcene
"of any other poet, tender and pathetic; without
"gods, or furies, or poiſons, or precipices; without
"the help of romantic circumſtances; without im-
"probable ſallies of poetical lamentation; and with-
"out any throes of tumultuous miſery."

L E A R.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

LEAR.
ALBANY.
KENT.
GLOSTER.
EDGAR.
EDMUND.
FOOL.
Gentlemen and Attendants.

W O M E N.

GONERIL.
REGAN.
CORDELIA.

Scene lies in Britain.

LEAR.

IT may be neceſſary to many Readers to premiſe, that the Piece here under conſideration, is the Play as originally written by Shakeſpeare, leſt the bearing it in mind as altered by *Tate*, and generally acted ſo, might occaſion confuſion or miſtakes, in the following notes and obſervations.

The Critics are divided in their opinions between the original and the altered copy. Some prefer the firſt, as a more general repreſentation of human life, where fraud too often ſucceeds, and innocence ſuffers: others prefer the latter, as a more moral deſcription of what life ſhould be.

But argument in this, as in many other caſes, had better be left quite out of the queſtion; for our feelings are often a ſurer guide than our reaſon; and by this criterion I may venture to pronounce, that the reader or ſpectator will always be better pleaſed with the happy, than the unfortunate, cataſtrophe of innocence and virtue.

Beſides, if Dramatic exhibitions are deſigned, as they certainly ſhould be, to recommend virtue and diſcourage vice, there cannot remain the leaſt manner of diſpute in our minds, whether Shakeſpeare or Tate have fulfilled Horace's precept of *utile dulci* the beſt. However, if *pity* and *terror*, as the Critics ſay, are the principal objects of Tragedy, ſurely no Play that ever was written can poſſibly anſwer both theſe ends better than this performance, as it ſtands in the preſent text.

The Reader, I hope, will not think that I have exceeded the *line* I had preſcribed to myſelf, in the conduct of this Work, by my hazarding the above criticiſm, as the ſubject may be ſtill conſidered as of a moral

a moral nature or tendency, and may, therefore, not improperly be conſorted with the reſt of my remarks upon this eſtimable author.

* * *

ACT I. SCENE I.

Kent *and* Gloſter.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the duke of *Albany*, than *Cornwall*.

Gloſter. It did always ſeem ſo to us; but, now, in his diviſion of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weighed, that curioſity † in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

This is a fine deſcription of a parent's diſtributive juſtice, in the diviſion of a fortune between his children. Their claims are all equal in nature, and ſhould be ſtill preſerved ſo in equity, except where particular uſages may have obtained, or political laws have made a difference; in which caſes, to obſerve the rule of nature would be a ſpecies of injuſtice.

I ſpeak here with regard to conduct; of principle only, and not of affection; for 'tis often impoſſible for the moſt virtuous or impartial parent to refrain from loving one child better than another. A indiſcriminate regard, in any caſe, towards two objects, though ever ſo much alike or eſtimable, is unnatural to the moſt impartial mind; and though our reaſon ſhould not be able to give a preference, our feelings will.

The oft-diſputed *free will* of man may be ſufficiently proved from this innate ſelf-determination, which his mind poſſeſſes. We muſt make a choice, even without our being able to make a diſtinction. It muſt be an aſs, indeed, that can remain in ſuſpence even *between two bundles of hay*. But this involuntary election we are not anſwerable for in

† *Curioſity*, for *ſcrutiny*.

ethics;

ethics; we are accountable only for our manner of acting towards our children; in which their moral merits alone can juſtify ſuperior marks of preference or favour.

SCENE II.

Lear And 'tis our faſt intent
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age,
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths; while we
Unburdened crawl toward death.

This is a rational, a manly, and a virtuous purpoſe. But how few are poſſeſſed of ſouls *great* enough to relinquiſh *greatneſs!* Indeed, the rare examples of thoſe who have done ſo, as Charles the Fifth, and ſome others, would not encourage one to make the experiment. But then it ought to be enquired into, whether the inſtances of abdication had been prompted by any of the principles above-mentioned, or no; for mere fits of devotion, or diſguſt, are ſeldom long or ſtrong enough, to ſupport the mind under ſuch a dereliction.

Beſides, habit is a moſt powerful thing; and perſons uſed to occupation of any kind, are apt to feel an irkſome vacuity and wearineſs in themſelves, with an oppreſſive tediouſneſs of time lying on their hands, whenever they ceaſe from employment. This has been the confeſſion of all the merchants, lawyers, farmers, and phyſicians, I have ever known, or heard of, who had retired from their profeſſions, or quitted their ordinary ſcenes of action, late in life. Whenever, therefore, ſuch an experiment is attempted, it ſhould ariſe from a *principle*, not from a *preference*; becauſe the choice muſt be ventured upon, before the compariſon can be tried.

In the ſame Scene, when Lear requires his three daughters to declare the ſeveral portions of their love and reſpect towards him, the eldeſt addreſſes herſelf to him thus:

Goneril. Sir,
I love you more than words can wield the matter,

Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Upon this ſpeech, the youngeſt daughter ſays to herſelf, aſide,

What ſhall Cordelia do? Love, and be ſilent.

After Goneril has had her portion marked out, the ſecond ſteps forward, in order to earn her's.

Regan. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of love,
Only ſhe comes too ſhort; that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate,
In your dear highneſs love.

Here the ſincere and unprofeſſing Cordelia whiſpers to herſelf again:

Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

When Lear has endowed Regan alſo, he next proceeds to challenge Cordelia upon the ſame queſtion; aſking her what ſhe has to ſay, to ſhew her love equal to her ſiſters; her only anſwer is,

Nothing, my lord.

But, indeed, what was there left for her to ſay, after ſuch hyperbolical profeſſions as had been juſt made before her? However, I dare pronounce, that any reader, who is at all acquainted with human nature, without looking any further into the ſtory, beyond the preſent ſcene, muſt have already determined the point in his own mind, which of the daughter's duties or affections were moſt to be relied upon.

No paſſion can either bear or juſtify exaggeration, but love alone. There the extravagance of tranſport, and the enthuſiaſm of devotement, prove the

luxuriance

luxuriance of the ſoil; but in every other inſtance betray the *ſterility* of it. There is, in reality, no other paſſion in the human breaſt, but love. All other affections, ſuch as avarice, duty, envy, revenge, or ambition, ariſe from ſome foreign ſentiment, are founded on principle, or inſtigated by vice or pride. Theſe we may be educated, tempted, or provoked to; but the former is a ſpontaneous and involuntary impulſe of the ſoul, a certain attractive force, that can neither be dictated to us by moral, nor reſtrained by document.

"Firſt bid phyſicians preach our veins to temper,
"And with an argument new ſet a pulſe,
"Then think of reaſoning into love."

The REVENGE.

SCENE VI.

Edmund *ſolus.*

Thou, Nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague * of cuſtom, and permit
The courteſy † of nations to deprive me?

Thus do all profligates, who deſerve to be the outcaſts of ſociety, betake themſelves to the aſylum of Nature! Whenever the laws of God or man oppoſe their vices, they immediately adopt her for their deity and their legiſlator; whom they cannot fail to find a moſt indulgent patroneſs, as they are ſure to interpret all their own wills and paſſions to be her unerring dictates.

Lucretius, the expoſitor of Epicurus, in his unphiloſophic poem on the nature of things, addreſſes himſelf to the ſame goddeſs, under the appellation of *Venus*, whom he makes to precede and ſuperſede the gods, repreſenting them as a ſet of lethargic beings of

* The Commentators are not agreed upon the ſenſe of this word. In the place where it is here uſed, but I think that the meaning of it would be ſufficiently clear, if it was exchanged for *tyranny*.

† By courteſy is meant certain *uſages* ſo ſtiled in the common law of England.

her creation, and leaving them to doze away their immortalities wrapt up in their empyreal *Pantheon.*

The pride of man is amazing! Rather than acknowledge any Intelligence ſuperior to themſelves, they chuſe to refer the manifeſt wiſdom and power of the Deity to blind chance, and inert matter alone!

"And call God's providence a lucky hit." POPE.

And yet this can hardly be deemed impious, becauſe 'tis ſo miſerably ſtupid.

SCENE VII.

Shakeſpeare, as I have had opportunities of obſerving before, takes frequent occaſions of repreſenting the horrid condition of a nation under the infliction of a civil war. His deſcriptions deſerve to be collected together into one chapter, as a document both to prince and people; for the warning is equally neceſſary to each; as, whatever may be the final event, they muſt be alike ſufferers, under ſuch a calamity. For in ſuch a conflict, thoſe are likely to gain moſt, who have the leaſt to loſe. Theſe reflections refer to the following paſſage in this Scene.

Gloſter. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders, follow us diſquietly to our graves.

SCENE VIII.

The impious and unphiloſophic method that people are too generally apt to apply toward the lightening of their conſciences, and relieving their miſeries, by imputing their vices and misfortunes to fate, neceſſity, or the harmleſs ſtars preſiding at their births, inſtead of their own wickedneſs or indiſcretions, is well ſatirized and expoſed in the following ſpeech, though it has not, I think, been put into a proper mouth to ſpeak.

Edmund. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſick in fortune, often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour, we make

make guilty of our own diſaſters the ſun, the moon, and ſtars; as if we were villains on neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the change of a ſtar!

SCENE XII.

Kent here gives a good character of a man, in recommending his own ſervices to Lear:

I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe, and ſays little; to fear judgment*; and to fight when I cannot chuſe †.

SCENE XIII.

The following paſſage comes in here very properly, after the foregoing one; as it gives good and prudent advice for our conduct in life.

Fool. Have more than thou ſheweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt;
Lend leſs than thou oweſt ‡,
Ride more than thou goeſt:
Learn more than thou troweſt §,
Set leſs than thou throweſt ||;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door;
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore ¶.

Theſe maxims ſhould not loſe their credit or effect, on account of the character which utters them; for Shakeſpeare's fools are not thoſe of *modern times*, but ſpeak a great deal of good ſenſe throughout all his Plays. Beſides, theſe ſort of privileged perſons, ſtiled formerly *kings' jeſters*, were uſually men of wit and parts, a ſort of free ſpeakers, who were indulged

* To reſpect the laws.

† Neither forward to begin, nor backward to end a fray.

‡ *Troue*, in old Engliſh, is to own or poſſeſs.

§ To *trow* is to *believe*. The line means not to embrace all opinions, becauſe delivered under the ſanction of philoſophy or learning.

|| That is, never ſet equal to the ſtake you throw for.

¶ A phraſe for improving one's capital.

in a liberty of telling truths, or making reflections on their maſter's conduct, without being reprehended or reſtrained. And as they were the only courtiers who were permitted ſuch a licence, they deſerved more properly to be deemed the *king*'s *friends*, than to have been ſtigmatized by either of the other denominations.

SCENE XV.

The curſes which the juſtly provoked father denounces here, againſt his unnatural daughters, are ſo very horrid and ſhocking to humanity, that I ſhall not offend my Reader by quoting them, though Shakeſpeare, I am convinced, ſupplied them merely in order to raiſe an abhorrence in his audience, againſt two of the greateſt crimes in the black liſt of deadly ſins, namely, ingratitude and undutifulneſs; and to ſhew, as the injured parent moſt emphatically expreſſes it, in the ſame paſſage,

> How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankleſs child!

ACT II. SCENE VI.

In this ſame Scene, and upon account of Kent's warmth and impatience of ſpeech and temper, though ſtill under the diſguiſe of an hireling attendant on Lear, there is a very good deſcription given of ſuch a perſon as he appears to be; a character frequently to be met with in life, though the ſpeaker is miſtaken in the application of it to the honeſt Duke, who might very properly be ſaid, in the ſenſe of the expreſſion above given, to have been the *King*'s *friend*.

> *Cornwal.* This is ſome fellow,
> Who having been praiſed for bluntneſs, doth affect
> A ſawcy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
> Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
> An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
> And they will take it ſo—If not, he's plain—
> Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs

Harbour

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

SCENE X.

When Gloſter makes an apology to Lear, here, for not preſſing his ſon, the duke of Cornwal, a ſecond time, to an interview with him, on account of the *fiery quality* of the Duke, as alſo having brought an anſwer from him that he was not well, the injured Monarch reſents it thus:

Lear. The king would ſpeak with Cornwal—The dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak—commands her ſervice—
Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? The fiery duke? Tell the hot duke, that—
[Gloſter *offers to go.*
No, but not yet—May be, he is not well—
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourſelves,
When nature, being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body——I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpoſed and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man.

The ſurprize and reſentment expreſſed in the firſt part of the above ſpeech, is juſt and natural; but the pauſe of recollection which afterwards abates his anger, is extremely fine, both in the reaſonableneſs of the reflection, and the humanity of the ſentiment.

This beautiful paſſage, with many others of the ſame tender kind, which follow in the courſe of developing Lear's character, and which I ſhall occaſionally refer back from to this note, render this unhappy man a real object both of commiſeration and eſteem, notwithſtanding the weakneſs, paſſion, and injuſtice he has ſo fully expoſed in the beginning of this Play.

No writer that ever lived was capable of drawing a mixed character, equal to Shakeſpeare; for no one has ever ſeemed to have dived ſo deep into

Nature, as himſelf.—Frequent inſtances of this admirable talent in him, may be ſelected from his Works. Moſt other authors, in their deſcriptions of men, preſent us either with *a flowery mead*, or *a ſavage deſart*; but the *demeſne* of human nature, which includes both the fruitful field and the barren waſte, within one incloſure, is rarely delineated by common writers.

SCENE XII.

Lear *to* Goneril, *upon her abridging his train.*

I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee—My child, farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canſt—Be better, at thy leiſure.
I can be patient.

Here poor Lear ſeems to make ſome kind of amends for his former violence; for though the provocation continues ſtill the ſame, nay rather, indeed, is increaſed by the repetition of it, yet he contents himſelf, in this place, with barely upbraiding and reviling the offender, but refrains from adding curſes to his reproaches.

Human nature is equally diſcernible in both theſe inſtances. The ſuddenneſs of his rage, on the firſt injury, might have wreſted thoſe anathemas from him, involuntarily; but before the ſecond occaſion preſented itſelf, his fury had had time to abate, and he then reſtrains his ſpeech within the bounds of a juſtifiable reſentment.

ACT III. SCENE II.

The Fool. Here's a night, that pities neither wiſe men, nor fools.

He

He muſt be very ignorant of human life, who does not know that as *the ſun ſhines equally on the juſt and the unjuſt*, ſo ſickneſs, perils, and afflictions are alike the *caſual* portion of the good and bad, the wiſe and fooliſh. But then all this happens without the leaſt manner of imputation upon Providence—For this world is not a ſtate of *retribution*—And, in reality, it would be a moſt uncomfortable reflection, if it was; for then we could have no reaſon to preſume a fond and flattering hope upon a better.

SCENE III.

Lear, *in the midſt of thunder and lightning.*

'Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemy now—Tremble, thou wretch,
Thou haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjure, and thou ſimular of virtue,
That art inceſtuous. Caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming,
Hath practiſed on man's life! Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.

Can there be a finer paſſage, or a more admonitory one, than this? If, upon all our dangers or calamities, we ſhould enter thus into a ſtrict ſelf-examination of our conſciences and conduct, it might naturally produce a moſt ſalutary effect on our future lives; as, on ſuch a ſcrutiny we ſhould, perhaps, oftener find our misfortunes to be, not our *diſeaſes*, but our *medicines*; and from thence be brought to ſay, with the Pſalmiſt, *Happy has it been for me, that I have been afflicted!*

In the ſame Scene, Lear, ſpeaking to the Fool, who was appointed to ſhew him the way to Edgar's hovel, where he might be able to ſhelter himſelf from the ſtorm, ſays,

Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious.

The

The truth of this obſervation is too obvious from experience, to need being inſiſted on; but I ſhall here add the remainder of the ſpeech, as it may be referred to, and helps to juſtify, the ſecond paragraph of my remark on the Tenth Scene above, in the former Act.

Lear. Come, your hovel—
Poor fool and knave, *I've one part in my heart,*
That's ſorry yet for thee.

SCENE V.

When they have arrived near the hovel, Lear changes his purpoſe, on account of a reaſon he afterwards gives, regarding the diſtracted ſtate of his mind; and being preſſed by Kent, who juſt then joins him, to take ſhelter from the outrage of the night, he cries,

Let me alone.

And being intreated, a ſecond time, he repeats the ſame anſwer. But upon being further urged by the kind earneſtneſs of his poor ſervant, which Kent ſtill preſerves the appearance of, he then exclaims, with emotion,

Wilt break my heart?

How truly affecting is this ſhort expoſtulation, if quickly conceived? It was not the importunity of Kent, that he meant to obſerve upon; the expreſſion needed not to have been ſo tender, to have marked ſuch an offence: Princes are apt to reſent the controlement of their wills or actions, in a ſeverer ſtile. But it was the inſtantaneous compariſon between the barbarity of his own daughters, which had reduced him to ſuch a wretched condition, and the humanity of a common alien kindly preſſing him to a ſhelter from it, that ſo ſuddenly ſtruck and affected his mind, at that moment—This thought, indeed, might well be ſaid to *break his heart*; and to have added a ſingle word more, to explain this ſentiment, would have marred the whole beauty of the paſſage.

Upon

Upon Kent's ſtill continuing his entreaty, he ſtill refuſes to comply, but reaſons with him thus:

Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin—So 'tis to thee—
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt—Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate—The tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there

This is the true nature of the human mind; the greater evil always ſwallowing up the leſſer, as the rod of Moſes did the other ſerpents. And in great calamities I do not know but it might, perhaps, be an advantage to have ſome other ills of an inferior nature to combat with, at the ſame time; for, as Lear ſays, juſt after, as his reaſon for refuſing to take ſhelter,

This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder,
On things would hurt me more.

When he conſents, at laſt, to enter the hut, he preſſes his two attendants to go in firſt, ſaying,

I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.

Upon which he immediately falls into the following beautiful apoſtrophe:

You houſeleſs poverty,
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads and unfed ſides,
Your looped and windowed raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? *O, I have ta'en*
Too little care of this—Take phyſic, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heavens more juſt!

Here alſo, I ſhall beg leave to refer the Reader back to the ſecond paragraph of my remark on the Tenth Scene of the Second Act.

This

This puts me in mind of two good lines, on the ſame ſubject, which I met with in a very pretty little moral Poem, lately publiſhed *.

" Aſk what we have to give—it is not ours;
" *Heaven has but lent it us to make it yours.*

SCENE IX.

Edgar. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes;
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' th' mind,
Leaving free things, and happy ſhows behind †.
But then the mind much ſuff'rance does o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow!

He utters this reflection, upon conſidering the comparative diſtreſſes to which Lear had been reduced; and his obſervation being drawn both from nature and the immediate object then before him, has a double beauty and force in this place, and ſhould be remembered and applied, in all ſuch caſes. Let us compare our own ills with thoſe of others, eſpecially of perſons, who from their ſuperior rank and fortune may be ſuppoſed to be better defended from injury than ourſelves, and it may conduce to render our minds often more acquieſcent in our own ſufferings.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Edgar. Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than ſtill contemned, and flattered. To be worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance; lives not in fear—
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter.

Shakeſpeare gives us, here, a poetical paraphraſe on the flattering old Engliſh proverb, that *when things are at the worſt, they'll mend.* He has commenced the ſpeech with a noble and liberal ſenti-

* By Miſs More, of Briſtol.
† States of life free from diſtreſs, and likely to continue ſo.

ment,

ment, and concludes it with a reflection drawn from the adage, in theſe lines:

World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us wait * thee,
Life would not yield to age.

That is, If the viciſſitudes of life did not ſuffer us to amuſe our ſufferings ſtill with hope, few would have patience enough to wait 'till old age ſhould bring its ſlow relief to all our cares.

* * *

Enter Gloſter *blind, and led by an old Man.*

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Gloſter. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes—
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen
Our maims † ſecure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.

This is a truth often verified in life; but the moſt general inſtances are, that women and children are ſafer from harms, than men are—They hazard leſs, from being leſs able to achieve.

Gloſter. As flies to wanton boys, are we to the Gods;
They kill us, for their ſport.

This is a moſt impious and unphiloſophic reflection. Poor Gloſter ſeems, by this expreſſion, to have been rather ſoured, than ſoftened, by his misfortunes; which his attempted ſuicide afterwards proves ſtill further. Such a ſentiment muſt certainly ſurprize us, in Shakeſpeare, when uttered by a perſon of ſo good a character as Gloſter—It could not ſo offend, in the mouth of Edmund, though better not ſpoken at all.

* * *

Gloſter, *when he has given his purſe to the guide.*

Heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous * and luſt-dieted man,
That braves † your ordinance, that will not ſee,

* *Wait*, inſtead of *bate*. Theobald.
† *Maims*, inſtead of *mean*. Johnſon.
‡ *Superfluous*. for *ſuperabundant*.
‖ *Braves*, inſtead of *ſlaves*. Warburton.

Becauſe

Becauſe he does dot feel, feel your power quickly :
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough.

Lear had before given us the ſame moral, as taken notice of in my remark on the Fifth Scene of the former Act; but I have quoted this paſſage, notwithſtanding, as containing a ſentiment which cannot be too often inculcated. Offer it as a *propoſition*, and all the world will agree with you in the *precept*; but make it a *propoſal*, and how few will join iſſue in the *practice!*

SCENE II.

Albany *and* Goneril.

When this good Duke is reproaching his wife, here, for the barbarous treatment ſhe had given her father, ſhe interrupts him with,

No more—'Tis fooliſh.

To which he replies, very juſtly,

Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile;
Filths ſavour but themſelves. . . . . .

It is, indeed, too much the horrid nature of vice and folly, not only to rejoice in its own wickedneſs and weakneſs, but, as Albany ſays, to depreciate all wiſdom and goodneſs in others. The Moor would have all faces black.

He ſays, further on in the ſame ſpeech,

If that the Heavens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame theſe vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.

This ſentiment was as emphatically expreſſed, before, on the cloſe of the laſt Scene of the former Act, by two mean attendants who were witneſſes to the cruelties exerciſed by Cornwal and Regan, on Gloſter's eyes; but I forbore to quote it, 'till I came to this paſſage.

Manent

Manent two Servants.

First Servant. I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,
If this man come to good.

Second Servant. If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,
Women will all turn monſters.

But to return again to the Scene with Albany and Goneril.

She replies to his humane remonſtrances and juſt reproaches, in theſe words:

Milk-livered man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering; that not know'ſt,
Fools do thoſe villains pity, who are puniſhed
Ere they have done their miſchief.

On which Albany exclaims,

See thyſelf, devil!
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend,
So horrid as in woman *.

What ſhe means by the laſt lines, is, that it is neceſſary to guard againſt foreſeen evils, as well as to defend againſt thoſe that preſs us; but fools being too ſhort-ſighted to ſee the prevention in the puniſhment, are apt to bewail the ſufferer.

SCENE III.

Kent *and a* Gentleman.

The honeſt old *king*'s *friend* having ſent off this perſon with diſpatches to Cordelia, then Queen of France, importing the miſerable ſituation of her father, queſtions him here, on his return, what kind of effect the peruſal of his letter had upon her; and nothing, ſurely, can be more beautiful, nor more intereſting, than the deſcription he gives of that fine ſtruggle between patience and ſorrow, which ſhe manifeſted upon this occaſion; with the delicacy and

* Diabolical qualities appear not ſo horrid, in the Devil, to whom they properly belong, as in woman, to whom they are unnatural. Warburton.

decency

decency of her quick retiring from view, when ſhe found her grief beginning to maſter her philoſophic ſeemings.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gentleman. Ay, Sir, ſhe took them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek; it ſeemed ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her—

Gentleman. Not to a rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun ſhine and rain, at once—Her ſmiles and tears
Were like a wetter May. Thoſe happy ſmiles
That played on her ripe lip, ſeemed not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt beloved,
If all could ſo become it *.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gentleman. Yes, once or twice, ſhe heaved the name of Father
Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart.
Cried ſiſters! ſiſters! ſhame of ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! father! ſiſters! What? i' th' ſtorm? i' th' night?
Let pity ne'er believe it!—There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And, clamour-motioned †, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deal with grief alone.

Theobald hints that Shakeſpeare had borrowed this fine picture of Cordelia's grief, from Joſeph, *in Holy Writ*, who being no longer able to reſtrain his affections, ordered his retinue from his preſence, and then wept aloud.

SCENE VII.

The adulation and hyperbolical flattery which princes are too generally *abuſed* by, is well expoſed here:

Lear. They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there—To ſay ay, and

* Part of the above deſcription reſembles what Viola ſays, in Twelfth-Night:
She ſat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

† *Motioned*, inſtead of *moiſtened*. Warburton.

no,

no, to every thing that I ſaid—Ay and no too, was no good divinity—When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men of their words—They told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

The great Canute took a method of reproving the ſycophants of his court, who affected to treat him as a God, by ſtanding on the beach till the ſea ſurrounded him, notwithſtanding his ſtern behelt to the tide to arreſt its courſe.

SCENE VIII.

A perſon, here, who has been witneſs to one of the Scenes of Lear's madneſs, makes this very natural reflection:

> A ſight moſt pitiful, in the meaneſt wretch,
> Paſt ſpeaking of in a king.

Strict philoſophy, perhaps, may not admit of ſuch a diſtinction in men, merely from the difference of outward circumſtances alone; but the habits and opinions of the world will always operate both on our ſentiments and feelings, on a compariſon, to the full extent of the maxim here laid down.

Beſides, indeed, without having the leaſt manner of reſpect to perſons, that ſuperior degree of calamity which can be capable of piercing through the ſtronger ſhields of ſtation, opulence and power, before it can inflict its arrows upon princes, muſt, doubtleſs, render them ſtill greater objects of commiſeration, than thoſe whoſe condition in life may be ſuppoſed to lye more open to the ordinary aſſails of misfortune. See my remark upon the laſt Scene of the former Act.

Gloſter ſeems to have the ſame ſenſe of things, when in the following Scene he expreſſes a ſurprize, that becauſe Lear is diſordered in his ſenſes, he ſhould ſtill be able to retain his own: though, indeed, he makes but a ſad deduction from the reflection.

The king is mad; how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows. Better I were diſtract;
So ſhould my thoughts be ſevered from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imagination, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

SCENE IX.

When Edgar, by killing of Goneril's ſteward, gets poſſeſſion of the diſpatches he was carrying to the enemy, he takes a reſolution to open them; which he prefaces thus:

By your leave, gentle wax and manners—Blame us not—
To know our enemies minds we rip their hearts—
Their papers are more lawful.

But, however certain *reaſons of State* may poſſibly render ſuch an action neceſſary, there is ſomething in it, notwithſtanding, at which the liberal and ingenuous mind naturally revolts. "Beyond the "fixed and ſettled rules, &c." The compariſon he makes, indeed, is certainly ſtrong, in favour of the leſſer evil, regarding merely the ſimple poſition of the queſtion; but then he ſhould have reſtrained himſelf to the ſaying the latter was more *reaſonable* or *humane*, than have pronounced it to be more *lawful* For it is this very circumſtance, the *legality* of the former Act, which marks the difference between them; and which, though ſevere, yet being founded on the maxims of the *Civil-Law*, that "no perſon "ſhall be convict of a crime, without his own con-"feſſion *," appears to be more juſtifiable, in the conſtitution of things, than even a milder act, which has no ſuch principle to ſupport it; nay, which rather militates, as in this caſe it apparently does, againſt that very maxim; by obtaining a ſurreptitious proof of guilt, *without confeſſion*; beſides the compaſſing it, by an ungenerous baſeneſs.

* Shaftesbury makes *ridicule*, and the Civil Law, as wisely, makes *torture*, the teſt of Truth.

SCENE

SCENE X.

The following ſpeech is replete with filial tenderneſs, as well as exceſs (if that can poſſibly be) of humanity.

Cordelia, *ſpeaking to her father, while he ſleeps.*

Had you not been their father*, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expoſed againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick croſs lightning? To watch, poor *Perdu*,
With this thin helm? *My very enemy's dog,*
Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire. And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded.

ACT V. SCENE I.

There is a noble and a juſt maxim delivered in the following ſpeech, though not, indeed, very conſonant with the profligate notions of antient barbariſm, commonly called heroiſm.

Albany *to* Edmund.

Sir, this I hear, the king is come to his daughter†,
With other whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forced to cry out. *Where I could not be honeſt,*
I never yet was valiant.

SCENE V.

When Lear and Cordelia are brought in priſoners, the latter aſks if they may not be permitted to a conference with *theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters*, in hopes of working on their compaſſion to ſet them free—To which Lear anſwers, with that mixture of extravagance and ſound ſenſe which ſo obviouſly run through the whole of his delirium,

No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing, like birds i' th' cage.

* That is, had you been even an alien, or a ſtranger.
† To Cordelia.

When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs; ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them, too,
Who loſes and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a walled priſon, packs and ſets * of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

In the above ſpeech, beſides the wildneſs of the firſt part, which is, however, extremely affecting, for paſſion moves us more than reaſon, there is, here, as in all this poor king's rhapſodies, as hinted before, *a document in madneſs*, which excellently deſcribes the character of the old *Quid Nunc's*, ſo well ridiculed in the Spectator; indeed of the Coffee-houſe Politicians of all times; and which well rebukes the idle preſumption of thoſe vain ignorants, who pretend to canvaſs the myſteries of ſtate, and inveſtigate the arcana of government, as if they were of a ſuperior order of intelligence, without any knowledge in the ſcience of civil polity, or the leaſt capacity for the arts of empire.

Such intermeddlers, by working themſelves in to be the demagogues of the populace, have often perplexed councils, and ſometimes overthrown kingdoms. For as it is the *Few* who govern, in all ſtates, their ſtrength muſt neceſſarily be founded more in *authority*, than *force*; and when once rule or royalty have been rendered the objects of general diffidence or contempt, what curb is there left to reſtrain the *Many?*

"Slaves and fools, then,
"Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
"And miniſter in their ſteads." TIMON.

SCENE VI.

A reſpect for regality, ſupported by a juſt claim, is ever ſo ſtrongly impreſſed in the general boſom

* *Sats*, inſtead of *ſets*. Johnſon.

of

of a people, that rebels never think they can ſufficiently ſecure themſelves againſt it. From whence the common ſaying, that *princes ſeldom remove from a priſon, but to a grave.* This thought is well expreſſed in the following ſpeech:

Edmund *to* Albany, *who commands him to deliver up his priſoners.*

Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable king
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide,
And turn our impreſt lances in our eyes,
Which do command them.

SCENE VIII.

After Edgar has wounded and vanquiſhed Edmund, he makes the following reflection:

The gods are juſt, and of our *ſeveral* * vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us.

There have been ſuch frequent inſtances in life, of the above obſervation, that thoſe vices which we have moſt indulged ourſelves in, have become the peculiar means of our chaſtiſement, that it might naturally lead us into a belief, that this may, poſſibly, be one, among the many ſecret ways of Providence, with its creatures.

At leaſt the *adaptions* have often been ſo very extraordinary and remarkable, that it might tempt one to ſuppoſe there muſt have been ſomething more than the common caſualty or contingency of events, in ſuch caſes. I could wiſh, however, for the ſake of morals, to encourage the perſuaſion, and render it univerſal.

* * *

Albany, Edgar *and* Edmund.

Edgar, *giving an account of his laſt interview with his father.*

Never, O fault, revealed myſelf to him,
Until ſome half hour paſt; when I was armed,

* I have ventured to make a ſlight alteration here; becauſe the word *pleaſant*, in the Text, had no relation to the ſpeech, as far as I have quoted it; beſides that the expreſſion I have ſubſtituted, renders the maxim more general.

Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
I aſked his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt,
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flawed heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Edmund. Speak you on,
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Albany. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Edgar. This would have ſeemed a period. But ſuch
As love to amplify another's ſorrow,
To much would add much more,
And top extremity*!

The difference of natures, between Albany, a man of virtue, and conſequently of a compaſſionate diſpoſition, and Edmund, a vicious perſon, and, of courſe, of blunted feelings, is well marked in the above dialogue. The latter would have the ſad ſtory continued, but the former intreated to hear no more of it. And Edgar has well obſerved upon theſe oppoſed characters, in the preface he makes to the ſecond part of his tale.

This would have ſeemed a period, &c.

SCENE IX.

The ſame Albany, however, immediately after, upon ſeeing the dead bodies of Goneril and Regan brought in, ſays,

This judgment of the Heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

Here a haſty Reader might be apt to think, that the good Duke had forfeited his character for humanity, a little, in this inſtance; but there is ſomething inimitably juſt and fine in the paſſage. We certainly feel ourſelves differently affected towards the wretched in the common lot of life, and

* The Text has been altered here by Doctor Warburton, much to the advantage of its ſenſe and perſpicuity.

thoſe

thoſe who ſeem to be diſtinguiſhed as the more immediate objects of divine chaſtiſement. Our minds, in the latter caſe, become impreſſed with a ſort of pious awe, which reſtrains our compaſſion, leſt the too free indulgence of it might ſeem to arraign the juſtice of Providence.

This is a trait of human nature, ſo very little obvious to common capacities, that though all muſt have been ſenſible of the feeling, ſo few have had penetration enough to inveſtigate the cauſe, that I dare ſay many have been aſhamed to confeſs it, as imputing it to a deficiency of tenderneſs in their own hearts.

SCENE X.

This Play concludes with the following moſt excellent moral:

Albany. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings.

It were a conſummation devoutly to be wiſhed, that the examples of this precept were more numerous in the world, than they are—'Tis a peculiar reproach to the character which utters it, when they are not. *Albany was a king.* See my laſt reflection upon Henry V.

T I M O N.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Old Athenian.
Strangers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

None.

TIMON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Poet. WHEN we for recompence have praiſed the vile,
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe,
Which amply ſings the good.

This remark is extremely juſt; that the flattery which paraſites or needy clients are apt indiſcriminately to ſquander upon their patrons, leſſens the value of praiſe to the deſerving few. We will admit a lover to compliment his miſtreſs beyond her merits, becauſe he may be ſuppoſed, from the blindneſs of his paſſion, not to intend any exaggeration; as has been already taken notice of, on a paſſage in the preceding Play *. But, in every other ſuch caſe, we ſin with our eyes open; and thereby offend againſt that great and univerſal moral, which ought to be the principal rule both of our words, our thoughts, and our actions — namely, *Truth.*

In the continuance of the ſame Scene, in a dialogue between the Poet and a Painter, the former ſketches out the plan of a moral or didactic Poem he was then compoſing, for the warning and inſtruction of his great patron, the Lord Timon; in which there is much merit, both in the deſign and contrivance of the piece, as well as in the deſcription of it.

Poet. I have, in this rough work, ſhaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly †, but moves itſelf

* See Lear, Act I. Scene II. The laſt remark on Cordelia's anſwer.
† *Halts not particularly*, deſigns no particular character. Johnſon.

In

In a wide ſea of wax *; no levelled malice †
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But darts ‡ an eagle-flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract || behind. . . . . .
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlippery natures ¶, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down
Their ſervice to lord Timon; his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-faced flatterer **
To Apemantus, that few things loves better,
Than to abhor himſelf; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
More rich in Timon's nod. . . . . .
I have, then, on a high and pleaſant hill,
Feigned Fortune to be throned. The baſe o' th' mount
Is ranked †† with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere,
To propagate their ſtates ‡‡—Amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady fixed,
One do I perſonate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals. . . . . .
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment,
Follow his ſtrides; his lobbies fill with 'tendance;
Rain ſacrificial whiſperings ¶¶ in his ear;
Make ſacred even his ſtirrup; and through him
Drink the free air ***.
When Fortune, in her ſhift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved; all his dependants,
Which laboured after to the mountain's top,

* This alludes to the antient manner of writing, with an iron ſtile on waxen tablets. Hanmer.

† The ſenſe of this expreſſion has been already explained, in Note † Page 379.

‡ I have changed the word *flies*, to *darts*, to avoid the tautology between the verb and the noun *flight*; beſides that I think the expreſſion is more emphatic of the image.

|| *Tract*, Shakeſpeare takes the liberty of uſing this word for *track*.

¶ *Natures*, inſtead of *creatures*. Hanmer.

** *Glaſs-faced flatterer*; who receive their impreſſions from their patron.

†† *Ranked*, for *ranged*, or more properly, *arranged*.

‡‡ To mend their conditions, or improve their fortunes.

¶¶ *Sacrificial whiſperings*, offer up their prayers, and vow gifts to his altar, as if he was a God. Shakeſpeare ſays, in Anthony and Cleopatra, of the Queen's women, *They made their bends adorings*.

*** Seem only to live upon his breath.

Even

Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Painter. 'Tis common.
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of Fortune,
More pregnantly than words—Yet you do well
To ſhew lord Timon that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

The firſt ſpeech, in the above dialogue, well deſcribes the general and truly moral ſatire, and properly diſtinguiſhes it from the baſtard, or invidious kind of perſonal invective, ſtiled the libel or lampoon:

My free drift
Halts not *particularly*, &c."

SCENE II.

Timon, upon hearing of his friend Ventidius being thrown into a gaol, ſays to the meſſenger,[VI]

Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom;
And being enfranchiſed bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after.

The laſt lines contain a noble ſentiment of friendſhip, charity, and generoſity—It has merit enough in itſelf, to ſtand alone; but would have double the effect on an hearer, if pronounced by a perſon of a more prudent and provident character.

This thought is beautifully expreſſed, in an old Elegy written on the good biſhop Boulter, who died Primate of Ireland, ſome years ago:

——— "He thought it mean,
"Only to help the poor to beg again."

Timon ſays, ſoon after, in the ſame dialogue,

This gentleman of mine hath ſerved me long,
To build his fortune I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men.

And again, in Scene V. (for I chuſe to collect like ſentiments under the ſame head) he ſays to Ventidius,

Ventidius, who comes to thank him for his friendſhip, and to repay the debt,

> You miſtake my love;
> I gave it freely, ever; *and there's none*
> *Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives.*

But to return to our former Scene.—When Timon aſks the old Athenian whether his daughter likes the young man that courts her, he replies,

> She is young and apt—
> Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us,
> What levity's in youth.

This is a ſenſible and philoſophic reflection, and ſhould be more attended to, than it generally is: for there are no perſons fit to educate, to guide, or inſtruct young people, but thoſe who have not forgotten their own youth. Parents and grand-parents are apt, too often, to require their children and grand-children ſhould benefit of their earned knowledge and long experience, and ſo go on from thence, improving ſtill in ſenſe and virtue. It would be a happy thing, indeed, if we could put morals on the foot of ſcience, which is thus progreſſive; but they muſt be very ignorant of human nature, who expect it.

"Old folks," as an ingenious modern author expreſſes it, "would have young ones as *wiſe* as "themſelves; without conſidering that they muſt "be *fools*, if they were ſo *." Meaning, for he does not ſtay to explain himſelf, that they muſt be perſons of dull, phlegmatic natures, without paſſions, without ſenſibility, and conſequently incapable of improvement or virtue.

Whenever I have happened to obſerve what are called *the virtues of age* to be innate in youth, I have naturally expected to meet with the vices of it there alſo; and have but rarely found any one of ſuch character uninfected with ſelfiſhneſs or avarice.

* The Friends, or Original Letters, Vol. II. Letter LXXIX.

The

When Timon receives a portrait from the Painter, he makes a ſatirical reflection upon it, which, tho' too juſt in itſelf, ſeems to be a good deal out of character in him, at that time; as being previous to the experience which ſoon after might have inſtructed him to have made it.

The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide; penciled figures are
Even ſuch as they give out.

SCENE III.

Apemantus, on ſeeing and hearing much embracing and profeſſing between Timon and Alcibiades, mutters thus to himſelf:

That there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſy! The ſtrain of man is bred out into baboon and monkey.

Sterne ſaid of French politeneſs, that *it might be compared to a ſmooth coin; it had loſt all mark of character.* To which I think we may add, that courteſy, like counters, by having attained a currency in the world, have come at length to bear an equal rate, we might ſay, a ſuperior one, with pieces of intrinſic value; ſo that one who ſhould make a difference between them in the *modern* traffic of life, would be looked upon as a mere *virtuoſo*, who preferred an *Otho* to a *Georgius*.

We muſt take up with the world, at preſent, as we do with the ſtage, to which it has ſo often been compared. There is *a fable* in both; and if the actors but perform their *perſonated characters* well, we are not to quarrel with them for not exhibiting their *natural ones*.

SCENE V.

The noble Timon, being rendered uneaſy at the too ſervile deferences paid him by his clients, juſtly ſays,

Nay, ceremony was but deviſed, at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes;

Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhewn;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.

There is a parallel thought in the Merchant of Venice, taken notice of before, in my laſt remark on that Play.

Further on in this Scene, there occurs a paſſage which well deſerves to be quoted, but needs no note.

Timon, Lucius, *and others.*

Lucius. Might we but have the happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect *.

Timon. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhould have much help from you; how had you been my friends elſe? Why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did I not chiefly belong to your hearts †? I have told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh, ye gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of them? They would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſhed myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born. Mine eyes cannot hold water.

SCENE VII.

Apemantus. Oh, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery!

It is, indeed, an unhappy reflection, to think how few examples there are in life, to controvert this maxim. If the firſt were not the caſe, there would be no ſuch thing as the latter; for men would then *deſerve the praiſe* they get.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The following ſpeech may ſerve to hint a common truth, that all gifts or preſents from inferiors,

* That is, arrived at the perfection of happineſs.

† The ſenſe of this paſſage, in the original text, is made clearer by an alteration of Doctor Johnſon's.

may

may be conſidered but as petitions to their ſuperiors.

Senator. If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon; why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horſe to Timon;
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſe.

SCENE IV.

The honeſt and anxious ſteward of Timon makes a reflection here, which the experience of all times hath too fully vouched.

Flavius. Heavens! have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night engliutted! Who, now, is not Timon's?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made;
Feaſt-won, feaſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couched *.

SCENE V.

When the reduced and unhappy Timon finds himſelf involved in poverty and diſtreſs, he directs his ſteward to call upon the Body of the Senators, who had ſhared his bounties, for its aſſiſtance in this exigence; in anſwer to which the ſteward acquaints him, that he had taken the liberty to do this, already, upon his own prior knowledge in the ſituation of his affairs. The account he then proceeds to give of the reception his application had met with among theſe *ſhadows* of friendſhip, is ſuch, I am ſorry to ſay, as thoſe who have ever been under a neceſſity of making the ſame experiment, will readily acknowledge to be genuine. Faint expreſſions of good will, with a ſtrong reproof for extravagances, which they themſelves had both encouraged and partaken of, and finally cloſed with an abſolute denial of relief.

* *Couched*, ſmothered.

Flavius. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wiſhed—They know not—
Something hath been amiſs—A noble nature
May catch a wrench—Would all were well—'Tis pity—
And ſo intending * other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions †,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

To which Timon replies, with a competent knowledge of human nature; for he ſeems to be inſpired here, as before ‖:

Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary §;
Their blood is caked, is cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of friendly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhioned for the journey, dull and heavy.

After having thrown out this ſtricture againſt Age and Avarice, he deſires his ſteward to apply to Ventidius, a young man lately come into the poſſeſſion of a large fortune, whom he had juſt redeemed from the miſeries of a gaol, and reſtrains him only to borrow from him the exact ſum he had before paid for his releaſe, ſaying,

Ne'er ſpeak or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

To which the more experienced ſteward replies to himſelf,

Would I could not! That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itſelf, it thinks all others ſo.

The ſame ſentiment is well expreſſed by Zanga, in the deſcription he gives of his conqueror:

"Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious,
"Honeſt than ſubtle; *above fraud himſelf,*
"*Slow, therefore, to ſuſpect it in another?*"

The REVENGE.

* *Intending* for *attending to.*
† *Fractions of ſpeech*, as *you are honourable—they could have wiſhed—'tis pity*, &c.
‖ See the laſt paſſage of Scene II. of the former Act, with the remark upon it.
§ By *hereditary* he means naturally, or connate with old age.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

When Ventidius has declined to lend his aſſiſtance, (though this circumſtance is only hinted at, but not produced upon the ſcene) Timon diſpatches the ſteward * to Lucullus, another young man of promiſing hopes; who anſwers in the ſame ſtrain with the evaſive and ſarcaſtical reply given before by the Senators, as related in the Fifth Scene of the preceding Act; pleading incapacity, and reprehending the too profuſe liberality of Timon. After which he forces ſome pieces into Flavius's hand, by way of bribing him to pretend to his maſter, that he had not met with him; and then goes off. Upon which the honeſt and indignant ſteward, flinging away the money, cries out,

May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns || in leſs than two nights? O, ye gods!
I feel my maſter's paſſion. This ſlave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turned himſelf to poiſon?
O! may diſeaſes only work upon it,
And when he's ſick to death, let not that part
Of nurture my lord paid for, be of power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour!

The generous and feeling mind muſt naturally ſympathize with the warmth of reſentment, here expreſſed, though its moral and charity may refrain it from concurring in the anathemas of it.

I cannot quit this ſcene, till I have remarked upon the character of Ventidius, as repreſented by two ſeeming contradictory circumſtances, in the firſt and ſecond Acts.

* In the text, this perſon's name is *Flaminius*, but I have not here diſtinguiſhed him from *Flavius*, to avoid a confuſion of perſons under the ſame character of ſteward.

|| *Turns*—alluding to milk's growing ſour.

In the former he ſhews his honeſty and gratitude to his benefactor, by offering to repay the money which had been given to redeem his liberty *; and here he betrays the very reverſe of theſe principles. Is Shakeſpeare inconſiſtent? No. 'Tis nature ſtill. Ventidius had juſt then ſucceeded to an ample patrimony. A ſudden afflux of fortune, eſpecially to a perſon newly emerging from diſtreſs, is apt to ſwell and enlarge the heart at firſt; but then in mean minds it is as apt to ſhrink and contract it as ſuddenly again.

SCENE II.

Enter Lucius, *and three Strangers.*

That diſingenuous nature in mankind, which prompts to cenſure thoſe vices in others, which themſelves are capable of, is well expoſed here.

When the firſt ſtranger has mentioned the forlorn ſtate of Timon's fortunes, and related the ſtory of Lucullus's unkindneſs towards him, Lucius exclaims with ſurprize,

What a ſtrange caſe was that! Now, before the gods, I am aſhamed on't. Denied that honourable man! There was very little honour ſhewn in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he not miſtook him, and ſent to me †, I ſhould ne'er have denied his occaſions ſo many talents.

But immediately after, in the ſame ſcene, upon application made to himſelf by Servilius, to the ſame purpoſe, he thus defends his purſe:

What a wicked ‡ beaſt was I, *(ſpeaking to the meſſenger,)* to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſo good a time, when I might have ſhewn myſelf honourable? How unluckily it happened, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little dirt §, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do——The

* Scene V. of the Play; but only hinted at here, in one of the excurſions from Scene II. by way of introducing Timon's fine reply to the offer.

† The ſenſe is corrected here by Doctor Johnſon's alteration of the text in a note.

‡ *Wicked* for *unlucky*.

§ *Dirt*, inſtead of *fact*. Theobald.

more

more beaſt, I ſay——I was ſending to uſe lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip, and I hope his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far as to uſe my own words to him?

Then turning to the firſt ſtranger, he ſays, what is too generally experienced through life,

True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly ſpeed.

Upon Lucius and Servilius's going out, the following dialogue is held between the remaining perſons; in which ſome *ſcandalum magnatums* are thrown out againſt the dignity of human nature.

Firſt Stranger. Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

Second Stranger. Ay, too well.

Firſt Stranger. Why this is the world's ſoul;
And juſt of the ſame piece is ev'ry flatterer's ſpirit,
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the ſame diſh? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purſe,
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip——
And yet, oh, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!
He does deny him, in reſpect of his *,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stranger. Religion groans at it.

Firſt Stranger. For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life,
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into partition †,

* *In reſpect of his*, of Lucius's fortune.
† *Partition*, ſubſtituted for *donation*. Hanmer.

And the beſt half ſhould have attorned ‡ to him,
So much I love his heart—But I perceive
Men now muſt learn with pity to diſpenſe,
For policy § ſits above conſcience.

This latter ſpeech ſavours too much of the former one of Lucius; and, as the Queen ſays in Hamlet, *the gentleman doth profeſs too much*; but we ſhall charitably accept it as ſincere, ſince the ſpeaker's virtue has not been put to the proof.

SCENE III.

Sempronius, another of Timon's *friends*, is here aſſailed, who evades the requeſt by pleading ſurprize that he ſhould be the firſt perſon applied to on ſuch an exigence, before Lucius, Lucullus, and Ventidius, who had each of them ſo much higher obligations to his ſervices than himſelf. But being beaten out of that argument, by being informed of their all having been before *touched, and found baſe metal*, as the meſſenger tells him, he then makes uſe of a device, not uncommon in ſuch caſes, to pretend a quarrel, or affect a jealouſy with a perſon, in order to have one's reſentment paſs as an excuſe for refuſing the favour required.

Sempronius. How! denied him?
Ventidius, Lucullus, Lucius, all denied him?
And does he ſend to me? Three! Hum—
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? His friends, like phyſicians,
Thrice † give him over—Muſt I take th' cure upon me?
H' has much diſgraced me in't—I'm angry at him—
He might have known my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er received gift from him;
And does he think ſo backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it laſt? No
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' reſt, and I 'mongſt lords be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the ſum

‡ *Attorned* inſtead of *returned*. Warburton.
§ *Policy*, for *ſelfiſhneſs*.
† *Thrice*, inſtead of *thrive*. Johnſon.

He

He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
I'd ſuch a courage || then to do him good—
But now, return—
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who 'bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin.

When Sempronius retires, the ſervant who had brought the meſſage to him makes ſome reflections, which, with many other inſtances of the ſame kind, in theſe writings, ſhew that Shakeſpeare was as prodigal of his wit and ſentiment, as TIMON was of his favour and fortune, for he often ſquanders them both upon clowns and lacqueys.

Servant. Excellent! your lordſhip's a goodly villain. The Devil knew what he did when he made man politic *. He croſſed † himſelf by't; and I cannot think but that, in the end, the villanies of man will ſet him clear ‡. How fairly this lord ſtrives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked §. Like thoſe that, under hot ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire ¶.

Of ſuch a nature is his politic ** love—
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only ‖‖.

SCENE IV.

Another *ſentimental footman* ſent by one of TIMON's creditors to preſs him for his debt, ſpeaks the following couplet, the laſt line of which deſerves to be made an adage of;

I know my lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.

SCENE VI.

Alcibiades, pleading before the Senate, for the life of a friend who had killed his antagoniſt in

|| *Courage*, for *heart*, or *good will*.
* *Politic*, again for *ſelfiſh*. See note laſt but two.
† *Croſſed*, for *bleſſed* himſelf, in the Romiſh ſenſe of the word.
‡ *Set him clear*.—Leave him no longer chargeable with the crime of tempting them.
§ By pretending a pique of honour, and a generous reſentment, at not having been firſt applied to.
¶ Alluding to religious wars.
** *Politic*, encore in the ſame ſenſe.
‖‖ I have tranſpoſed theſe words for the ſake of the meaſure. In the text they ſtand thus, *Save only the gods.*

a fair rencounter, thus addreſſes himſelf to the court:

Health, honour, and *compaſſion* to the Senate!
I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law;
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.

Our author is always moſt remarkably ſtrong in his expreſſion, and rich in his argument, upon the ſubject of this divine attribute of Mercy. Witneſs Portia's ſpeech in the Merchant of Venice, Iſabella's in Meaſure for Meaſure, and ſeveral other paſſages of the ſame kind throughout his writings. To make *pity the virtue of the law*, is a fine idea, and a beautiful expreſſion.

The argument for and againſt the practice of Duelling, is here very philoſophically urged on one ſide, and as artfully evaded on the other.

Senator. You undergo * too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair;
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they laboured
To bring man-ſlaughter into form, and ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour, which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot; and came into the world
When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outſides; wear them, like his raiment, careleſsly;
And ne'er preſer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alcibiades. My lord——

Senator. You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alcibiades. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threatenings, ſleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? But if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, ſure, women are more valiant,

* *Undergo*, for *undertake*.

That

That fly at home;
If bearing carry it, then is the aſs
More captain than the lion; and the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuffering *.

I ſhall ſubmit this difficult punctilio of honour † to the deciſion of my male Readers; for, as a woman, I cannot be ſuppoſed to be a competent judge of it. However, I ſhall venture to proceed ſo far as to obſerve, that as this piece of antient chivalry is ſaid to have been originally inſtituted for our defence, I muſt confeſs, I think it ſhould have reſted there.

Alcibiades then concludes the above ſpeech, by petitioning again for mercy:

Oh, my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good;
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs, in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extremeſt guſt,
But, in defence, by mercy 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

SCENE VII.

When Timon meets his late delinquent friends at the mock banquet he had prepared and preſſed them to, he makes a juſt ſarcaſm, as well as a juſtly provoked one, upon the inſincerity of their profeſſions.

Senator. The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly than we your lordſhip.

Timon, aſide. Nor more willingly leaves winter—Such ſummer-birds are men.

He again carries on the ſame ſtrain, in the firſt part of the grace he pronounces before the covers are taken off.

Timon. The gods require our thanks—
You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts make yourſelves praiſed; but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one

* The text has been much improved in this latter part, by Doctor Johnſon.
† Duelling.

need

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ACT IV. SCENE II.

In this Scene, another of Timon's servants, or rather one of Shakespeare's §, delivers himself most affectionately and affectingly, upon the unhappy condition of his master.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

SCENE III.

There are so many unfavourable pictures of the world already given by Shakespeare, that though each of them may be very proper, in its respective place, to adorn the fable, and maintain the characters in the several Dramas; yet some of them, it may be thought, might be spared in a work of this ge-

† That is, your perfect resemblance.
‡ Flatteries, for bounties, or favours.
§ Summer insects.
|| Machines of motion, which require frequent winding up; or a phrase framed for time-servers.
§ See my note following Sempronius's speech, in Scene III. of the foregoing Act.

neral

neral kind, which requires not ſuch minute attentions: but as my ſcope here is not only to inſtruct the ignorant, to warn the unwary, and inculcate the moral of our author, both from his precepts and examples, but to do him honour alſo as a writer, I think it would be a ſort of injuſtice in me to ſuffer any paſſage in him to remain unnoted, which, beſides conducing to ſuch great ends, may ſerve to ſhew the fecundity of his powers and genius, which has enabled him to treat the ſame ſubject in ſo many different ways, with ſtill new thoughts, and varied expreſſion.

The following ſpeech is a beautiful inſtance of this obſervation.

Timon. Twinned brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes,
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not even nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature *.
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude † that lord,
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary ‡,
The beggar native § honour.
It is the paſture lards the wether's ſides,
The want that makes him lean ‖. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, This man's a flatterer? If one be,
So are they all; for every greeze ¶ of fortune
Is ſmoothed by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy.

In the Sixth Scene following, he exclaims againſt the world again:

But myſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary,

* This ſentence is obſcure. It means, that men, tho' conſcious of the imperfection of human nature, when puffed up by fortune will deſpiſe others for their common imperfections, as if they were themſelves exempt from them.

† *Denude*, ſtrip, or deprive him of his poſſeſſions.

‡ He uſes the word *hereditary* here, with the ſame latitude he has done before. See note 4th on Scene V. of Second Act. In this place it means, that contempt is the uſual portion or patrimony of poverty.

§ *Native*, is uſed in the ſame ſenſe with *hereditary*, as above explained.

‖ The text has been cleared of its difficulty, and much improved in its ſenſe, in this paſſage, by Doctor Warburton.

¶ *Greeze*, ſtep, or degree.

The

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employments;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have, with one winter's bruſh,
Fallen from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
For every ſtorm that blows.

But to return. At the end of the former ſpeech, upon finding gold while he was digging for roots, he ſays,

Thus much
Of this will make black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You gods! why, this—this, you gods! why this
Will lug your prieſts and votaries from your ſides;
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from beneath their heads *.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurſed;
Make the hoar leproſy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench; this is it
That makes the mourning † widow wed again. . . .
Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature ‡. [*Burying it.*

And again, in the Sixth Scene of this Act, looking on the gold, he renews the ſame reflections.

O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural ſon § and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
That lies on Dian's lap ‖! thou viſible god,
That ſoldereſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with ev'ry tongue,
To ev'ry purpoſe! O thou touch of hearts!
Think thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.

* Kill them before their time, for the ſake of their wealth.

† The word in the text is *wappened*, but the Commentators not agreeing about the ſenſe of the expreſſion, I have ventured to ſubſtitute one that needs no explanation.

‡ Lie hid in the bowels of the earth, where kind Providence meant to conceal thee.

§ This adjective is meant in the liberal ſenſe of the word, not the legal one.

‖ What a beautiful and poetical paſſage is here, both in the imagery and the expreſſion!

I have

I have ſuffered theſe laſt lines to paſs, as they ſeem as well to continue the enumeration of the fatal effects of avarice, as to denounce a curſe againſt it.

SCENE IV.

When Alcibiades meets with Timon wild in the woods, he aſks with concern and ſurprize,

How came the noble Timon to this change?

To which he ſeverely replies, but in Shakeſpeare's uſual ſport of fancy, even on the moſt ſerious ſubjects,

As the moon does, by wanting light to give;
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.

Alcibiades. I've heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.

Timon. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.

And in the next Scene, in an invocation to the earth, he ſays,

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with lickeriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.

SCENE VI.

Here alſo are ſome more ſtrictures thrown out *contra mundum*, with which I ſhall conclude this Act.

Timon *and* Apemantus.

Apemantus. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Timon. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

ACT V. SCENE I.

Flavius, the good ſteward, upon ſeeing his maſter ſitting before the mouth of his cave, makes the following fond and pathetic exclamation, ſucceeded by reflections,

reflections, in the ſame ſtile with thoſe which moſtly fill this Play:

Oh, ye gods!
Is yon deſpiſed and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing?
Oh, monument and wonder of good deeds,
Evilly beſtowed!
What change of honour deſperate want has made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends;
How rarely* does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſhed to love his enemies.
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that *would* miſchief me, than thoſe that *do!* †

SCENE II.

Here alſo in the ſame ſtrain our Author proceeds. When two of Timon's former ſycophants, upon hearing that their patron is ſuddenly become rich again, are going together to cajole him, as before, they hold the following dialogue with each other.

Poet *and* Painter.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Painter. Nothing, at this time, but my viſitation; only, I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe, is moſt courtly and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Poet. I am thinking what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him. It muſt be a perſonating ‡ of himſelf; a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency. . . . .

* *Rarely*, for *fitly*.

† This paſſage is difficult. Doctor Warburton has altered the text, to accommodate it to his explanation; and Doctor Johnſon has reſtored it. The meaning of it, as it here ſtands, is, that *open enemies* are leſs dangerous, than *falſe friends*. We can ſhield ourſelves from the one, but are priſoners at diſcretion, with the other. Mr. Johnſon quotes a Spaniſh proverb to the ſame effect: "Defend me "from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myſelf."

‡ *Perſonating*, a *repreſentation* of his own ſituation and circumſtances.

Nay,

Nay, let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Painter. True.
While the day ſerves, before black-cornered night,
Find what thou want'ſt by free and offered light.

Timon over-hearing their converſation from behind his cave, caſts out another invective againſt gold, and concludes his ſpeech with an expreſſion, which I have alſo let paſs for the reaſon before-mentioned, in the laſt note on Scene III. of the former Act. For though uſed in the form of a curſe, it may, however, be hardly conſidered in that light, as 'tis but the natural conſequence of the vice, and is no more than to ſay, *May the man who ſwallows poiſon die*, which he certainly will do.

Timon. What a god's gold, that he is worſhipped
In baſer temples than where ſwine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plough'ſt the foam,
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave.
To thee be worſhip, and thy ſaints, for aye,
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey.

I ſhall here conclude my remarks upon this Play, with Dr. Johnſon's character of it, as far as the fable has any relation to moral.

"The cataſtrophe (ſays he) affords a very powerful "warning againſt that oſtentatious liberality which "ſcatters bounty, but confers no benefit; and buys "flattery, but not friendſhip."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman General against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, his brother, and a Tribune of the People.

Bassianus, ſecond Son of the late Emperor.

W O M E N.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths, a Captive.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

IT has been much diſputed among the Commentators, whether this Play be originally Shakeſpeare's, or only the work of ſome elder Author; reviſed and improved for repreſentation by him: though, if I might be allowed to venture a criticiſm upon this ſubject, I ſhould ſuppoſe the intire Piece to be his, and for a very ſingular reaſon; Becauſe the whole of the fable, as well as the conduct of it, is ſo very *barbarous*, in every ſenſe of the word, that I think, however he might have been tempted to make uſe of the legend, in ſome hurry or other, for his own purpoſe, he could hardly have adopted it from any other perſon's compoſition. We are quick-ſighted to the faults of others, though purblind to our own. Beſides, he would never have ſtrewed ſuch ſweet flowers upon a *caput mortuum*, if ſome child of his had not lain entombed underneath. Many of the beauties I hint at, being merely poetical imagery, without any mixture of moral in them, are therefore not inſerted among the following notes, as not being the proper object of my remarks, which muſt, in conſequence, appear to fall ſhort of the above compliment.

The arguments, *pro* and *con*, for the authenticity of this Play, are not material to our preſent purpoſe; for as we find it among the muſter-roll of our Author's forces, it challenges a right to paſs in review along with the reſt, though there are but very few paſſages in it to anſwer the deſign of this work.

I ſhould imagine, from the many ſhocking ſpectacles exhibited in this Play, that it could never have been repreſented on any theatre, except the

Liſbon ſcaffold, where the duke d'Aveiro, the Marquis of Tavora, *cum ſuis*, were ſo barbarouſly maſſacred, for the ſuppoſed Jeſuits' plot againſt the preſent king of Portugal. And yet Ben Johnſon aſſures us that it was performed, in his time, *with great applauſe*; and we are alſo told that it was revived again, in the reign of Charles the Second, *with the ſame ſucceſs*. The different humours and taſtes of times! It would be not only hiſſed, but driven off the ſtage at preſent.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Tamora, queen of the Goths, and a captive, pleading here to Titus Andronicus for her ſon's life, who was going to be offered up as a victim of war, ſpeaks in Shakeſpeare's uſual ſtile, as remarked before *, on the great article of mercy.

Would'ſt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them in being merciful—
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

* * *

There is ſomething ſo ſoothing to the mind, in a deſcription of the ſequeſtered Scene, free from the tumult, the vices, and the violences of the world, that it naturally pleaſes us, even though the grave itſelf be made the ſubject of it.

I affirm that I was ſenſible of ſuch a feeling myſelf, on reading the following paſſage, in this Scene, though without the leaſt manner of diſguſt to life, all the while.

Titus Andronicus,

On the interment of his ſons.

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons;
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps—
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells;

* See Timon, Act III. Scene VI. the firſt remark.

Here

Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe, but ſilence and eternal ſleep.

SCENE III.

When Baſſianus applies to Titus for his intereſt in ſupport of his election to the Roman empire, he ſays,

My faction * if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be—And thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

There is ſomething truly great in the above ſentiment, and ſhews the ſpeaker of it worthy of being an emperor. A grateful heart is all that Heaven itſelf requires, for its numerous bleſſings and mercies toward us.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Marcus Andronicus, endeavouring to repreſs his brother Titus's exceſs of grief, who was labouring under the moſt unheard of cruelties and miſery, both in himſelf and his children, addreſſes him thus:

Oh! brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep extremes.

To which Titus replies;

Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.
Marcus. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When Heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-flow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil? . . . .
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Titus, in this ſpeech, ſays a great deal to excuſe the ſhews and expreſſions of grief, though in too

* This innocent word is not to be underſtood here, in the common acceptation of it. Shakeſpeare uſes it ſimply to denote any party in a ſtate.

poetical a ſtile, rather, for ſo ſad a ſubject; but I think the firſt argument of it a very ſtrong one, upon this occaſion—

If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries, &c.

For we certainly ſuffer thoſe misfortunes, which happen to our lot in the common courſe of nature or of juſtice, with much more reſignation of mind, than we can do thoſe which are inflicted on us by the violences of tyranny, cruelty, or malice—Here our deteſtation and abhorrence of the agent, ſerves to heighten our reſentment of the injury.

In the two laſt lines above, Shakeſpeare has given an elevation to the common expreſſion of *loſers have leave to ſpeak.* There are inſtances of the ſame kind, in our Author, before taken notice of. This is one of his characteriſtics; and, indeed, I think that his ſtile and manner are ſo ſtrongly marked, throughout this Play, (take the above ſpeech, for one inſtance *) that I own it ſurprizes me Doctor Johnſon ſhould ſay, "he did not think Shakeſpeare's "touches diſcernible in it."

In the ſame Scene, when ſome ſhocking objects of his wretchedneſs are preſented to the view of Titus, he makes a very natural reflection upon them, for a perſon in ſuch unhappy circumſtances.

Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat!
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt than to breathe!

In the extremities of anguiſh, either of mind or body, we are apt to be ſurpriſed at that toughneſs in our frame, which prevents its diſſolution; and are often tempted to wiſh our miſeries might of themſelves have ſufficient force to bring us that relief, which our virtue or religion forbids us to ſupply ourſelves.

* The whole of it, for I have tranſcribed it ſhort.

M A C B E T H.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

MACBETH.
DUNCAN.
MACDUFF.
BANQUO.
MALCOLM.
ROSSE.
CATHNESS.
ANGUS.
DOCTOR.
OLD MAN.

W O M E N.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Banquo. BUT 'tis ſtrange;
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.

From this ſpeech may be deduced the nature of temptation to evil, which, by ſuggeſting ſome immediate pleaſure or profit, prompts us on to unhappy conſequences.

SCENE VI.

The following deſcription of the death of a brave man, after he has made a peace with his conſcience by contrition, is a fine one.

Malcolm, *ſpeaking to the King of the execution of the Thane of* Cawdor.

Very frankly he confeſſed his treaſons,
Implored your highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance—Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been ſtudied * in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he owed †,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

The bravery of ſpirit which ſo many perſons, both antient and modern, have manifeſted, in this great and laſt article of their lives, ſeems to argue ſomething more in human nature, *than mere animal exiſtence.*

* * *

The ſpecious appearances of men, by which the ingenuous and unwary are liable to be deceived in

* Who had frequently philoſophiſed upon it. † *Owed* for *owned.*

their

their commerce with the world, are marked and lamented by Duncan in this Scene, where, ſpeaking of the above-mentioned rebel, he ſays,

There is no art
To find the mind's conſtruction * in the face—
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Momus wellwiſhed a window in every man's breaſt. Phyſiognomiſts pretend they can take a peep through the features of the face; but this is too abſtruſe a ſcience to anſwer the general purpoſes of life; beſides that education may render ſuch knowledge doubtful, as in the caſe of Socrates. The diſeaſes or unſoundneſs of the body are generally viſible in the countenance and complexion of the invalid; how infinitely more uſeful would it be, if the vices of the mind were as obvious there! It is not neceſſary in the firſt caſe, becauſe the patient can tell his diſorder; but, in the other inſtance, *the infected perſon is dumb.*

" O heaven! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
" Should yet remain, where faith and realty
" Remain not." MILTON.

See the laſt remark upon Twelfth Night.

SCENE IX.

Macbeth, in his meditations on the murder of Duncan, has ſome fine and juſt reflections on the nature of conſcience.

If it were *done* when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly—If th' aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſucceſs, ſurceaſe †; that but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all—*here*,
But *here*, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come—But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions; which, being taught, return

* Natural diſpoſition.

† *Succeſs, ſurceaſe.* Theſe two words were reverſed, in the original, but properly tranſpoſed by Theobald.

To

To plague th' inventor; this even-handed juſtice
Commends ‡ the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips.

SCENE X.

And in this Scene, when Lady Macbeth upbraids her huſband with cowardice, for not being more determined on the purpoſe of the murder, he makes the following noble reflection;

Prithee, peace—
I dare do all that may become a man—
Who dares do more, is none.

Doctor Johnſon very juſtly ſays, "That theſe "lines ought to beſtow immortality on the Author, "though all his other productions had been loſt."

ACT II. SCENE II.

Again—The horrors of a guilty mind are ſtrongly and finely painted, in the following ſpeech. The images of our crimes not only haunt us in our dreams, but often become the viſions of our waking thoughts. All the bars that Providence could oppoſe to vice, it has ſet againſt it. It could no more, without depriving man of his free-will, and ſo rendering him equally incapable of merit or blame.

Macbeth, *going to commit the murder.*

Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? Or, art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable,
As that which now I draw—
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt—I ſee thee, ſtill;

‡ *Commends*, for *returns*.

And

And on the blade o' th' dudgeon gouts * of blood,
Which was not ſo before—There's no ſuch thing—
It is the bloody buſineſs which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

The remainder of this ſpeech is worth quoting, both on account of the fine poetical imagery it contains, and in order to ſhew the ſtrong terror which guilt had impreſſed on his mind, by his invoking even inanimate matter not to inform againſt him.

Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtained ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf †,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
Like Tarquin's theft ‡, gliding tow'rd his deſign ‖,
Moves like a ghoſt—Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time ¶,
Which now ſuits with it.

SCENE III.

Lady Macbeth, ſpeaking here of Duncan's grooms, ſays,

That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.

Our ſex is obliged to Shakeſpeare, for this paſſage. He ſeems to think that a woman could not be rendered compleatly wicked, without ſome degree of in-

* *Gouts, drops*—from *goute*, French.

† The wolf and all wild beaſts go out to prowl at midnight.

‡ Alluding to a Poem of our Author's, on the ſtory of Tarquin and Lucrece, where he deſcribes his ſtealing to her chamber in the dead of night.

And in Cymbeline he makes Jachimo ſay,

" Our Tarquin thus
" Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he wakened
" The chaſtity he wounded." [Act II. Scene II.

‖ The Commentators have diſagreed about the original line, in this place. I do not think any of them have ſufficiently ſquared the ſenſe to the expreſſion. The liberty I have ventured to take with it, has at leaſt rendered the paſſage intelligible.

¶ The *horror* he means, is the *dread ſilence* that would be interrupted by the exclamation of the ſtones, which his terror makes him here ſuppoſe poſſible.

toxication.

toxication. It required two vices in her; one to intend, and another to perpetrate the crime. He does not give *wine and waſſail* * to Macbeth; leaving him in his natural ſtate, to be actuated by the temptation of ambition alone.

* * *

Macbeth, after he had committed the murder, ſpeaking of the Grooms, who lay in the ante-chamber he had juſt paſſed through, ſays,

> One cried, *God bleſs us!* and *Amen!* the other;
> As they had ſeen me with theſe hang-man's hands,
> Liſt'ning their fear—I could not ſay *Amen*,
> When they did ſay *God bleſs us*. . . . . .
> But wherefore could I not pronounce *Amen?*
> I had moſt need of bleſſing, yet *Amen*
> Stuck in my throat.

This is natural—One of the moſt horrid circumſtances of guilt, is that total ſuppreſſion a wicked perſon is apt to labour under, for a time, of the ability to pray. I ſhould think that, from this very extraordinary circumſtance, Divines might deduce a good argument to ſtrengthen the Chriſtian ſyſtem of theology. If, as the advocates for Natural Religion ſay, our vices proceed from the violence of our paſſions merely, contrition, upon their ſcheme, might immediately ſucceed the gratification of our purpoſe; but, as we are taught that temptation ariſes from the inſtigation of an evil ſpirit, the fiend has ſtill a further intereſt in the poſtponing of our repentance. Suicide muſt certainly be a ſtrong inſtance of this latter doctrine; as it prompts us, even contrary to the intent of nature, and the general ſcope, both of our affections, impreſſions, and feelings, to the deſtruction of our own exiſtence.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry, *ſleep no more!*
Macbeth doth murder ſleep—The innocent ſleep—

* *Waſſail.* An antient beverage of ale, apples, and honey mixed.

Sleep

Sleep that knits up the ravelled ſleeve * of care,
The birth † of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.

In the firſt part of my remark on the ſecond Scene above, I have obſerved upon the impreſſions that a diſturbed mind is apt to ſtamp on our dreams and ſight. This paſſage adds our ſenſe of hearing, alſo, to the teſtimony of our conſcience.

Toward the latter end of this Scene, there is another hint given to the ſame admonitory purpoſe.

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking! [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine eyes—

I continued the quotation of the laſt ſpeech above but one, to the end of it, in order to treat my Reader with the beautiful deſcription of ſleep, there given by our Author. And again, at the latter end of the Fifth Scene of the Third Act, Lady Macbeth ſays to her huſband,

You lack *the ſeaſon of all Nature*, ſleep—

The expreſſion here is not only poetical, but philoſophical alſo; for the vegetable world requires ſleep, or reſt, as well as the animal one.

SCENE IV.

Macbeth. The labour we delight in, phyſicks pain.

This expreſſion is very juſt, in general, but more particularly ſo in the preſent caſe ſuppoſed, reſpecting the offices of friendſhip and good will. How pleaſant, how eaſy is duty, when inſpirited by affection!

* * *

ACT III. SCENE II.

The awe with which a bad man, though ever ſo valiant, is naturally impreſſed by the ſuperiority

* A looſe ſkein of ſilk. Doctor Seward.
† Inſtead of *death*. Warburton.

which

which virtue gives another brave man, is well depicted here:

Macbeth. To be thus, is nothing;
But to be ſafely thus—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he
Whoſe being I do fear; and, under him,
My genius is rebuked.

The text adds the alluſion, here, *as Anthony's was by Cæſar*, which Doctor Johnſon very judiciouſly rejects as ſpurious. I agree with him—I do not think it is in Shakeſpeare's ſtile—The paſſage is too warm and immediate, to admit of ſo cold and remote an image. Beſides, this is a ſoliloquy, and the ſpeaker needed not to have explained his meaning to himſelf, ſuppoſing the expreſſion of *rebuked*, had a reference to that idea.

* * *

The general cauſes which render men deſperate, ariſing from neceſſities or vices, are here ſet forth.

Firſt Murderer. I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incenſed, that I am reckleſs * what
I do to ſpite it.

Second Murderer. And I another,
So weary of diſaſtrous tugs with Fortune †,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

SCENE III.

The wretched condition of a mind not only labouring under the ſenſe of guilt, but dreading the immediate chaſtiſement of it, is more ſtrongly

* Heedleſs or careleſs.
† This line is altered for the better, by Warburton.

painted

painted in this Scene, than any where elſe in Shakeſpeare.

Lady Macbeth *ſola.*

Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſires are got without content.
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making;
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould, indeed, have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard—What's done, is done.

Macbeth. We have ſcotched ‡ the ſnake, not killed it—
She'll cloſe and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly—Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs extaſy ‖. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further ¶!
O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!

SCENE V.

The true ſpirit of hoſpitality is well deſcribed, in the following expoſtulation from Lady Macbeth to her huſband, upon his neglect of the gueſts;

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouched; while 'tis making
'Tis given with welcome—To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

‡ To *ſcotch*, is to cut acroſs, to ſlaſh or wound.

‖ *Extaſy*. Any ſtrong perturbation or diſtraction of the mind may be ſo called, though the word is ſeldom uſed by any other writer, but as an expreſſion of pleaſure or joy.

¶ See my ſecond remark on Scene II. Act I. of the former Play.

In

In the ſame Scene, Macbeth, ſpeaking in ſoliloquy, upon the appearance of Banquo's ghoſt, expreſſes a common notion, which, however, cannot be too ſtrongly inculcated in the mind of man; as whatever tends to the ſervice of religion or virtue, ceaſes to be weakneſs or ſuperſtition, though perhaps ſtrict philoſophy may not aſſiſt to ſupport it.

It will have blood—They ſay, blood will have blood—
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak *;
Augurs, that underſtand relations, have
By magpies, and by choughs †, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.

SCENE VI.

Hecate delivers a truth here, which would better have become a more moral ſpeaker. But Shakeſpeare can

"Gather honey from the weed,
"And make a moral of the Devil himſelf." HEN. V.

After having mentioned the magic arts by which ſhe is drawing on Macbeth to his deſtruction, ſhe adds,

He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace and fear;
And you all know, *ſecurity*
Is mortal's chiefeſt enemy.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Macbeth, upon hearing that Macduff had eſcaped from his deſign againſt his life, by flying into England, makes a reflection, which though wickedly applied, in the preſent caſe, may, notwithſtanding, if it is allowable to extract medicine from poiſon, *or gather honey from the weed*, be conſidered

* See laſt line but two of the laſt ſpeech in Scene II. of the former Act.
† *Choughs*, ſea-gulls.

as a good general rule of action, in all enterprises of moment.

Time, thou anticipat'ſt * my dread exploits.
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took,
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done;
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurprize,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls,
That trace him in his line—No boaſting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool.

It was a ſaying of Charles the Fifth, "That we "ſhould deliberate under *Saturn*, but execute under "*Mercury*."

SCENE III.

In the following dialogue, the Reader will meet with many juſt, natural, and prudent reflections, too obvious to need any comment; though, perhaps, thoſe urged by Lady Macduff are carried a little too far, in the preſent exigence.

Lady Macduff *and* Roſſe.

Lady Macduff, *ſpeaking of her husband's flight.*

What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Roſſe. You muſt have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none,
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors †.

Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wiſdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly?—He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,

* *Anticipate* for *prevent.*

† Our laws put the ſame conſtruction upon it—Flight is taken to imply a tacit confeſſion of guilt; and whenever this is the caſe, it is always made one of the articles of the indictment, that the perſon charged with a fact, had *fled for the ſame.*

Her

Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl *—
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. My deareſt couſin,
I pray you ſchool yourſelf; but for your huſband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o' th' ſeaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further.
I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again—
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward,
To what they were before.

But when Lady Macduff is warned herſelf to fly, ſhe begins, at firſt, to reaſon upon the propoſition, as ſhe had before done on her huſband's flight, by pleading the ſecurity of her innocence; but it becoming now *her own caſe*, ſhe quickly falls into a more prudent and rational manner of argument upon the ſubject—This is Nature.

Whither † ſhould I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay I'd done no harm?

SCENE IV.

The different natures of men, ſhewn in the ſame circumſtances and ſituations, are well diſcriminated here.

Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Malcolm. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword, and like good men,
Beſtride our down-fall'n birth-dame ‡. Each new morn

* See a parallel paſſage, before quoted in theſe remarks—
" Unreaſonable ¶ creatures feed their young, &c.
Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Scene III.

† *Whither* for *wherefore*.

‡ Stand over and defend our country from its enemies. Doctor Johnſon has ſupplied the hint of *birth-dame*, inſtead of *birth-doom*, which had no meaning.

¶ *Unreaſonable* for *irrational*.

New widows howl, new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike Heaven on the face *, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like ſyllables of dolor.

Malcolm betrays the ſame timidity of ſpirit ſtill further, in the continuation of this dialogue, in refuſing to truſt his perſon with Macduff; though he ſupports his apprehenſions, however, upon very reaſonable grounds of diffidence.

What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will—
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I'm young, but ſomething
You may deſerve of him, through me, and wiſdom ‡
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge †. I crave your pardon.
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe §;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell—
Though all things foul ſhould bear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt look ſtill ſo ‖:

Macduff. I've loſt my hopes.

Malcolm. Perchance even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs ¶ left you wife and children,
Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties. You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

* Aſſault echo.

‡ *And you might think it wiſdom.* Shakeſpeare often ſets grammar at defiance. His text ſeldom needs improvement, though it ſometimes requires explanation.

† The influence of kings may be too ſtrong for virtue.

§ *Tranſpoſe*—Alter the nature of.

‖ If you be honeſt, my ſuſpicions touch you not. Appearances may deceive; for virtue can wear no garb but what hypocriſy can aſſume.

¶ *Rawneſs*—Unadviſedly, and unprovidedly.

Further

Further on, he makes an admirable enumeration of thoſe qualities which a good prince ought to be principally poſſeſſed of.

Malcolm. The king-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temperance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

This, indeed, is to be a king! whoſe firſt ſubjects ſhould be his own appetites and paſſions.

SCENE VI.

Here follows a true but melancholy deſcription of a people ſuffering under a ſtate of anarchy and civil war. The reader has met with many paſſages of the ſame kind, quoted in this work before.

Macduff, Malcolm, *and* Roſſe, *juſt arrived in* England.

Malcolm *to* Roſſe.

Stands Scotland where it did?

Roſſe. Alas, poor country!
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave, where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern extacy *; the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

Macduff. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Malcolm. What's the neweſt grief?

Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker †;
Each minute teems a new one.

In the ſame dialogue, when Roſſe has given Macduff an account of the murder of his wife and children, at which he ſeems to ſtand petrified with ſorrow, Malcolm juſtly warns him of the dangerous

* Alluding to the grimace of the Fanatics. Warburton.
† For telling an *old ſtory*.

conſequences of reſtraining the natural ſhews and expreſſions of grief.

Malcolm. Merciful Heaven!
What, man! Ne'er pull your hat upon your brows—
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. . . .
Diſpute it like a man.

To which Macduff as juſtly replies, without any diſgrace to philoſophy or religion:

I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me.

But he then proceeds to a reflection, which, though natural and common for the unhappy to make, in ſuch circumſtances, offends againſt both the principles above-mentioned, philoſophy and religion, as being at once impious and unjuſt:

Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part?

Lear, on ſeeing Cordelia dead, makes an expoſtulation of the ſame ſort:

"Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
"And thou no breath at all *?"

But all this ariſes from a too preſumptuous and over-weening notion of our own conſequence in the creation. The pride of man prompts each to conſider himſelf as the principal object of Providence; and we would all of us wreſt the ſtated order of Nature, to ſerve our own purpoſes. But the true philoſophy of the matter is, as Pope very juſtly expreſſes it, in different parts of his Eſſay on Man,

"The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by *partial*, but by *general* laws. . . .
"And ſees with equal eye, as Lord of all,
"An heroe periſh, or a ſparrow fall;

* In the laſt Scene of the Play.

Atoms

"Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
"And now a bubble burſt, and now a world."

* * *

ACT V. SCENE I.

The effects of a guilty and diſturbed mind are extremely well repreſented here, in the perſon of Lady Macbeth, by the words and actions with which ſhe betrays her crime, while ſhe is walking in her ſleep. "A great perturbation in Nature," as her Doctor ſays, "to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, "and do the effects of watching."

The Doctor, upon diſcovering the cauſe of her malady, very juſtly declares her to be no fit patient for his art, and turns her over, accordingly, to Heaven and her confeſſors for a cure, ſaying,

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the *Divine* than the *Phyſician*.
God, God forgive us all.

And again, in the Third Scene, the ſame ſubject is continued.

Macbeth. How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macbeth. Cure her of that—
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeaſed,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote
Cleanſe the full * boſom of that perilous ſtuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

* The word is *fluff'd*, in the text, which I have taken the liberty of changing to *full*, to avoid the tautology which occurs at the end of the line.

Doctor. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.

Macbeth. Throw phyſic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

SCENE II.

The ſituation and deſcription of a wicked uſurper involved in a domeſtic war to defend himſelf, is finely painted here.

Cathneſs and Angus, ſpeaking of Macbeth:

Cathneſs. Some ſay he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtempered cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

Angus. Now does he feel
His ſecret murder ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; *now does he feel his title*
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Cathneſs *. Who then ſhall blame
His peſtered ſenſes to recoil and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf for being there?

SCENE III.

But in this Scene, the tyrant gives a juſt and ſhocking deſcription of ſuch a character himſelf, ſpeaking in and of his own perſon:

Macbeth. I have lived long enough—My way † of life
Is fall'n into the ſear ‡, the yellow leaf;
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep; mouth-homage §, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

* This ſpeech is ſpoken by Mogreth in the original, but I thought it needleſs to encumber the Drama with an additional character, for ſo few lines.

† *Way*, for *ſtage*.

‡ *Sear*, is *dry*: by which he alludes to the autumn of his life, as is plain from the next expreſſion of *the yellow leaf*.

§ I have ſubſtituted *homage* for *honour*, as the latter word is made uſe of juſt before.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The effect of habitual guilt, in blunting all the fine feelings of the human heart, is well noted here.

Macbeth, *on hearing a cry within,*

I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears;
The time has been my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night ſhriek, and my fell * of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe and ſtir,
As life were in't. I have ſupped full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me.

He then falls into a reflection on the nature of human life, which preſents us with but a melancholy proſpect of our preſent ſtate of exiſtence.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

* * *

POSTSCRIPT.

As I cannot bear the thought of ſuffering the laſt gloomy paſſage cited in the foregoing remarks, to dwell upon my Reader's mind, which, by tempting him to repine at the ways of Providence, might give him cauſe to lament his having ever been ſent into ſuch a *world of woe*, I ſhall endeavour to argue, as far as I am able, againſt ſuch repreſentations of life as our author frequently gives us of our condition in it, and in which he is too generally ſeconded by many of the more profeſſed writers on Morality.

* *Fell* is the *ſcalp* or ſkin of the head, through which the hair grows.

Theſe

Theſe philoſophers are apt to ſpeak too ſeverely, upon the ſum of human life; but only ſeem to condemn it from diſtinct parts, and particular inſtances, which vice, folly, paſſions, caſualty, or intemperance, too often furniſh for obſervation. But I ſhall here venture to treat this ſubject more impartially, by conſidering it upon the whole, and according to the general ſtate or condition in which the great Author of Nature has moſt benevolently ſupplied it to us.

We are created with five perfect ſenſes, and the world is ſtored with variety of objects to afford pleaſures to them all; and theſe we are naturally framed to retain the poſſeſſion of, even to the full term of life preſcribed by the Pſalmiſt, of *threeſcore years and ten*; till that period of time, when we may ourſelves become weary of a longer continuance here, not from the *diſguſt* of our diſappointments, but merely from the *ſatiety* of our enjoyments. And though our ſtrength may then, or even before, become weakneſs, it may not, however, be encumbered either with decrepitude or pain: and even to the laſt we may be ſtill capable of uſing as much exerciſe, as age requires; or if any accidental ail ſhould render more neceſſary, an horſe may reſtore the full benefit, at leaſt, though perhaps not the uſe, of our limbs.

Let us add to theſe, the pleaſures of hope, imagination, reflection, reading, ſcience, converſation, love, friendſhip,

> "Relations dear, and all the charities
> "Of father, ſon, and brother."

Even our moſt moderate ſatisfactions and enjoyments, though their impreſſions may not be ſo ſenſibly felt, during their continuance, yet if their *moment* be calculated, by multiplying the degree into the duration, we ſhall find the amount to exceed the quantity of more poignant but ſhorter ſenſations.

Let

Let us alſo take into our account the viciſſitude and variety of ſeaſons, with the alternation of day and night;

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
"With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
"When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
"His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
"Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
"After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
"Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night
"With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
"And theſe the gems of Heaven, her ſtarry train."

Thus are deſcribed the delights of Eden, by a Poet ſo enamoured of the beauties of Nature, that he has certainly exerted his utmoſt powers to enhance her charms; and yet even Milton's imagination was not able to tranſcend the reality of thoſe objects and enjoyments, which our common fields and gardens afford us every day.

This is the common life of man; this the condition of the yeoman, the huſbandman, the labourer, the artiſt, the mechanic, the ſervant—the *many* of mankind. And where ſickneſs, pain, loſs of any ſenſe or limb, happens to the lot of individuals, this is not according to the *courſe* of Nature, but rather a *violence* againſt it. And theſe accidents afflict not the *many*, but the *few*; nor is Providence any more anſwerable for the *natural*, than for the *moral*, ills of life: one is but incidental to the general conſtitution and neceſſity of things, and the other to the appetites and free-will of man.

But ſloth, luxury, ambition, vicious paſſions, envy, hatred, and malice, may render ſome diſeaſed in body, and others diſcontented in mind. This is not, however, the *condition* of their nature, but the *corruption* of it; and theſe are ſtill not the *many*, but the *few*; not the *body* of the people, but the *excreſcences* which ariſe out of it, and muſt be nouriſhed at its coſt—namely, the great, the opulent, and the proud.

——— " The happineſs of life
" Depends on our diſcretion———
" Look into thoſe they call *unfortunate*,
" And cloſer view'd, you'll find they are *unwiſe*;
" Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath;
" And 'tis the trick of fools to ſave their credit,
" Which brought another language into uſe."

The REVENGE.

If what I have here ſaid, upon this comparative view of human nature, were not true, Providence muſt have ſhewn a manifeſt partiality to the inferior creation, which is certainly placed in an happier ſtate than man, according to ſome—to many writers. But Plato ſpeaks upon this ſubject with a much better philoſophy than any of theſe moral ſophiſters, when he ſays, that "God is good, for he beſtows all that " is good upon all creatures, *according to their ſeveral* " *capacities.* Each is as happy as it can be; or, *as* " *its nature permits*; and if any thinks the ſeveral " creatures could have been happier, it is becauſe " *he does not underſtand their natures.*"

Who ſees not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies? POPE.

It may not be improper to quote a paſſage here, out of a letter from Mr. Pope to Doctor Swift, upon the ſubject of his *Eſſay on Man.*

" I am juſt now (ſays he) writing, or rather plan-
" ning, a book, to bring mankind to look upon this
" life with comfort and pleaſure, *and put morality in*
" *good humour with itſelf.*"

This is the true philoſophy of ſenſe and virtue. Gloomy minds are deficient in both.

CORIOLANUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
COMINIUS.
MENENIUS AGRIPPA.
BRUTUS.
SICINIUS.
SENATORS.
CITIZENS.

W O M E N.

VOLUMNIA.
VIRGILIA.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Number of mutinous Citizens armed with various Weapons.

Firſt Citizen. BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

Firſt Citizen. You are all reſolved rather to die than to famiſh?

All. Reſolved, reſolved.

Firſt Citizen. Firſt, you know Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

Firſt Citizen. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let it be done. Away, away.

Second Citizen. One word, good citizens.

Firſt Citizen. We are accounted poor citizens, the Patricians good. What authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear *. The leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our *pikes*, ere we become *rakes* †; for the gods know I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

The nature and reaſoning of all mutinous cabal-lers are fully ſhewn in the above ſhort ſcene. The common people are apt to impute all national grievances or calamities to the fault of their rulers, tho' ever ſo unavoidable from the nature of things, failure of ſeaſons, or other incidental misfortunes whatſoever. If freedom of ſpeech and the liberty of the preſs were not reſtrained in Turkey, I make no

* Not worth the charge of maintaining.

† This miſerable clinch is not worth the trouble of correcting or explaining.

doubt

doubt but a Muſſulman populace would charge the plague to the account of their Sultans or their Viziers.

In the ſame ſcene, that abatement of eſteem and praiſe, which is the natural conſequence of perſons appearing to over-rate their own merits, more eſpecially when this is betrayed by ſhewing pride or contempt to others, is very juſtly remarked on.

Second Citizen. Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius?

All. Againſt him firſt. He's a very dog to the commonalty.

Second Citizen. Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

Firſt Citizen. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't; but that *he pays himſelf with being proud.*

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

Firſt Citizen. I ſay unto you what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end. Though ſoft-conſcienced men can be content to ſay it was for his country, he did it *to pleaſe his mother*, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

The above expreſſion, of *to pleaſe his mother*, is taken verbatim from Plutarch, who, in the Life of Coriolanus, ſays of him, "The end which others "propoſed in their acts of valour, was glory; but "he purſued glory, *becauſe the acquiſition of it delighted "his mother.*"

Though this ſeems to be a childiſh reaſon, yet 'tis very well to be accounted for. His father died when Caius Marcius was but an infant; the care of his education then devolved upon the mother, who gave him his firſt leſſons of bravery and honour, and took pains to inſpire his youth with that martial ſpirit which ſhe thought became a Roman and a Patrician. It was natural, then, that his exploits ſhould ſtill bear a reference to the perſon under whoſe tutelage he had been trained to arms.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Here Menenius Agrippa expoſtulates with the unruly populace, in a manner conformable to my firſt remark on the preceding Scene.

Menenius. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours,
Will you undo yourſelves?

Citizen. We cannot, Sir; we are undone already.

Menenius. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you. For your wants,
Your ſufferings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heavens with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o' th' ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

But this argument not quieting the tumult, he proceeds to give them the famous apologue of *The Belly and Members*, borrowed from Æſop; which though already ſo generally known that it need not be related, yet as the Reader may chuſe to ſee the ſtory in Shakeſpeare's ſtile and manner of telling it, I ſhall ſupply the fable here, leaving out the ſeveral breaks and interruptions of the dialogue in which 'tis recited.

Menenius. Either you muſt
Confeſs yourſelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accuſed of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it;
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſtale 't * a little more. . . . . .
There was a time when all the body's members
Rebelled againſt the belly; thus accuſed it—
That only like a gulph it did remain
I' th' midſt o' th' body, idle and unactive,

* *Stale it*, to render it more *ſtale*, by repeating it. Theobald. The word in the text is *ſcale*.

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where † the other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did miniſter
Unto the appetite and affection common,
Of the whole body—The belly anſwered,
And tauntingly replied
To th' diſcontented members, th' mutinous parts,
That envied his receipts—Even ſo, moſt fitly *,
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you—Note me, good friend,
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate;
Not raſh, like his accuſers; and thus anſwered—
True is it, my incorporate ‡ friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' ſeat o' th' brain §;
And through the cranks || and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly) mark me,
Though all at once you cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the *flour* of all,
And leave me but the *bran*.

He then gives them the expoſition of the allegory, in the following words:

The ſenators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counſels, and their cares, digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o' th' common, you ſhall find
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves.

† *Where*, for *whereas*. Johnſon.
‡ *Fitly*, for *exactly*. Warburton.
§ The word *incorporate* has a double propriety in this place, as applying equally to the body natural and the body politic. The Commentators have given notes upon more inſignificant paſſages.
|| *Cranks*, put here for the circulation of the blood, and other juices of the body. *Crank* ſignifies a winding paſſage.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Here Coriolanus, in a ſtile of auſterity and haughtineſs, which he preſerves through the whole of his ſpirited but harſh character, rates the malecontent citizens, in a ſpeech which truly deſcribes the nature of every populace in all free ſtates.

He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would ye have, ye curs,
That like* nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeſe; you are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue† is;
To make him worthy whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it‡. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evil—He that depends
Upon your favours, *ſwims with fins of lead,*
And hews down oaks with ruſhes—Hang ye—Truſt ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble ſenate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another?

And afterwards, ſpeaking of them to Menenius, he adds,

They'll ſit by the fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to riſe;
Who thrives, and who declines; ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages§; making parties ſtrong,
And feeble ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled ſhoes.

* *Like*, inſtead of *like, nor peace, nor war.* Whoſe diſpoſitions being both cowardly and inſolent, are neither ſuited to a ſtate of peace or war.

† *Virtue*, for *nature*, or *quality*.

‡ This paſſage ſurely needed an explanation to all but the quick conceptions of the Commentators, who have therefore neglected it. The meaning I take to be this: *You would chant out hymns of triumph to the conqueror who ſhould enſlave, while you'd riſe in arms againſt the laws that would reſtrain you.*

§ *Marriages*, for *leagues*, or *alliances*.

SCENE VI.

This place affords us a deſcription of the characteriſtic *Roman Matron* of thoſe times, ſet in contraſt with the *Woman of Nature.*

Volumnia, *the Mother, and* Virgilia, *the Wife of* Coriolanus, *after he had marched againſt the* Volſcians.

Volumnia. I pray you, daughter, ſing, or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort. If my ſon were my huſband, I would freelier rejoice in that abſence, wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender bodied, and the only ſon of my hope; when youth with comelineſs plucked all gaze that way; when, for a day of a king's entreaties a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I, conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not ſtir, was pleaſed to ſee him ſeek danger, where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I ſent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak *. I tell thee, daughter, I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Virgilia. But had he died in the buſineſs, madam, how then?

Volumnia. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely. Had I a dozen ſons, each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

There appears to be a vaſt difference here between the ſentiments of theſe two matrons; but this may well be accounted for from the difference of their ſituations and circumſtances of life. Volumnia, having been left a widow, in the infancy of her ſon, and taking upon herſelf the charge of his education, had, it may be ſuppoſed, ſoon ſilenced the tenderneſs of a mother in her breaſt, and aſſumed the ſpirit of a father, to fulfil her truſt; and by conſtantly endeavouring to inſpire her pupil with the chief virtues of a Roman, magnanimity, and love of his country, ſhe may be ſaid in a manner to have educated herſelf at the ſame time to bravery, fortitude, and contempt of death.

* The *civic wreath*, given as a mark of diſtinction to thoſe who had ſaved the life of a citizen in battle.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The true character of a ſoldier is well deſcribed, in this Scene. When Coriolanus, in the heat of battle, and covered with blood, demands a freſh ſupply of troops from Cominius, the General anſwers,

Take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.

Coriolanus. Thoſe are they
That are moſt willing. If any ſuch be here,
As it were ſin to doubt, that love this painting, [*from*.
Wherein you ſee me ſmeared; if any fear [*pointing to his bloody*
Leſs for his perſon than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf,
Let him alone, or, many, if ſo minded,
Wave thus t' expreſs his diſpoſition, [*Waving his hand.*
And follow Marcius.

ACT II. SCENE II.

That warmth of affection with which Menenius greets good news from his friend, muſt charm the ſenſible Reader. On hearing that Coriolanus had defeated the Volſcians, and written a letter to him on that occaſion, he cries out in tranſport,

Take my cap *, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home! I will make my houſe reel to-night. . . . . A letter for me! It gives me an eſtate of ſeven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the phyſician †; the moſt ſovereign preſcription in Galen is but empiric; and, to this preſervative, of no better report ‡ than a horſe-drench.

And again, in the next Scene, upon meeting him, he expreſſes the fulneſs of his heart, which exceeds even to pain, in very ſtrong and apt terms:

A hundred thouſand welcomes—*I could weep,*
And I could laugh; I'm light and heavy—Welcome!

* Meaning I'll throw up my *cap* to the ſkies for joy. Doctor Warburton changes the word to *cup*, as deſigning a *libation* of thanks—I think unneceſſarily.

† Scorn the aid of phyſic.

‡ Of no more value or eſtimation.

Theſe ſpeeches have a double beauty in them, if 'tis conſidered by whom they are delivered. It would not have near the effect upon the Reader, if ſpoken by a more ſtayed and ſober perſon; for virtues are apt to ſtrike us more forcibly in ſlight characters, than in ſolid ones; and Menenius has already given us a deſcription of himſelf, in the preceding Scene, which ſufficiently juſtifies me in this diſtinction:

I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, without a drop of allaying Tiber in't; ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint ¶; haſty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath.

SCENE III.

As I have quoted ſeveral deſcriptions of character, before, in the courſe of this work, for the reaſon already given in its proper place, as being within the preſcription of moral; and beſides that thoſe were merely imaginary, though truly copied from real life, I think that this one of Coriolanus, being ſufficiently vouched from authentic ſtory †, ought, therefore, to be more particularly remarked upon in theſe notes.

In the firſt Scene of the former Act, in a paſſage above quoted, ſecond remark, one of the diſcontented citizens charges him with paying himſelf for his ſervices, *with being proud*; and his reproach was juſt. But yet here he ſeems to appear in a light the very reverſe of ſuch a character; for when the herald, in the voice of Rome, is proclaiming his merits, he ſtops him ſhort, by crying out,

No more of this; it does offend my heart.
Pray now, no more.

¶ Apt too quickly to follow the ſuggeſtions of my appetite.
† Plutarch, Livy, &c.

He manifeſts the ſame modeſty alſo, in the Sixth Scene following. When he appears to be uneaſy in his ſeat, upon the applauſe given him for his proweſs, one of the ſenators ſays to him,

Sit, Coriolanus, never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.

To which he replies,

Your honour's pardon—
I'd rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope,
My words diſbenched you not *.

Coriolanus. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words—
You ſoothe not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Menenius. Pray now, ſit down.

Coriolanus. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' th' ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit,
To hear my *nothings* monſtered †.

Menenius. You ſee, [*To the people.*
He had rather venture all his limbs, for honour,
Than one of 's ears, to hear it.

Afterwards, Cominius ſpeaking of him, ſays,

Our ſpoils he kicked at,
And looked upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world; he covets leſs
Than miſery ‡ itſelf would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time, to *ſpend* it ‖.

Again, when he is preſſed to harangue the people, in order to get himſelf elected Conſul, he anſwers in the ſame ſtile and ſpirit of character,

I beſeech you,
Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked ¶, and intreat them,

* This alludes to a ſpeech of his in this Scene, not quoted here, where he charges Coriolanus with his contempt of the people.

† *Monſtered*, ſo much wondered at.

‡ *Miſery*, for *avarice*.

‖ To do great actions for the ſake of doing them. The comment, and the alteration of the text, from *end it* to *ſpend it*, is Doctor Johnſon's.

¶ Expoſing his body to ſhew his wounds.

For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrage—
Pleaſe you that I may paſs this doing.

Sicinius. Sir, the people muſt have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Menenius. Put them not to't—Pray, ſit you to the cuſtom,
And take t' ye, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with your form.

Coriolanus. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus—
Shew them th' unaching ſcars, which I would hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only.

But theſe ſeeming contradictions form, in effect, but one character ſtill. The over-valuing his merits, and the under-valuing the applauſe of them, are both equally founded in pride, fierceneſs, and impatience. Plutarch draws a compariſon of Coriolanus with Alcibiades; but I think he more reſembles Achilles, as deſcribed by Horace: "Vigilant, iraſcible, inflexible, harſh, and above "all laws; acknowledging no rights, but thoſe of "conqueſt *."

Let us now return to the third Scene, again, from whence the purſuit of our ſubject had tempted us to wander.

When Coriolanus comes home victorious from the Volſcian war, his family and friends gather about him, complimenting and congratulating him on his bravery and ſucceſs; all but Virgilia, his wife, whoſe heart being fuller of joy and fondneſs than them all put together, was therefore rendered incapable of uttering a ſyllable on that occaſion—Upon which he ſalutes her thus:

My gracious ſilence, hail!

Doctor Warburton gives the following note upon this paſſage: "The epithet joined to *ſilence* ſhews

* *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,*
Jura negat ſibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.

"it

" it not to proceed from ſullenneſs or reſerve, but " to be the effect of a virtuous mind poſſeſſing it- " ſelf in peace. The expreſſion is extremely ſub- " lime; and the ſenſe of it conveys the fineſt praiſe " that can be given to a woman."

I perfectly agree with the Doctor in his opinion, both of the beauty of the expreſſion, and the merit of the character implied in it. I have taken the liberty of leaving out the adjunct, *good*, joined to the laſt word, in his note, as being ſuperfluous in that place; for no *bad* one can poſſibly deſerve praiſe,

SCENE VII.

Coriolanus preſerves ſtill the ſame kind of indomitable ſturdineſs and ſeverity, in the following ſpeech; where he alſo takes occaſion, very juſtly, to cenſure the ſuperſtitious reverence the world is too apt to bear towards cuſtoms which are not founded in reaſon,

When he has, with infinite difficulty, been prevailed upon by his friends to ſolicit votes for the Conſulate, and having obtained them, being left alone, he ſpeaks thus to himſelf:

Moſt ſweet voices——
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve,
Why in this woolviſh * gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needleſs voucher? Cuſtom calls me to't—
What cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer—Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The difference between the philoſophy we preach, and that we practiſe, is properly diſtinguiſhed in this Scene.

* The candidates gown was made of rough undyed wool.

When

When Coriolanus is going into exile, and taking leave of his family and friends, he endeavours to reſtrain the immoderate grief of his mother on that occaſion, by repeating thoſe ſtoical precepts to her, which ſhe had often inculcated to him during the term of his pupilage.

Coriolanus. Come, leave your tears—A brief farewel. The beaſt
With many heads butts me away—Nay, mother,
Where is your antient courage? You were uſed
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shewed maſter-ſhip in floating. Fortune's blows
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle, wounded, craves
A noble cunning *. You were uſed to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conned them. . . . . .

Volumnia. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in Rome,
And occupations periſh!

Coriolanus. What! what! what!
I ſhall be loved, when I am lacked—Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſaved
Your huſband ſo much ſweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu—Farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My ſometime general,
I've ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning ſpectacles—Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond † to wail inevitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.

SCENE III.

In the following ſpeech, there is too true a picture given of the inſtability of human friendſhips and connections.

Coriolanus. Oh, world, thy ſlippery turns! friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,

* This paſſage is confuſedly expreſſed—The meaning is, that when fortune has given us ſevere blows, to preſerve a mild or gentle temper under our wounds, requires a well practiſed *philoſophy*; which he calls *cunning*, as being a difficult art or ſcience.

† 'Tis weak, idle, or fooliſh.

Whoſe

Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together; who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unſeparable; ſhall, within this hour,
On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity. So fellеſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep,
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick ‡, not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their iſſues.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Menenius, when he is going to parley with Coriolanus, on the part of Rome, makes a ſpeech which ſhews a perfect knowledge of human nature; for certainly a proper attention to times, ſeaſons, and circumſtances, goes a conſiderable way towards the ſucceſs of our requeſts.

I'll undertake it.
I think he'll hear me—Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not dined—
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give, or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood,
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts. Therefore I'll watch him,
Till he be *dieted* to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.

SCENE III.

Coriolanus, upon ſeeing his wife, mother, and ſon, come habited in mourning, to ſolicit in favour of Rome, ſays,

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honoured mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand,
The grand-child to her blood—But, out, Affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate. [*Virgilia bends.*
What is that curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which might make gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others. My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill ſhould

‡ Some ſlight occaſion, or trivial motive.

In

In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great Nature cries, *Deny not*—Let the Volſcians
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; *but ſtand*
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Coriolanus has here carried his ſternneſs, and the ſtrained principles of ſtoical pride, whoſe throne is only *in the mind*, as far as they could go; and now great Nature, whoſe more ſovereign ſeat of empire is *in the heart*, takes her turn to triumph; for upon the joint prayers, tears, and intreaties of his family, he becomes *a man*, at laſt, crying out—

Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child, nor woman's face to ſee—
I've ſat too long. [*Endeavours to go, but is withheld.*

And afterwards, being quite overcome by his affections, he thus exclaims:

O, mother, mother!
[*Holding her hands, and keeping ſilent for ſome time.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
Do laugh at *. Oh, my mother, mother, oh!
You've won a happy victory to Rome;
But for your ſon—Believe it, oh, believe it—
Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevailed,
If not moſt mortal to him—Let it come—

The expreſſions in the firſt part of this latter ſpeech, with the prophetical concluſion of it, are taken almoſt literally from Plutarch, in his Life of Coriolanus.

* Look down with contempt on the unequal ſtrife between pride and nature.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
MARK ANTONY.
BRUTUS.
CASSIUS.
OCTAVIUS.
METELLUS CIMBER.
MESSALA.
LUCILIUS.
ARTEMIDORUS.

WOMEN.

NONE.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IN this Scene there is a notion delivered, which may be productive of good or bad effects, according to the characters of the perſons who embrace it. In rational and virtuous minds, it may inſpire an active purſuit of fortune, in whatever profeſſion or ſcene of life they are engaged in; but in weak or wicked natures, may betray to hazardous ſchemes, or tempt to vicious courſes. The ſame principle has made generals and admirals of common ſoldiers and ſailors; chancellors and biſhops of attorneys' clerks and ſizers *, on the one part; projectors, conſpirators, uſurpers, and aſſaſſins, on the other.

Caſſius. Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæſar? What ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit, as ſoon as Cæſar—
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great?

SCENE IV.

There is a truly philoſophic reflection made here, on the ſeveral characters of men, taken both from their perſons and manners. This is one of the many inſtances of our Author's knowledge and obſervation upon human nature.

Cæſar *and* Antony.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights;

* *Sizer*, the loweſt rank of ſtudents in an Univerſity.

You

Yon Caſſius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much—Such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæſar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæſar. *'Would he were fatter*—But I fear him not—
Yet if my name* were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſic;
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mocked himſelf, and ſcorned his ſpirit,
That could be moved to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

SCENE V.

Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Brutus, *ſpeaking of* Caſca.

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſſius. So is he, now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

The above is a ſort of character we often meet with in life, and which has generally the effect here attributed to it.

In the ſame Scene there is a juſt and prudent maxim ſet forth, with regard to the perſons and characters that men ſhould aſſociate themſelves with, who would preſerve either their underſtanding, their honour, or integrity.

Caſſius. Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I ſee,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought

* I was temped to change this word to *mind*, as being more intelligible; but I recollected that Shakeſpeare meant to make Cæſar affect to ſpeak of his *name*, as his *perſon*—He ſays afterwards, in the ſame ſpeech, *For always I am Cæſar*; and throughout in the ſame ſtile.

From

From what it is diſpoſed; therefore, 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduced?

Some moral writer ſays, "That if men of ſenſe, "taſte, or virtue, have not an opportunity of con- "verſing with their equals, they had much better "live alone." They will certainly be able to preſerve theſe rare qualities much better in ſolitude, than in unequal ſociety—There is a contagion in minds and manners, as well as in bodies, when corrupt.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE I.

Brutus, *ſolus.*

It muſt be by his death; and, for my part,
I have no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him:
But for the general—He would be crowned;
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking—Crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of greatneſs is, when it diſjoins
Remorſe from power; and, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſwayed
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend. So Cæſar may—
Then, leſt he may, prevent—And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is*,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe and theſe extremities;
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

In this ſoliloquy, or ſelf-debate, upon the intended aſſaſſination of Cæſar, the too common frailty of

* We have no pretence for deſtroying him, from his preſent appearance of character.

man in the circumſtances of ſucceſsful ambition, is ſtrongly deſcribed, under two very juſt and poetical images; but the inference drawn from it in the concluſion, is certainly carried too far. It might, perhaps, have become an Heathen to prevent an ill, without reſpecting the means; but a Chriſtian, thank God, is forbidden *to do evil, even though good ſhould come of it.*

In the continuance of this ſoliloquy, Brutus gives a ſtrong deſcription of the ſtate of mind which precedes the execution of any great or hazardous purpoſe.

> Since Caſſius firſt did whet me againſt Cæſar,
> I have not ſlept.
> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the firſt motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream;
> The genius and the mortal inſtruments *
> Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
> The nature of an inſurrection.

Mr. Addiſon, in his Cato, has a reflection of the ſame kind; but it would be illiberal to quote it here, after the ſtrength of imagery and expreſſion in this of Shakeſpeare's—Beſides, indeed, as Doctor Warburton candidly allows, "There was a great "difference between the two occaſions"—Even as much, we may add, as there is between the two ſpeeches.

SCENE II.

The needleſsneſs of oaths to bind compacts between honeſt men, to which, indeed, might be added the inſufficiency of them to bind knaves, is well urged in this place.

When the cautious Caſſius propoſes to the conſpirators that they ſhall all enter into a ſolemn covenant together, to ſanctify their mutual engagements,

* He ſuppoſes a ſtruggle between the good genius and the paſſions.

the

the nobler Brutus oppoſes it, in the following words:

No, not an oath. If not the face of men *,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the times abuſe,
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery—But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? What other bond,
Than ſecret Romans that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter †? And what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engaged,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs. Unto bad cauſes ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
To think that or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That ev'ry Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

Cicero is then propoſed to be added to their league, and for the following good and prudent reaſon:

Metellus Cimber. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds—
It ſhall be ſaid his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youth and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

But he is objected to, on account of a ſort of character, which is not uncommon in life, and is juſtly deſcriptive alſo of the perſon to whom it is applied; who, though certainly a very great man,

* *The face of men*, either the dejected looks of the people, or their countenance and approbation of the meaſure.

† *To palter*, to *ſhift*, or *ſhuffle*.

was, notwithſtanding, a vain and ſelf-opinionated one likewiſe.

Brutus. O name him not; let us not break with him *;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Afterwards, when Caſſius urges the expediency of involving Antony in the ſame doom with Cæſar, Brutus very nobly refuſes to concur, upon the following reaſons:

Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, Caius Caſſius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy † afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæſar,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood.
Oh, that we then could come by Cæſar's ſpirit,
And not diſmember Cæſar! But, alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it—And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them ‡. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious;
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be deemed *purgers*, not *murderers*.

It were much to be wiſhed, for the ſake both of decency and humanity, that ſuch a ſentiment as this, was the ſpirit of laws relative to all capital puniſhments.—Breaking on the wheel, empaling, and other foreign penalties of death, are horrible even to thought; and what muſt they be to the view! Even our own code, though reckoned milder than our neighbours, is hardly leſs barbarous; in the inſtances of quartering, burning, and preſſing to death, if executed according to the full rigour of the ſentence. But the hangman, it ſeems, has more

* *Impart the ſecret to him.* † *Envy*, for *malice*.

‡ This paſſage is very obſcure, and the Commentators, according to their uſual ſupineneſs, have left it unnoticed. The meaning may be this—Let us impute the act to our paſſions inſtigated by our fears, and then appear to lament the violence of their proceedings.

humanity

humanity than the legiſlature, as he is ſaid always to render the criminal ſenſeleſs, before he proceeds to the ſeverity of the ſtatute. He firſt kills the *ſpirit*, the *demon* of the law, and then only executes the *dead* letter of it.

There is a ſentiment upon this ſubject, in a late writing, which I think may very properly be quoted here. "I would have all laws mild, but executed "with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs; ſo that juſtice and "humanity may go hand in hand together. I am "not for ſevere executions; for when the penalty "exceeds the offence, it is not *the criminal*, but "*human nature* that ſuffers. Death alone is ſuffi-"cient to remove the offender *."

But methinks this argument might be urged ſtill further in favour of clemency—Suppoſe we ſhould reaſon thus: "All laws are a mutual compact of "ſociety entered into with itſelf. The *Many* can "confide to the *Few* thoſe rights only, which they "reſpectively poſſeſs in themſelves. To confer a "power of death, then, ſhould ſeem to imply *a* "*right of ſuicide*." I declare myſelf unable to detect any manner of ſophiſtry, in ſuch a ſyllogiſm.

SCENE IV.

Cæſar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death, but once—
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will' come.

The philoſophy of death is well enough argued here, according to the old Stoical doctrine of fate, or predeſtination. This ſhould ſeem to be a good notion for a mere ſoldier; but yet we do not find, in the late *carnage* †, that it rendered the Turks braver, who believe in it, than it did the Ruſſians, who do not.

* Series of Letters between Henry and Frances.
† The war between the Czarina and the Porte.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cæſar ſpeaks a ſentence here, which ſhews him to have been worthy of a better fate.

When Artemidorus, upon ſeeing the number of papers preſented to him on his march to the capital, cries out,

> O, Cæſar, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit,
> That touches Cæſar nearer—Read it, great Cæſar—

he replies, in the true ſpirit of a prince,

> What touches us ourſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerved.

And afterwards, when Metellus Cimber pleads for the repeal of his brother's baniſhment, he anſwers him with the proper ſteadineſs of a perſon intruſted with the executive province of a legiſlature,

> I muſt prevent thee, Cimber—
> Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
> Might ſtir * the blood of ordinary men,
> And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
> Into the law † of children. Be not fond ‡
> To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel blood,
> That will be thawed from the true quality,
> With that which melteth fools; I mean ſweet words,
> Low crooked curteſies, and baſe ſpaniel-fawning—
> Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
> If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
> I ſpurn thee, like a cur, out of my way—
> Know Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
> Will he be ſatisfied.

I cannot help thinking, that the Poet has not given either Cæſar fair play for his life, or Brutus for his character, in bringing on the aſſaſſination ſo immediately after the one has uttered, and the other heard, the two foregoing ſpeeches.

The laſt ſentence above was not neceſſary to be quoted, for the purpoſe of the ſpeech, merely, as far as it had been ſpecified in the note which pre-

* *Stir*, inſtead of *fire*. Warburton.

† *Law*, inſtead of *lane*. *Of children*, whoſe minds are eaſily wrought on. Johnſon.

‡ Be not ſo weakly perſuaded.

cedes

cedes it; but I confeſs that I was anxious to produce it, in order to take an opportunity of vindicating our Author from an abſurdity of expreſſion, which has been ſo diſingenuouſly imputed to him by his rival, Ben Johnſon, who charges him with having wrote that paſſage thus:

"Cæſar never did *wrong*, but with *juſt cauſe*."

Now, *O rare Ben Johnſon* *, what manner of foundation couldſt thou have for ſuch a ſarcaſm, except in the envious malice of thine own nature? for the very copy from which the preſent text is taken, was publiſhed in thine own life-time.

Or, ſuppoſe that the line had really ſtood as Johnſon has pretended to have quoted it, might not any candid critic, who was at all verſed in the latitude of expreſſion generally made uſe of by Shakeſpeare, have ſufficiently obviated the contradiction in the terms, by only conſtruing the word *wrong*, into the ſenſe of *injury*? for a penalty is certainly an *injury* †, though not a *wrong*.

I hope my Reader will not think this note to be any manner of interruption to the general tenor of theſe remarks, as he muſt acknowledge that there is a proper moral in defending the Author of this great code of Ethics, from any aſperſion thrown out againſt his ſenſe, meaning, or character.

* * *

In the laſt paſſage of this Scene, the two principal patriots, Brutus and Caſſius, ſhew a noble ſpirit, in not endeavouring to ſupport themſelves after the deed by *faction*, in the common ſenſe of the word, truſting ſolely to the juſtice and policy they had preſumed in the act itſelf, for their ſecurity and defence.

* The epithet by which he is characteriſed on his tomb.

† In the ſenſe of *hurt*, or *detriment*.

Caſſius, ſpeaking to Publius, who was preſent at the tranſaction, but not any way concerned in the conſpiracy, ſays,

Leave us, Publius, leſt that the people,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Brutus. Do ſo; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

SCENE II.

Beſides that inward complacency which a virtuous perſon is ſenſible of in the conſciouſneſs of his merits, there is ſomething further in human nature which prompts his reflection forward to the fame which may attend his actions in future times. Our Author has placed this incitement in the ſtrongeſt light, by delivering the ſentiment from the confeſſion of two ſuch ſtoical interlocutors as the following:

Caſſius. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted o'er,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Brutus. How many times ſhall Cæſar bleed in ſport,
That now on Pompey's baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Caſſius. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their Country liberty.

SCENE III.

Antony, *on ſeeing the body of Cæſar.*

O, mighty Cæſar! do'ſt thou lie ſo low!
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?

The above exclamation is a dirge which may be juſtly pronounced over the graves of all heroes or other great men, whoſe fame is not founded in virtue.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

As the following deſcription falls under the head of Character, for which I have long ſince opened

an

an account in these remarks, as relative to manners, at least, but often to morals, I shall present it to the Reader; who must have made but little observation on life, if it does not bring many resemblances of the same picture into his mind.

Antony and Octavius, speaking of Lepidus, whom they had just dispatched to bring them Cæsar's will;

Antony. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands.

Octavius. But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion governed by my spirit;
And in some taste is Lepidus but so—
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts *, and imitations;
Which out of use, and staled † by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property.

SCENE II.

The following passage may be added to the many instances of our Author's knowledge of human nature, collected from his close observations on mankind.

Brutus, having sent Lucilius to Cassius, upon some friendly or confederate business between them, asks him on his return,

A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Brutus. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,

* *Orts, refuse, scraps, or lumber,* of philosophy or literature.
† Become vulgar and common-place.

It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith;
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew, and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

SCENE V.

Brutus, on hearing of his wife's death:

Why, farewel, Portia. We muſt die, Meſſala.
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Caſſius. I have as much of this, in art, as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

Here Brutus ſpeaks like *a Stoic*, and Caſſius like *a man*. Such inſtances of apathy are not captivating.

A little after he ſays,

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And Nature muſt obey neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.

Now, pray, why ſhould Nature be more obedient to neceſſity in *ſleeping* than in *weeping?* She has her courſe in both, let proud man boaſt what he will.

A modern writer aſks very juſtly, *Why we ſhould be more aſhamed of weeping than of laughing? The firſt emotion*, ſays he, *ariſes from nobler motives, and more generous principles.* Man has been defined to be a *riſible animal.* Methinks it would be more for the honour of his nature to have been ſtiled a *lachrymate one*, underſtanding the expreſſion in a moral ſenſe, by diſtinguiſhing between the effect of *pain* and *grief.*

Further on, in the ſame Scene, the critical contingencies of human life are finely illuſtrated by an apt and beautiful ſimile.

Brutus. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Brutus. O that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs, ere it come!
But it ſufficeth that the day will end;
And then the end is known.

Here the diſciple of Zeno *, being *off his guard*, betrays a portion of human frailty, in his curioſity and anxiety about the event of the battle; but upon *recollecting* his philoſophy, he recovers himſelf to his *poſture of defence* again. Such pretenders are but *performers* †, when cloſely examined.

SCENE V.

When Caſſius has killed himſelf, through deſpair, from his having miſtaken the appearances of an action which had turned out in his favour, our author makes a juſt reflection upon the fatal effects of error and precipitancy.

Meſſala. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh, hateful Error, Melancholy's child;
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt ‡ thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, ſoon conceived,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.

SCENE IX.

I ſhall here conclude my remarks upon this Play, with that fine character which Antony draws of Brutus, in the generous elogy he makes upon his death.

This was the nobleſt Roman of them all—
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæſar;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world—*This was a man.*

* Father of the Stoic philoſophy.
† *Actors of parts.*
‡ *Apt* for *quick, credulous, eaſily alarmed.*

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

The aſſaſſination of Cæſar is a fact famous in hiſtory; but notwithſtanding the heroic opinion which the world has been taught to conceive of it, I confeſs that I have ever reputed its *fame* as a matter of *notoriety* rather than of *applauſe*.

I ſhall only conſider this action in the perſon of Brutus alone, becauſe it has been thought that he was the only one among the conſpirators who had engaged in it upon principle ſolely, as Antony has ſaid above.

Plutarch has debated this ſubject, in his compariſon of Brutus with Dion; and, in my opinion, ſeems to condemn it, upon the whole. At leaſt, if we take in the character he there draws of Cæſar, with the ſtate and circumſtances of the Commonwealth at that political criſis, it plainly appears that he meant to declare againſt it.

His words are: "With reſpect to Cæſar, though, "whilſt his imperial power was in its infancy, he "treated his opponents with ſeverity; yet, as ſoon "as that power was confirmed, the tyranny was "rather a *nominal*, than a *real* thing; for no tyranni-"cal action could be laid to his charge. Nay, ſuch "was the condition of Rome then, that it evidently "required a *maſter*; and Cæſar was no more than "*a tender and ſkilful phyſician, appointed by Providence* "*to heal the diſtempers of the ſtate.* Of courſe the "people lamented his death, and were implacably "enraged againſt his *aſſaſſins*."

Cowley, in his fine Ode to Brutus, brings heavy charges alſo againſt him, on account of this action; though he ſeems only to do ſo, in order to vindicate him from them. But then he does not pretend to defend him, from the facts themſelves, juſtifying him only upon the higher principle which had rendered him *guilty* of them.

However,

However, I think that he is severer upon his heroe even than Plutarch, by mentioning that weak and unphilosophic exclamation of his, where he says, *he had mistaken virtue for a good, but found it only a name.*

" What can we say, but thine own tragic word?
" That *virtue*, which had worshipped been by thee,
" As the most solid *good*, and greatest *deity*,
" By this fatal proof became
" An *idol* only, and a *name*."

This circumstance his Biographer had favourably suffered to pass unnoticed; and of which **Balzac** says, " that Brutus seems to lament his disappointment " here, *as if he was upbraiding a jilting mistress.*" If he had acted solely from *virtue*, he would not have complained that he had missed the *reward*.

But though the principle might have been ever so right, in itself, the action was certainly wrong, in him. There are duties involved in duties, sometimes, which may counteract each other, and thereby render what might be the *virtue* of one person, the *vice* of another. Many situations and cases of this kind may be proposed; but I shall not launch beyond my subject.

Brutus had many and great obligations to Cæsar. He owed him his life—nay, 'tis said, even his *first life**; and had the lives of several of his friends saved also at his intercession. He had ever lived with him in the greatest intimacy, and on the footing of his *first friend*. Nay, Cæsar had created himself enemies, by his partiality towards him, in the preferring him to posts of profit and honour, which others, from their services, were better intitled to. One of these malecontents was Cassius, who from that very resentment became the first mover and principal actor in the conspiracy. And were all these obligations to be cancelled by one dash of the *Stoic's pen?*

* Cæsar had an amour with Servilia, the mother of Brutus, before his birth.

Stoical

Stoical virtues are not always *moral ones.* Thoſe metaphyſical *braveries* (for I was wrong in calling them *virtues*) which exceed the feelings of humanity, have never, as I ſaid before †, been able to inſpire my mind with either admiration or eſteem.

The ſympathy of nature is wanting, and true philoſophy has good reaſon to ſuſpect every principle or motive of action to be ſophiſticate, that bears not this *original impreſſion.*

† See firſt obſervation on Scene I. Act II. and another on firſt part of Scene V Act IV.

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

M. ANTONY.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.
AGRIPPA.
MECÆNAS.
VENTIDIUS.
ENOBARBUS.
SEXTUS POMPEY.
MENAS.
MENOCRATES.
EROS.
SCARUS.
CLOWN.

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA.
CHARMIAN, } her Women.
IRAS, }

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE III.

THE uſefulneſs of liſtening to advice, and the expediency of bearing to be admoniſhed of our faults, are well recommended in this place.

Antony to the meſſenger from Rome, who ſeems to conceal ill tidings:

Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's called in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's * phraſe, and taunt my faults,
With ſuch full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter—*Oh then we bring forth weeds,*
When our quick minds † lie ſtill! and our ill told us,
Is as our earing ‡.

In the ſame Scene, the uncertain and wavering mind of man is well deſcribed by Antony, upon hearing of his wife's death:

There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again. The preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf §. She's good, being gone;
The hand could pull her back, that ſhoved her on—
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch.

SCENE V.

Here occurs one of thoſe reflections which Shakeſpeare abounds in, upon the inſtability of popular

* *Fulvia*, wife to Antony.

† *Minds*, inſtead of *Winds*. Warburton.

‡ *Earing* for *ripening*.

§ "The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe; which riſing in the *eaſt*, and by *revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the *weſt*, becomes the *oppoſite to itſelf*." Warburton.

favour; and the ſimile, by which he expreſſes himſelf, is admirably ſuited to the occaſion.

Octavius. This common body,
Like to a vagabond * flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to and back, lacqueying † the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Pompey, Menecrates.

Pompey. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.

Menecrates. Know, worthy Pompey,
That when they do delay, they not deny.

Pompey. While we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for ‡.

Menecrates. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms; which the wiſe Powers
Deny us, for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.

The above paſſage needs no comment, except to obſerve upon the impatience of one of the ſpeakers, and the reſignation of the other. It has often ſurprized me to ſee the intemperance of mind which the generality of men are apt to betray, on the ordinary courſe of Providence, whenever it happens to run counter to their *intereſts*, or *inclinations* rather; as the ſentiment of Menecrates delivered above, renders the firſt expreſſion doubtful. One would fancy that ſuch people had never laughed at the ſtory of *Xerxes whipping the ſea.*

SCENE V.

The laſt paſſage in this Scene is deſcriptive of that natural curioſity with which jealous perſons are uſually affected, of enquiring anxiouſly into every article of mind or feature relative to their rivals.

* *Vagabond* for *floating.*

† Comparing the flag fluctuating with the ebbing and flowing of the tide, to a page or *lacquey* following the motions of his maſter. Theobald.

‡ His meaning is, that *a gift may loſe its value, before it is obtained.* Health and fortune, for inſtance, may come too late for enjoyment.

Cleopatra,

Cleopatra, upon being informed of Antony's marriage with Octavia, having firſt ſtruck the *meſſenger of ill news*, and drove him off the ſcene, ſpeaks thus to her women:

Lead me from hence—
I faint—Oh, Iras, Charmian—'Tis no matter—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature of Octavia; her years,
Her inclination *.—Let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word, quickly— [*Ex. Alex.*
Let him for ever go †—Let him not, Charmian,
Though he be painted, one way, like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*—Bid you Alexas
Bring word how tall ſhe is—Pity me, Charmian,
But ſpeak not to me ‡. Lead me to my chamber.

Queen Elizabeth, according to Sir James Melville's report, made the ſame kind of minute inquiries from him, about her rival, the queen of Scots.

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's *veſſel.* Pompey, Octavius, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Menas.

Menas *aſide to* Pompey.

Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

Pompey. How ſhall that be?

Menas. Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove;
Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pompey. Shew me which way.

Menas. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors §,
Are in thy veſſel—Let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats—
All then is thine.

Pompey. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't—In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee 't had been good ſervice—Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it—Repent that e'er they tongue

* Her character or natural diſpoſition.
† Meaning Antony.
‡ This is natural. In great misfortunes we miſuſe comfort.
§ *Antony*, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Hath ſo betrayed thine act—Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now.

The dangerous ſalvo which men ſometimes apply to their conſciences, in profiting of *another's* crime, at free coſt, as they imagine, is fully expoſed in this Scene. But, in morals, there is no difference between the *receiver* and the *thief*; and as *the wages of ſin* are pronounced to be *death*, in the Scripture ſenſe of the word, the delinquent who accepts the emoluments of vice, muſt expect to be included under the ſame ſentence.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Moral writers have been diſtinguiſhed into two claſſes of philoſophy; whereof one ſet of them are ſaid to elevate human nature to the rank of angels, while the other depreciates it to the vileneſs of thoſe, *who had once been ſo.* But our author repreſents it more impartially, neither inclining to one ſide or the other; for there is not, perhaps, a virtue or a vice in mankind, which he has not pointed out to us, in the ſeveral characters he has occaſionally introduced into his general drama. In this Scene he has afforded us an inſtance in the latter predicament, by a deſcription of that invidiouſneſs with which men are apt to regard ſuperior merit in others; more eſpecially in thoſe talents, which they are ambitious of ſhining in themſelves.

When Silius adviſes Ventidius to compleat his conqueſt over the Parthians, in order to recommend himſelf the more eminently to the favour of Antony, his general, the old ſoldier makes a reply, which ſhews him not only to have been verſed in camps, but in courts alſo.

Oh, Silius, Silius,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius,

Better

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we ſerve 's away.
Cæſar * and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than perſon. Soſſius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his favour——
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

SCENE II.

Here follow two paſſages, which for elegance of thought, or beauty of expreſſion, it is not in the power of poetical imagery or language to exceed.

When Octavia is taking leave of her brother Octavius Cæſar, with all the ſhews of a tender affection, Antony ſays,

The April's in her eyes. *It is love's ſpring,*
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on. Be chearful.

And afterwards, when ſhe endeavours to ſpeak to him, but cannot, her difficulty is thus deſcribed:

Antony. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue—*the ſwan's down feather,*
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

SCENE V.

Octavius, upon ſeeing his ſiſter returning in a private character to Rome, without having afforded him timely notice to ſend forth a proper retinue to eſcort her, ſays,

Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of Heaven,
Raiſed by your populous troops; but you are come
A' market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; *which, left unſhown,*
Is often left unloved.

* Octavius Cæſar.

There is ſomething more to be underſtood, in this laſt ſentiment, than can be perceived on a careleſs peruſal of it. A warm affection within, naturally inſpires correſpondent emotions without. Theſe are a ſort of *ſetting* of the jewel, which not only ornaments, but helps to preſerve it. In all the refined paſſions, the *delicacy* of a ſentiment inſures our conſtancy, even more than the *ſtrength* of it. The nice obſervances, the *petits ſoins*, which in ſuch caſes may be almoſt deemed *petites morales*, alſo, increaſe the mutual pleaſures and confidences of love and friendſhip. They are the *comets* which feed the *ſun*. Even virtue itſelf, all perfect as it is, requires to be inſpirited by paſſion; for duties are but coldly performed, which are *but philoſophically* fulfilled.

Octavius *to his Siſter.*

Cheer your heart—
Be not you troubled with the time which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determined things to *deſtiny*
Hold unbewail'd their way.

Here is very good advice given, if by the word *deſtiny* be underſtood *Providence*; which muſt certainly have been what the Antients meant by it, whenever they had any meaning about it at all; for moſt of the heathens made uſe of the expreſſion, as too many Chriſtians often do of an higher one, without affixing any manner of determinate idea to it in their minds. But the old *wiſeacres* were not ſatisfied to leave nonſenſe where they found it; they picked up the common ſpeech, and elevated vulgar phraſes into philoſophical principles. Hence the doctrines, that *Nature* created the world, and that *Fate* governed it, &c.

SCENE VII.

Here follows a thought, which, though falſe in the ſentiment, is but too true in the practice; and which, therefore, all men ſhould be taught to be aware of.

Antony,

Antony, taking leave of his friends, after his ſhameful flight at Actium:

Pray ye, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of loathneſs—Take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims. *Let them be left,*
Which leave themſelves.

* * *

As my gentle Readers may expect to be treated with a little of the *All for Love* of Antony, in this Play, I ſhall here quote a paſſage relative to this ſubject, which we meet with in the preſent Scene.

When Cleopatra appears before him, after his defeat *, he addreſſes himſelf to her thus:

O, whither haſt thou led me, Ægypt? See
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes, [*Turning from her.*
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroyed in diſhonour.

Cleopatra. Oh, my lord, my lord—
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought
You would have followed.

Antony. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' ſtring †,
And thou ſhould'ſt tow me after. O'er my ſpirit,
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleopatra. Oh, pardon, pardon. [*Weeps.*

Antony. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt—Give me a kiſs—
Even this repays me.

Shakeſpeare, in the above inſtance, appears to have been more galant than Milton, who does not ſuffer Adam to expoſtulate ſo mildly with Eve—

"Out of my ſight, thou ſerpent." Book x. l. 867.

However, we are to conſider the infinite difference between the worlds that were loſt upon thoſe occaſions. But as I do not think that the firſt man was more excuſable for following the advice, than the other was for purſuing the galley of his miſtreſs, when ſuch

* Which was occaſioned by his quitting the ſea-fight at Actium, to purſue Cleopatra's galley when it was ſailing away.

† *Heart-ſtring.*

prizes were at ſtake, their reſentments ought to have been expreſſed only againſt themſelves.

SCENE IX.

The natural connection and dependance of the inward upon the outward man, as it is here expreſſed, is well marked in this place.

When Antony, in a fit of deſpair, goes out to pen a perſonal challenge to Octavius, the following reflection is made:

Enobarbus. Yes, like enough; high-battled * Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtaged to th' ſhew,
Againſt a ſworder——*I ſee men's judgments are*
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike——That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!——Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdued
His judgment too.

In this ſame Scene, Enobarbus, ſeeing the downfal of his maſter's fortunes, enters into debate with himſelf, whether he ſhall preſerve his fidelity to him ſtill, or ſhift about, and take part with the conqueror; in which ſoliloquy he ſeems fairly to give the preference to the nobler ſide of the queſtion, in his argument, though he afterwards determines againſt it, in his conduct.

But 'tis uſually ſo, in all deliberations of this ſort; for virtue and vice are of ſuch oppoſite natures, that there is no poſſibility of bringing them at all into compariſon by any ſophiſter whoſe judgment has not before been rendered partial and corrupt. So that in ſuch caſes one may venture generally to pronounce, as the Poet does of women, that *they who deliberate are loſt.*

Enobarbus. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare †;
The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly—Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory ‖.

* Victorious. † To *ſquare*, to *quarrel*, ſo uſed by Shakeſpeare.
‖ In fame or hiſtory.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE V.

When Antony is told that Enobarbus had gone over to the enemy, but left his cheſts and effects behind him, he ſays,

Go, Eros, ſend his treaſure after—Do it—
Detain no jot, I charge thee—Write to him—
I will ſubſcribe gentle adieus and greetings—
Say that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men! Diſpatch, my Eros.

There is ſuch an heroic liberality of ſoul expreſſed here, as muſt make one lament the misfortunes of the unhappy Antony, even at this diſtance of time—for the fact here repreſented, is taken from hiſtorical record. We may juſtly ſay of him, as the ſoldier does here, upon delivering the meſſage to Enobarbus,

Your emperor continues ſtill a Jove.

Antony was not only a braver and a greater, but a better man than his competitor for empire. Auguſtus was of a worthleſs, mean, jealous, and vengeful nature; though poets, and *ſome hiſtorians*, have deified him. But princes will have their flatterers. Milton has given one even to the *prince of darkneſs* *.

SCENE VI.

Here Enobarbus appears to have been equally ſtruck with the generoſity of his maſter, and his own vileneſs; upon which joint reflection he paſſes a very juſt ſentence on himſelf.

I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. O, Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This blows † my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought—But thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!—*No, I will go ſeek*
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life.

* See Beelzebub's compliments to Satan, Book III. † For *ſwells.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The contrition of Enobarbus was ſincere; for here the ſtrong ſenſe of his baſeneſs burſts his ſwoln heart:

O bear me witneſs, night!
Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon!
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent! . . . . . .
O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me*! O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter,
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive—
Oh Antony! Oh Antony! [*Dies.*

I ſhall not pretend to diſpute a knowledge of human nature with Shakeſpeare, but, if he had not given us a repreſentation of this character, I ſhould hardly have been brought to imagine that a breaſt capable of harbouring ſuch treachery and vileneſs, could ever, at the ſame time, have contained a ſpirit of ſo much honour, and ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of ſhame.

One of the centinels, upon ſeeing him ſink down on the ground, ſays to his companion, that he has fallen aſleep; but the other, who had overheard his ſoliloquy, replies, very juſtly,

Swoons, rather; *for ſo bad a prayer as his,*
Was never yet for ſleep.

SCENE XI.

In this place our Author deſcribes the viciſſitudes of life, and the quick ſhiftings of fortune, by an apt and beautiful ſimile.

Antony *and* Eros.

Antony. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

* I have left out a paſſage here, which only diſgraces this fine ſpeech.

Antony.

Antony. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour ſometimes like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou 'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord,

Antony. That which is now a horſe, ev'n with a thought,
The rack * diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Antony. My good knave †, Eros, now thy captain is
Ev'n ſuch a body—Here I'm Antony,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.

The reſt of the ſpeech is affecting, but relates not to the deſcription.

ACT V. SCENE V.

We meet with nothing in this Act worth noting, except a ſpeech made by one of Shakeſpeare's *inſpired Clowns* in this Scene.

I know that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the Devil dreſs her not.

Milton's fine compliment to the ſex, is only This expreſſed with more politeneſs:

" O faireſt of creation, laſt and beſt
" Of all God's works!

But the Clown's expreſſion has a peculiar propriety in it, here, as being applied to Cleopatra, whoſe vices had *demoniſed* ſuch diſtinguiſhed talents, and tranſcendent beauty, as her's.

* This word is explained in my laſt note on Act IV. of the Tempeſt; here it means only the diſſolution of a cloud.

† *Knave*, an old Engliſh expreſſion for a ſervant or attendant.

CYMBELINE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

JACHIMO.
BELLARIUS.
GUIDERIUS.
ARVIRAGUS.
CLOTEN.
PISANIO.
LUCIUS.

WOMEN.

IMOGEN.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE VIII.

WHEN the inſidious Jachimo drops myſterious hints to the guileleſs Imogen, that he is poſſeſſed of ſome ſecret relative to her huſband, which he heſitates to reveal, ſhe urges him to the diſcovery of it, in theſe words:

> You do ſeem to know
> Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,
> Since doubting things go ill often hurts more,
> Than to be ſure they do; for certainties,
> Or are paſt remedies, or timely known
> The remedy's then born; diſcover to me
> What both you ſpur and ſtop.

The nature of the human mind is well ſhewn here; it preſſes ſtill to know the worſt of every apprehended evil; though not on account of the argument above propoſed, which is rather ingenious than juſt; but merely to ſatisfy the impatience, and relieve the ſuſpence of doubt. Providence has certainly a deſign, in every kind of impreſſion it makes upon its creatures; and the reaſon that Imogen gives here, may, perhaps, be its true one, in this caſe: but what I contend for is, That ſuch a reflection is not the real ſource of our curioſity upon theſe occaſions. Philoſophy may ſerve to govern our impulſes, but is incapable of inſpiring them.

ACT III. SCENE III.

The Reader will require no aſſiſtance to note the morality of the reflections in the following ſpeech, as he goes along, and will alſo be able to recollect the ſeveral obſervations already made upon many ſimilar ones on the ſame reconciling ſubject, in the foregoing part of this Work.

Bellarius,

Bellarius, ſpeaking to his two pupils, Guiderius and Arviragus, concealed princes, as they are going a-hunting:

Now for our mountain ſport; up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread theſe flats—Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place*, which leſſens and ſets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war,
Where ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee;
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle * in a ſafer hold,
Than is the full-winged eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble †;
Prouder than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk—
Such gain the cap of him that makes them *fine*,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd ‡. No life to ours.

In the ſame Scene this ſubject is renewed again, by the ſame ſpeaker, with further inſtances and richer reflections.

Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling; or ſo ſlippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
A pain that ſeems to ſeek out danger,
I' th' name of fame and honour, which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſlanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well; what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure.

SCENE IV.

Piſanio, ſpeaking of ſlander, ſays,

Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and ſtates,

* *Shards* are cleſts in timber, between which the beetle is hatched.
† Earning titles or ribbands by mean adulation or court ſubſerviency.
‡ *Unpaid.*

Maids,

Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters.

The above paſſage needs no comment, but what every Reader's experience, either in his own caſe or that of others, may enable him to ſupply.

In the ſame Scene, which is a foreſt, Imogen, upon reading her miſtaken huſband's mandate to Piſanio, requiring him to put her to death, on a preſumption of her having been falſe to his bed, thus exclaims:

Falſe to his bed! What is it to be falſe?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? That's falſe to's bed! is't?

Nothing, in ſituation of circumſtance, in thought, or expreſſion, can exceed the beauty or tender effect of the above paſſage. It catches ſuch quick hold of our ſympathy, that we feel as if the ſcene was real, and are at once tranſported amidſt the gloom and ſilence of the foreſt, in ſpite of all the glare of the Theatre, and the loud applauſe of the audience. It is in ſuch inſtances as theſe, that Shakeſpeare has never yet been equalled, and can never be excelled. What a power of natural ſentiment muſt a man have been poſſeſſed of, who could ſo adequately expreſs that kind of ingenuous ſurprize upon ſuch a challenge, which none but a woman can poſſibly feel! Shakeſpeare could not only aſſume all characters, but even their ſexes too—This whole Scene is beautiful, but falls not within our rule to tranſcribe any more of it here. The Commentators are all dumb upon this fine paſſage—not ſilent in admiration, but frozen into ſcholaſtic apathy. One may ſay of ſuch cold critics on Shakeſpeare, what Addiſon does of lukewarm Chriſtians, "That *they want parts to be* "*devout*, and could as ſoon make an epic poem, "as a fervent prayer."

SCENE VII.

The following ſpeech includes too many different articles in it, to be comprehended under any one general head; but the Reader will note the ſeveral particulars of it, in the peruſal.

Imogen, in boy's cloaths, travelling alone through the foreſt, makes this ſoliloquy:

I ſee a man's life is a tedious * one.
I've tired myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. *I ſhould be ſick,*
But that my reſolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhewed thee,
Thou waſt within a ken. *O Jove,* I think,
Foundations fly the wretched. Such, I mean,
Where they ſhould be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lye,
That have afflictions on them, *knowing 'tis*
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fulneſs,
Is ſorer than to lye for need; and falſehood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou'rt one o' th' falſe ones—*Now I think on thee,*
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſeek for food. But what is this? [*Seeing a cave.*
Here is a path to't—'Tis ſome ſavage hold;
It were beſt not call—I dare not call—Yet *famine,*
Ere clean it o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant—
Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

There is a true ſpirit of natural bravery expreſſed here. When Cloten meets Guiderius in the foreſt, and challenges him to yield himſelf a priſoner, he replies,

To whom? To thee! What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? A heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; *for I wear not*
My dagger in my mouth—Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee. . . . . .

Cloten. Art not afraid?

Guiderius. *Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I fear, the wiſe—*
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

* *Tedious*, for *fatiguing*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

After *Guiderius* has ſlain *Cloten* in fight, his brother *Arviragus* ſays he envies him the action, and wiſhes for ſome ſuch trial of danger to exerciſe his own ſpirit upon. On this occaſion old Bellarius makes the following reflection:

O thou goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt,
In theſe two princely boys! They are as gentle,
As zephyrs blowing beneath the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, *as th' rudeſt wind,*
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,
As if it had been ſowed.

The notion here expreſſed, is one of the many antient pieces of ſuperſtition that modern philoſophy has finally deſtroyed. The lion has long ſince loſt its inſtinct for princes, as well as for virgins. Human nature is the ſame throughout; it is education alone that diſtinguiſhes man from man. There are, indeed, great differences often obſervable between the talents and intellects of the ſpecies; but this diſtinction is remarked in *individuals*, only, not in the *claſſes* of mankind.

SCENE V.

But though I diſpute the argument of *Bellarius* in the laſt Scene, I allow him perfectly right in this one, where, on giving order for the funeral of *Cloten*, he ſays,

He was a queen's ſon, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that; though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt, *yet reverence,*
*That angel of the world**, *doth make diſtinction*
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,

* *Reverence*, or a due regard to ſubordination, keeps peace and order in the world. Johnſon.

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

* * *

As I do not meet with any thing further in this Play, for my purpoſe, except a few thoughts which are better expreſſed in former places already taken notice of, I ſhall here conclude my quotations and remarks on this Piece.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

AGAMEMNON.
NESTOR.
ULYSSES.
ACHILLES.
ÆNEAS.
ALEXANDER, Squire to Creſſida.

WOMEN.

CRESSIDA.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE III.

THE deſcription of Ajax in this Play is worth tranſcribing, as being humorous in itſelf, agreeing with the repreſentation of him in the Iliad, and becauſe it may be applied alſo in part to many, and in the whole to a few, medley characters that are frequently to be met with in life.

Alexander *to* Creſſida.

This man, lady, hath robbed many beaſts of their particular additions. He is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man, into whom Nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſted into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion; there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands, and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes, and no ſight.

SCENE IV.

Creſſida's ſpeech here, in reference to her wooer Troilus, contains very juſt reflections and prudent maxims for the conduct of women, in the dangerous circumſtance of love. What ſhe ſays, would become the utterance of the moſt virtuous matron, though her own character in this piece is unluckily a bad one. But our Author's genius teemed ſo fertile in document, that he was unable to reſtrain its impulſe, and coolly wait for a fit opportunity of adapting the ſpeaker to the ſpeech. Shakeſpeare's faults ariſe from richneſs, not from poverty; they exceed, not fall ſhort; his monſters never want a head, but have ſometimes two.

Yet hold I off---Women are angels wooing?
Things won are done; joy's ſoul lies in the doing.

That ſhe beloved knows nought that knows not this,
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.
That ſhe * was never yet, that ever knew
Love got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue;
Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,
Atchievement is command; ungained, beſeech †.
Then though my heart's content ‖ firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear.

SCENE V.

The following dialogue can hardly be thought too long, by thoſe Readers who carefully attend to the ſeveral admirable reflections comprehended in it, upon the dilatory nature of great events, the neceſſity of patience and fortitude, with the expediency of deference and obedience to order and authority.

A Council held in the Grecian *Camp.*

Agamemnon. Princes,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition that hope makes,
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promiſed largeneſs. Checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt reared;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe, ſo far,
That after ſeven years ſiege, yet *Troy* walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aim,
And that *unbodied figure of the thought*,
That gav't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why, then, ye princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſhed behold our works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in man?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affined, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,

* *That ſhe*, that is, the woman. † For *beſeeching*. ‖ *Content*, for *capacity*. Warburton.

Diſtinction,

Diſtinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs or matter by itſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſtor. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and, anon, behold
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark, thro' liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like Perſeus' horſe*. Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatneſs?—Or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth divide,
In ſtorms of fortune; for in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize †
Than by the tyger; but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade, why then, the thing of courage ‡,
As rouſed with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tuned in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyſſes. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of rule hath been neglected;
And look how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, *ſo many hollow factions.*
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order.
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthroned and ſphered
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,

* When he rode through the air and clouds to reſcue *Andromeda*.
† *Brize*, the *gad-fly*.
‡ Sir Thomas Hanmer ſays, *from his own authority*, that tygers are fierceſt in high winds.

And

And poſts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good or bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea, ſhaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Diveſt and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates,
Quite from their fixture? So when *degree* is ſhaken,
Which is the ladder to all high deſigns,
Then enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and ‖ brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows! Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe;
Strength ſhould be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead;
Force ſhould be right; or rather right and wrong,
Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides,
Should loſe their names; and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
Then every thing include itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make, perforce, an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up itſelf. Great *Agamemnon*,
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choking;
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpoſe
It has to climb. The general's diſdained
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs † emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

‖ Corporate bodies.
† *Bloodleſs*, more malignant than active,

To

To which Ulyſſes, further on in the ſame Scene, adds,

They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand—The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs calls them on, and know the meaſure,
By their obſervant toil, of th' enemy's weight;
Why this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mappery, cloſet-war—
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of its poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fierceneſs of their ſouls,
By reaſon guide its execution.

May I venture here to challenge any thing in the Iliad, where the ſame argument is deliberated upon by the ſame chiefs, (with Homer's gods to aſſiſt their counſels) to equal the juſtneſs of obſervation, the richneſs of imagery, and the copiouſneſs of reflection, preſented to us in this reſplendent paſſage? But, as I ſaid before, on a compariſon between Shakeſpeare and Sophocles, 'tis enough to determine the literary critics againſt me, that *one had written in Engliſh, and the other in Greek.*

SCENE VI.

In this place is given us a ſpecimen of the antient chivalry, as firſt inſpired by love and galantry, and exerciſed in honour or defence of women. *Æneas*, attended by an herald, bringing a challenge from *Hector*, to any champion in the *Grecian* camp who will accept it, delivers himſelf thus:

Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in profeſſion
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers; to him this challenge—
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,

Shall

Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will, to-morrow, with his trumpet, call,
Midway between your tents and wall of *Troy*,
To rouſe a *Grecian* that is true in love—
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him;
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy*, when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are ſun-burned, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance. Even ſo much.

To which *Agamemnon* replies:

This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*—
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home. But we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*—if none elſe, I'm he.

Old *Neſtor*'s ſpeech upon this occaſion is well worth adding here, both for the humour of his expreſſions, and to compleat the idea of *knight-errantry*, in which profeſſion of arms, neither difference of age, or other imparity whatſoever, were allowed to be pleaded as exemptions, by the laws of ſuch romantic chivalry.

Tell him of *Neſtor*; one that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love; tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace * put this withered brawn,
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world—His youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

The laſt paſſage in this Scene contains a good ſtricture againſt pride, though ſomewhat too quaintly expreſſed, in the firſt and laſt part of the propoſition.

* *Vantbrace*, a ſhield or buckler.

Agamemnon. He that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

Of all the faults of men, their pride is apt to give us moſt offence; perhaps becauſe it hurts our own *.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

The following ſpeech may very well take *Ecce mundum* for its motto, as 'tis full of melancholy and mortifying truths. But I don't think the philoſophic and humiliating reflections it contains, become the character of the ſpeaker, as given us by Homer. Achilles, on ſeeing the Grecian chiefs paſs by his tent without taking notice of him, ſays to Patroclus,

What! am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatneſs once fallen out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too; what the declined is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour, but honour by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour;
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit!
Which when they fall, as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders,
The love that leaned on them as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

In the latter end of the ſame Scene, the inveſtigating faculties neceſſary for a Miniſter, with the *arcana imperii*, or myſteries of government, are ſtrongly and poetically deſcribed.

Ulyſſes. The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of Pluto's gold †:
Finds bottom in th' incomprehenſive deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almoſt, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery, with which relation ‖
Durſt never meddle, in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath or pen can give expreſſure to.

* I am not ſure but this has been ſaid by ſomebody elſe before.
† Acquainted with all the reſources of trade, commerce, or finances.
‖ Recital, explanation, or comment.

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

ROMEO.
BENVOLIO.
FRIAR LAWRENCE.

WOMEN.

NONE.

ROMEO and JULIET.

WERE it my province to have ſelected the poetical beauties of our Author, there are few of his Plays that would have furniſhed me more amply than this. The language abounds with tenderneſs and delicacy, and ſeems to breathe the ſoul of youthful fondneſs; but neither the fable nor the dialogue can afford much aſſiſtance toward my preſent purpoſe; as the firſt is founded on a vicious prejudice unknown to the liberal minds of Britons, that of entailing family feuds and reſentments down from generation to generation; and the ſecond, as far, at leaſt, as the lovers are concerned, though poetical and refined, is dictated more by paſſion than by ſentiment.

But as my young Readers might not forgive my paſſing over this Play unnoticed, I ſhall juſt obſerve, that the cataſtrophe of the unhappy lovers ſeems intended as a kind of moral, as well as poetical juſtice, for their having ventured upon an unweighed engagement together, without the concurrence and conſent of their parents. See my reflection on the firſt Scene, Act I. *Midſummer Night's Dream*, where this duty and obedience is both enforced and reſtrained.

ACT I. SCENE II.

The firſt paſſage worthy of remark that occurs, is the following definition or deſcription of that paſſion, which, with reſpect to the generality of mankind, frames the happineſs or miſery of their lives,

Romeo *and* Benvolio.

Benvolio. Alas that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!

Romeo. Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing first create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſhapen Chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
Love is a ſmoke, raiſed with the fume of ſighs,
Being purged, a fire ſparkling in lover's eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lover's tears—
What is it elſe? A madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.

ACT II. SCENE III.

The allegory here, drawn from a compariſon of the qualities of herbs with the nature of man, is juſt, ingenious, and poetical.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a baſket, in order to cull ſimples for medicinal uſes.

The grey-eyed morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And darkneſs fleckered, like a drunkard reels,
From forth day's path, and *Titan's* burning wheels.
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind,
We ſucking on her natural boſom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities!
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give;
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrained from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied,
And vice ſometimes by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower,
Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power;
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe cheers each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill,
In man, as well as herbs, grace and rude will;

And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

In the ſame Scene, when *Romeo* comes to acquaint the *Friar* that his former flame for the fair *Roſaline* is extinct *, and a new one, for Juliet, like another *phœnix*, had ariſen out of its aſhes, the honeſt prieſt thus exclaims:

Holy *St. Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? Young men's love then lies,
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy *St. Francis!* What a deal of brine
Hath waſhed thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline!*
How much ſalt-water thrown away in waſte
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte!
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from Heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear, that is not waſhed off yet—
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou changed? Pronounce this ſentence, then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

With this very juſt reflection I ſhall here conclude my notes upon this Play; the remainder of it affording but little matter for further obſervation, being moſtly action, narration, and confuſion. But if my Readers ſhould require ſome apology to be made for the quick conception of paſſion in the character of Juliet, I muſt refer them to my Preface to Scene IV. Act I. of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

* This hint of Romeo's infidelity is left out, in the modern repreſentation of this Play.

H

HAMLET.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

HAMLET.
KING.
POLONIUS.
LAERTES.
HORATIO.
ROSINCRANTZ.
REYNOLDO.

WOMEN.

QUEEN.
OPHELIA.

PLAYERS.

HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

IF reaſoning could controul our grief, the King and Queen offer ſufficient arguments to Hamlet, in this Scene, to moderate his.

Good Hamlet, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eyes look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt 'tis common; all that live muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

The King then takes up the ſubject, and enlarges on it.

'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father;
But you muſt know your father loſt a father,
That father his, and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation for ſome term,
To do obſequious * ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement †, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief;
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd;
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers; and who ſtill have cryed,
From the firſt corſe 'till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo.

* The word here is framed from *obſequies*, or *funeral rites*. Johnſon.
† *Condolement*, for *ſorrow*, becauſe it requires *condolement*. Warburton.

SCENE V.

In this Scene, Laertes gives moſt excellent advice and *matronly* caution to his ſiſter, upon the ſubject of Hamlet's addreſſes to her.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; tho' ſweet, not laſting;
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute—
No more. . . . Think it no more.
For Nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews * and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no ſoil nor cautel † doth beſmirch
The virtue of his will; but you muſt fear
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtered importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon;
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons ‡ be diſcloſed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt eminent—
Be wary, then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

SCENE VI.

Polonius, on his ſon's going to travel, gives him admirable rules and inſtructions for his conduct in life.

My bleſſing with you;
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;

* *Thews and bulk*, ſynonimous.

† *Cautel.* This word, from the Latin *cautela*, ſignifies ſimply *caution*, but by the abuſe of language is brought here to mean *deceit*.

‡ *Buttons*, the *buds*, or *germens* of a plant.

The

The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tryed,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with claſps of ſteel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſſed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry,
And loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend *.
This above all—To thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day †,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any man.

In the continuation of this Scene, *Polonius* renews the ſame topic with his daughter, that her brother had begun with her in the former, which is urged with higher authority, and enforced by additional arguments. I ſhall give the dialogue as it ſtands.

Polonius. What is't, Ophelia, *he* hath ſaid to you? [*Exeunt.*

Ophelia. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet.*

Polonius. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me he hath very oft, of late,
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you, give me up the truth.

Ophelia. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polonius. Affection! Pugh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his *tenders*, as you call them?

Ophelia. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.

Polonius. Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourſelf a baby,
That you have ta'en his *tenders* for true pay,

* I have ventured to tranſpoſe theſe two lines, to avoid confuſion in the argument.

† The text ſays the *night* the day—Warburton has made the alteration, much to the advantage of the paſſage.

Which

Which are not ſterling. *Tender* yourſelf more dearly,
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus) you'll *tender* me a fool.

Ophelia. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable faſhion.

Polonius. Ay, faſhion you may call 't—Go to, go to.

Ophelia. And hath giv'n countenance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of Heaven.

Polonius. *Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks.* I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in the promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcantier of thy maiden preſence,
Set your intreatments at an higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether * he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bawds †,
The better to beguile. This is for all—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
Look to 't, I charge you,

SCENE VII.

I ſhall here quote what *Hamlet* ſays againſt the vice of drinking, as it may ſuit the latitude of England, as well as that of Denmark.

Horatio. Is it a cuſtom?

Hamlet. Ay, marry, is 't:
But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honoured in the breach, than the obſervance.
This *heavy-headed revel*, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations;

* With a freer ſcope.

† *Bawds*, inſtead of *bands*. Theobald. This alteration gives an obvious ſenſe to the paſſage, and ſaves the expence of a comment, with which a text ſhould never be encumbered, unleſs it may no otherwiſe be rendered intelligible.

They

They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute *.

From hence the ſpeaker takes occaſion to extend his reflection into a general obſervation, which moſt people's experience may enable them to ſupport, that ſome accidental peculiarity of mind, of manners, nay, even of features, have often hurt the characters, and marred the fortunes of particular perſons of intrinſic worth and merit.

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin,
By the o'er-growth of ſome complexion †,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar,
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption,
From that particular fault. *The dram of baſe*
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal ‡.

SCENE VIII.

There is ſomething extremely remarkable and pleaſing, in the following part of the Ghoſt's ſpeech to Hamlet, here.

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge
To prick and ſting her.

* As our natural bravery is often imputed to our *pot-valiantry*.

† Conſtitutional predominance.

‡ I ſhall leave the Reader to interpret this laſt paſſage to himſelf; for though Theobald has amended the text, ſo as to hint the meaning, the ſenſe of it is ſtill left imperfect in the expreſſion.

He

He repeats the ſame fond caution to him, again, in Act III. Scene X.

But, look! Amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul;
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works—
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

No Eaſtern ſentiment inſpired by the firſt beams of the Sun, and refined by the ſublimeſt morality of Confucius, ever roſe to ſo high a pitch, as the tenderneſs expreſſed in theſe two paſſages toward his wife—even after her crimes. Have either the Greek or Latin maſters of the Epic afforded us ſo beautiful an inſtance of forgiveneſs, and of love ſubſiſting even beyond the grave? They have both of them preſented us with ſcenes after death; but compare the behaviour of *Dido* upon meeting *Æneas* in the Elyſian fields, with this, as being the moſt parallel paſſage I can recollect. He had not been any thing near ſo culpable towards her, as this queen had been to her huſband; and yet the utmoſt temper that the *heathen* Poet could bring his Ghoſt to, upon that occaſion, was merely to be ſilent, and not upbraid, *in ſpeech*; though he makes her ſufficiently mark her reſentment, by her *looks and behaviour.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Here *Polonius* gives ſome inſtructions to a perſon he is ſending over to carry money to his ſon at Paris; in which, though he requires him to ſift narrowly into the manner of life, company, and converſation of *Laertes*, yet he does it with ſo becoming a tenderneſs and parental reſpect to the character of the young man, as is extremely intereſting and engaging.

Polonius *and* Reynoldo.

Polonius. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good Reynoldo,
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reynoldo.

Reynoldo. My lord, I did intend it.

Polonius. Marry, well ſaid—very well ſaid—Look you, Sir,
Inquire me firſt, what *Danskers* * are in Paris—
And how, and who—what means—and where they keep;
What company; at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it—
Take you, as 'twere, ſome diſtant knowledge of him;
As thus: I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him—Do you mark this, Reynoldo?

Reynoldo. Ay, very well, my lord.

Polonius. *And, in part, him*—But you may ſay, not well;
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo—And there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe—*Marry, none ſo rank,*
As may diſhonour him—Take heed of that—
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted, and moſt known
To youth and liberty. . . . . .

SCENE II.

Polonius. It ſeems, it is as proper to our age,
To caſt beyond ourſelves, in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

Upon this reflection Doctor *Johnſon* ſays, "*This* "*is not the remark of a weak man.*" It is not, indeed; but why ſhould *Polonius* be deemed ſo? He certainly ſpeaks very good ſenſe, throughout, though with the natural and *reſpectable* mixture of the old man in it; which, methinks, as Addiſon ſays of *Cornaro*'s † ſtile, is an improvement to it. As to the manner in which he deſcribes Hamlet's madneſs, in Scene IV. following, I take it to be only deſigned by *Shakeſpeare* in ridicule of the old pedantic mode of definitions, or quaint diſtinctions, in logic and philoſophy; the *categories*, *predicaments*, and *prædicables* of *the Schools*, uſed in thoſe times. There are

* *Danes.*

† He wrote a treatiſe on *health and long life*, at fourſcore, commended in the Spectator, No. 195.

many

many inſtances of the ſame oblique ſtrictures, upon other ſubjects, in our Author; I have, therefore, ever thought this character miſtaken, and conſequently miſrepreſented on the Stage, by its being generally given to a comic actor.

ACT III. SCENE II.

The famous ſoliloquy of Hamlet, here, *To be, or not to be*, is ſo generally remembered, and has been ſo often remarked upon, that I might poſſibly be thought guilty of a neglect, in paſſing it by without a comment. But the ſubject is a hazardous one, and therefore had better not be meddled with. It might, perhaps, bear a diſcuſſion in philoſophy, but religion forbids any manner of debate upon it.

SCENE III.

Shakeſpeare not only affords documents to real life, but ſupplies them even to the mimic one; as may be ſeen in this Scene, where he makes *Hamlet* give inſtructions to Actors how they ſhould perform their parts. But as there is no moral to be extracted from the paſſage, I ſhall not quote it here.

But all theſe rules, however excellent in themſelves, may be conſidered rather as ſtrictures on bad performers, than precepts for their reformation. Actors, like Poets, muſt be born, not made; and *a receipt to form an Actor*, may be conſidered in the ſame light with the one *to frame an Epic poem*. It is not ſo much from want of *notion*, as of *Nature*, that ſo many of the *Dramatis Perſonæ* are found to be deficient in the expreſſion of ſentiment, and repreſentation of character.

Talents are as neceſſary to Actors, as *Genius* is to Authors; if I may be allowed ſuch a diſtinction of terms—but neither are to be acquired in the ſchools. All Mr. Garrick's *art*, without his *nature*, would produce no effect, as may be ſeen in the many who have

have *laboriously*, but vainly attempted to copy him. I have known perſons capable of writing a part, who were incapable of performing it. Our Author himſelf was an inſtance of this inconſiſtency; who, though he formed the *rule*, could not ſupply the *example*.

SCENE VI.

In the Strollers' play here introduced, where the Lady is ſaid *to proteſt too much*, the ſpeech which the Duke her huſband makes upon that occaſion, ſhews a perfect knowledge in the mind and manners of human nature.

I do believe you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine oft we break;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave of memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forgot
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt*;
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy.
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor is it ſtrange,
That e'en our loves ſhould with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanced, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are over-thrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

SCENE VII.

There is ſomething very affecting in the ſelf-expoſtulation entered into by *Hamlet*, in this place,

* This ſentiment is improperly expreſſed, but the meaning of the paſſage is, that we think we may remit engagements made only to ourſelves, without a ſtrain of conſcience.

juſt

juſt before he proceeds to hold the conference with his mother:

Soft; now to my mother—
O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The ſoul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;
Let me be cruel *, but not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent †,
To give them ſeals ‡, never my ſoul conſent!

The filial tenderneſs here expreſſed towards her, is in the ſame generous ſtrain with the conjugal one before taken notice of, in the Ghoſt's ſpeech; *But howſoever thou purſueſt this act*, &c.

SCENE VIII.

Upon the king's expreſſing an apprehenſion of ſome commotion in the State, which might ariſe from *Hamlet*'s madneſs, Roſincrantz makes the following ſpeech:

The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulph, doth draw
What's near it with it. 'Tis a maſſy wheel,
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiſed and adjoined; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſterous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the king ſigh; but with a general groan.

The reflections in the above ſpeech contain a very juſt and political moral in them; which ought to be oppoſed to all rebellious motions that may ever ariſe in the minds of a diſcontented people. If after ſuch a pauſe of deliberation, it ſhall fail of producing its proper effect, there muſt be ſuffi-

* *Cruel*, for *ſevere*. † *Shent*, *ſentenced*, or *condemned*.
‡ To give them warrant or authority to execute juſtice.

cient

tient cauſe to ſuſpect, that the private advantage of individuals is more intended than the general one of the community. I do not mean to plead here for the old and juſtly exploded doctrines of *paſſive obedience* and *non-reſiſtance*; but only to hint a diſtinction between reaſon and reſentment, between rebellion and defence.

The following ſpeech in the ſame Scene will ſupply its own reflections and morals, without the aſſiſtance of a comment.

King. Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven. . . .
Pray, I cannot,
Though inclination be as ſharp as't will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens,
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But, oh! what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſſed
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law—*But 'tis not ſo above:*
There is no ſhuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourſelves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what repentance can. *What can it not?*
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent *?
Oh wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make aſſay!

* That is, ſhew their penitence ſincere by making *reſtitution.*

Bow, ſtubborn knees! and heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well— [*Kneels.*

After ſome time he riſes, and ſays,

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts will ne'er to Heaven go.

SCENE X.

In the latter end of the conference between Hamlet and his mother, he makes a ſpeech, upon the power of cuſtom, which ſhould be engraved on our hearts, and be the matin ſoliloquy of our lives.

Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed!
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not:
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good,
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain, to-night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next, more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter ev'n the devil; or throw him out,
With wond'rous potency.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

The following ſpeech of Hamlet contains a very philoſophic reflection, and is the proper ſentiment of men who are not *brutes* in their nature, and deſerve to periſh like them.

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to ſleep and feed? A *beaſt*, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe *,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reaſon,
To fuſt in us unuſed.

SCENE V.

When the Queen ſuffers Ophelia in her madneſs to be admitted to her preſence, leſt her pitiable con-

* With ſuch inveſtigating powers and faculties of reaſoning.

dition

dition might raiſe a tumult in the city, ſhe makes this ſoliloquy:

Let her come in—
To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs;
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt ‡.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Here follows the deſcription of an obſequious, empty, but impoſing character, ſuch as is frequently to be met with in life; moſtly in Courts, or among thoſe who, by a modern unmeaning title, are ſtiled, *The Ton—Vox et præterea nihil* ‖.

Hamlet, ſpeaking of Oſrick,

He did compliment with his dug before he ſucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the ſame breed, that I know the droſſy age dotes on, only got the *tune* of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yeſty * collection, which carries them thro' and thro' the moſt fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

In the ſame Scene, juſt before his going to engage with Laertes on the trial of ſkill, Hamlet hints at one of thoſe *forebodings* frequent in the human mind, and already remarked upon in former places.

Hamlet *to* Horatio.

Thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart—But 'tis no matter.

Horatio. Nay, my good lord.

Hamlet. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving §, as would, perhaps, *trouble a woman.*

Horatio. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

‡ A tainted conſcience, as the proverb ſays, in other words, is apt to betray itſelf.

‖ Virtue and vice, ſenſe and folly, are the only juſt, natural, or adequate differences in mankind. Theſe made the firſt diſtinctions between men, and ought ſtill to preſerve them.

* From *yeſt*, or *barm*. In general, it means *ſpumy* or *frothy*.

§ *Gain-giving* for *miſgiving*. A moſt extraordinary kind of *ſynonima*, and only met with here.

To which the gallant Hamlet replies, with a manly and philoſophic ſpirit,

Hamlet. Not a whit; we defy augury. *There is a ſpecial Providence in the fall of a ſparrow* *. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; *the readineſs is all.* Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

This is, in my opinion, a much better ſpeech than the one that Julius Cæſar makes, in our Author's Play under that title:

"*Cowards die many times before their death*, &c."

POSTSCRIPT.

Shaftsbury, ſpeaking of Hamlet, ſays, "That "piece of Shakeſpeare's, which appears to have "moſt affected Engliſh hearts, and has, perhaps, "been oftenеſt acted of any that have come upon "our ſtage, is almoſt one continued moral; a ſeries "of deep reflections drawn from *one* mouth, upon "the ſubject of *one* ſingle accident and calamity, "naturally fitted to move horror and compaſſion.

"It may be ſaid of this Play, if I miſtake not, "that it has properly but *one* character, or principal "part. It contains no adoration or flattery of *the* "*ſex*; no ranting at the gods; no bluſtering heroiſm; "nor any thing of that curious mixture of the fierce "and tender, which makes the hinge of modern "tragedy, and nicely varies it between the points of "*love and honour.*"

* Pope ſeems to have borrowed a hint from this paſſage, where he ſays, ſpeaking of Providence,

"Who ſees with equal eye, as Lord of all,
"A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall."

OTHELLO.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Duke of Venice.
Othello.
Cassio.
Iago.
Brabantio.
Rodorigo.

WOMEN.

Desdemona.
Æmilia.

OTHELLO.

SHAKESPEARE has written three pieces on the ſubject of jealouſy; the Winter's Tale, Cymbeline, and this one, beſides the character of Ford, in the Merry Wives. But ſuch was the richneſs of his genius, that he has not borrowed a ſingle thought, image, or expreſſion, from any one of them, to aſſiſt him in any of the others. The ſubject ſeems rather to have grown progreſſively out of itſelf, to have inſpired its own ſentiments, and have dictated its own language. This Play, in my opinion, is very juſtly conſidered as the laſt and greateſt effort of our Author's genius, and may, therefore, be looked upon as the *chef d'œuvre* of dramatic-compoſition.

How perfectly does Othello's conduct throughout, correſpond with Iago's deſcription of it in the latter end of the Firſt Act!

> The Moor is of a free and open nature,
> That thinks men honeſt, who but ſeem to be ſo.

Such a character is not uncommon in life; whoſe virtues, ariſing more from an excellence of nature, than an exertion of philoſophy, is led to judge of others by itſelf, and of courſe become the dupe of art and villainy.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Othello here expreſſes a very juſt and liberal ſenſe of a matrimonial connection.

> But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
> I would not my unhouſed free condition
> Put into circumſcription, and confine,
> For the ſea's worth.

SCENE IX.

The argument between philoſophy and feeling, in caſes of misfortune or grief, is well debated here. The Duke, preaching patience to the father, upon his daughter's elopement with the Moor, ſays,

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt,
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hope depended;
To mourn a miſchief that is loſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerved, when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes;
The robbed that ſmiles ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf who ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Brabantio. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile.
He bears the ſentence well, who nothing bears,
But the free comfort which from thence he hears*;
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That to pay grief muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words. I never yet did hear,
That the bruiſed heart was healed through the ear.

I may poſſibly be reprehended, by ſome ſevere moraliſts, for noting the equipoiſe of ſuch an argument as this. In this inſtance, indeed, I confeſs that I act contrary to the uſual tenor of document, which always takes part on the *wiſe* ſide of a queſtion. But, as I have ſaid before †, I do not think that ethic philoſophy can ever be a gainer, by overſtraining the ſinews of the human mind. We ought neither to be votaries to the Cynic nor the Stoic ſects. We ſhould not, with Diogenes, *follow Nature* in the mere animal ſenſe of the expreſſion, nor with Zeno fly beyond it, in the metaphyſical one. True

* Alluding to the homily uſually made by a judge, on paſſing ſentence.
† Laſt Part of Poſtſcript to Julius Cæſar, with other paſſages referred to in the Notes.

virtue

virtue has no extremes. Its ſphere extends not beyond the *Temperate* Zones. It ſleeps in the Frozen, and but raves in the Torrid ones.

SCENE X.

I have before obſerved upon the exuberance of Shakeſpeare's document and moral. He ſo much abounds in maxim and reflection, that he appears frequently at a loſs to find proper characters, throughout even his own extenſive drama, ſufficient to parcel them out to; ſo that he is frequently obliged to make his fools talk ſenſe, and ſet his knaves a-preaching. An inſtance of the latter impropriety may be ſeen in the following paſſage, which contains both ſound philoſophy, and uſeful admonition. But that it may have the better effect on my readers, I wiſh that whenever they remember the ſpeech, they could contrive to forget the ſpeaker.

Rodorigo. What ſhould I do? I confeſs it is my ſhame to be ſo fond; but it is not in my *virtue* to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig. *'Tis in ourſelves that we are thus, or thus.* Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſterile with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon, to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions.

The plea that Rodorigo offers above, for remaining ſtill under the dominion of a lawleſs paſſion, is framed upon a fatal error, too prevalent in the world, that *virtue* is a peculiar gift from Heaven, granted *ſpeciali gratiâ*, as it were, to particular and choſen perſons. Hence indolent minds are apt to conclude it a vain taſk to reſtrain their paſſions, or reſiſt their temptations, without the ſupernatural aid of ſuch an innate endowment. Iago, in his reply, reaſons very juſtly againſt this dangerous and diſcouraging doctrine of *partial grace*; in ſupport of which argument I ſhall here

here add a paſſage from a modern writer, who, ſpeaking on this ſubject, ſays, "The difficulties we "apprehend, more than thoſe we find, in the ſtrife "with all our paſſions, is the only thing that pre- "vents philoſophy or virtue from being commonly "attainable in general life. What makes the dif- "ference between a chaſte woman, and a frail one? "*The one had ſtruggled, and the other not.* Between a "brave man and a coward? *The one had ſtruggled, and* "*the other not.* An honeſt man and a knave? *One had* "*ſtruggled, the other not* *."

ACT II. SCENE XIV.

There is a good deal of after-wit reflection here, which, however, may ſerve as a forewarning, perhaps, to ſome of my Readers. Iago ſeeing Caſſio deſponding, on being caſhiered by Othello, aſks if he be hurt? To which he replies,

Caſſio. Paſt all ſurgery.—Reputation, reputation, reputation! *Oh, I have loſt the immortal part of me, and what remains is beſtial.* Oh, thou inviſible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.———I will aſk him for my poſt again, and he ſhall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! Every inordinate cup is unbleſſed, and the ingredient is a devil.

ACT III. SCENE V.

The following paſſage will ſpeak for itſelf:

Iago. Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor, indeed,

In the ſame Scene, Othello, while his alarmed mind is ſtruggling between confidence and convic-

* The Poſthumous Works of a late Celebrated Genius deceaſed.

tion,

tion, delivers himſelf on the ſubject with a liberal and manly ſpirit.

Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon,
With freſh ſuſpicions? No—To be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſufflate * and blown ſurmiſes †,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear or doubt of her revolt.
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, Iago,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt prove;
And on the proof there is no more but this,
Away, at once, with love or jealouſy.

SCENE XII.

It has often ſurprized me, to find the character of Deſdemona ſo much miſtaken and ſlighted, as it too generally is. It is ſimple, indeed, but that is one of its merits: for the ſimplicity of it is that of *innocence*, not of *folly*. In my opinion, ſhe ſeems to be as perfect a model of a wife, as either this author, or any other writer, could poſſibly have framed. She ſpeaks little; but whatever ſhe ſays is ſenſible, pure, and chaſte. The remark ſhe makes in this place, on the alteration of Othello's manners towards her, affords a very proper admonition to all women in her ſituation and circumſtances.

Something, ſure, of ſtate
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even ſo—
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. *Nay, we muſt think men are not gods;*
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal.

* *Exſufflate*, buſſing.
† He compares theſe whiſpered ſlanders to water-bubbles floating in the air.

She

She had ſaid to himſelf before,

Be't as your fancies teach you —
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

And afterwards, in confeſſing herſelf before Iago and Æmilia,

Here I kneel—
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly;
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much,
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

And further on, where Æmilia ſays to her, of Othello,

I wiſh you had never ſeen him!

She replies,

So would not I. *My love doth ſo approve him,*
That ev'n his ſtubbornneſs, his checks and frowns,
Have grace and favour in them.

As the married ſtate is both the deareſt and moſt ſocial connection of life, I think this a proper paſſage to conclude my obſervations with, on a work in which is comprehended the compleateſt ſyſtem of the œconomical and moral duties of human nature, that perhaps was ever framed by the wiſdom, philoſophy, or experience of *uninſpired* man.

A

GENERAL POSTSCRIPT.

THERE are many favourite paſſages in Shakeſpeare, which moſt of my Readers have got by heart, and miſſing here, may poſſibly object to my having neglected to quote or obſerve upon them, in their proper places. But my intention, in this Work, was not to propound the beauties of the Poet, but to expound the document of the Moraliſt, throughout his writings.

So far from being inſenſible to the other excellencies of this Author, I have ever thought him by much the greateſt poet of our nation, for ſublimity of idea, and beauty of expreſſion. Perhaps I may even think myſelf guilty of ſome injuſtice, in limiting his fame within the narrow confines of theſe kingdoms; for, upon a compariſon with the much venerated names of Antiquity, I am of opinion, that we need not ſurrender the Britiſh Palm, either to the Grecian Bay, or the Roman Laurel, with regard to the principal parts of poetry; as thought, ſentiment, or deſcription—And though the dead languages are confeſſed to be ſuperior to ours, yet even here, in the very article of diction, our Author ſhall meaſure his pen with any of the antient *ſtyles*, in their moſt admired compound and decompound epithets, deſcriptive phraſes, or figurative expreſſions. *The multitudinous ſea, ear-piercing fife, big war, giddy maſt, ſky-aſpiring, heaven-kiſſing hill, time-honoured name, cloud-capt towers, heavenly-harneſſed team, raſh gunpowder, poliſhed perturbation, gracious ſilence, golden care, trumpet-tongued, thought-executing fires*; with a number

a number of other words, both epic and comic, are inſtances of it. But with regard to the moral excellencies of our Engliſh *Confucius*, either for beauty or number, he undoubtedly challenges the wreath from the whole collective Hoſt of Greek or Roman Writers, whether ethic, epic, dramatic, didactic, or hiſtoric.

Mrs. Montagu ſays, very juſtly, that "We are "apt to conſider Shakeſpeare only as a poet; but "he is certainly one of the greateſt moral philo-"ſophers that ever lived." And this is true; becauſe, in his univerſal ſcheme of doctrine, he comprehends manners, proprieties, and decorums; and whatever relates to theſe, to perſonal character, or national deſcription, falls equally within the great line of morals. Horace prefers Homer to all the philoſophers,

> Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
> Plenius et melius Chryſippo et Crantore dicit.

And ſurely Shakeſpeare *plenius et melius* excels him again, as much as the living ſcene exceeds the dead letter, as action is preferable to didaction, or repreſentation to declamation.

Example is better than precept. A dramatic moral affords us the benefit of both, at once. Plato wiſhed that Virtue could aſſume a viſible form. Dramatic exhibition gives one, both to Virtue and to Vice. The abſtract idea is there materialized. The contraſt of character, too, affords an additional ſtrength to the moral; as we are led to love virtue, on a double account, by being made to abhor vice, at the ſame time. The dramatic moraliſt poſſeſſes a manifeſt advantage over the doctrinal one. Mere deſcriptions of virtue or vice do not ſtrike us, ſo ſtrongly, as the viſible repreſentations of them. Richard the Third's dream, Lady Macbeth's ſoliloquy in her ſleep, the Dagger Scene in the ſame Play, Cardinal Beaufort's laſt moments, with many other paſſages in our Author, of the ſame admoni-

tory

tory kind, avail us more than whole volumes of Tully's Offices, or Seneca's Morals.

In this ſcenic province of inſtruction, our repreſentations are much better calculated to anſwer the end propoſed, than thoſe of the Antients were, on account of the different hours of exhibition. Theirs were performed in the morning; which circumſtance ſuffered the ſalutary effect to be worn out of the mind, by the buſineſs or avocations of the day. Ours are at night; the impreſſions accompany us to our couch; ſupply matter for our lateſt reflections, and may ſometimes furniſh the ſubject of our very dreams.

But Shakeſpeare ſeems to have extended his views ſtill further; by frequently interſperſing alluſions to the Scriptures, throughout his writings. I would not have the old *Myſteries* reſtored to the Stage, nor ſhould Dramatic Dialogue exceed into Sermons; but I think, that ſuch occaſional hints or paſſages, as this Author has ſupplied, when thrown in ſparingly, and introduced with diſcretion, may ſometimes ſerve to add a ſtrength and dignity to the ſtile and ſubject of ſuch compoſitions; beſides the advantage of producing, perhaps, effects of an higher nature, by calling our attention to more ſerious reflections, in the very midſt of our pleaſures and diſſipations, without ſinking our ſpirits, or damping our enjoyments; awakening us to the contemplation of a religion ſo pure, ſo equally free from the ſeverities of diſcipline, and the ſuperſtitions of devotion; of a ſyſtem of theology, framed even as Man himſelf would chuſe; in fine, of a faith and doctrine, which has but ſtronger bound the ſocial ties, given an higher ſanction to moral obligations, and proved our duty to be our intereſt alſo.

Having now arrived at the laſt page of my taſk, I muſt confeſs the apprehenſions I am ſenſible of, on preſenting to the Public a Work of ſo much difficulty and danger: though with regard to the firſt of

theſe

theſe articles, I acknowledge this to have been one in the claſs of thoſe, of which Ferdinand in the Tempeſt ſays,

> There be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
> Delight in them ſets off.

But in reſpect to the latter, I muſt here throw myſelf not only upon the candor, but the indulgence of my Readers; hoping that the many failures in the execution may be pardoned, on the ſingle merit of the deſign.

THE END.